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GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS is by no means so well known to the present generation as he ought to be. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he has not been and is not justly appreciated. If, however, we turn to M. Taine's great work on the French Revolution, we find that he relies on Morris as one of the best and most penetrating observers of that great struggle, and places him at the head of the small group of men like Arthur Young, Malouet, and Mallet du Pan, who alone were able to record clear and dispassionate judgments in that dizzy time, for the benefit of posterity. The comments of Mr. Morris, thus rescued from his biography and brought before a wide public by M. Taine, already have attracted attention elsewhere, and a recent article in Macmillan's Magazine shows how striking his criticisms and narrative really are. Such a prophet should never be without honor in his own country, and now that he is winning admiration in England and France perhaps it would not be amiss to refresh our own memories in regard to him.

It is not to be wondered at that M. Taine and others find so much that is admirable in Gouverneur Morris, for in him many high qualities met in a rare combination. A man of the world and of society, a wit, philosopher, and fine gentleman, he was also a bold and ar-

dent patriot, an able and most practical statesman, a distinguished lawyer, and a successful manager of large business affairs. He played a conspicuous part among the many eminent men of his day, but in one respect he differs from them all. He had a sharp wit, a strong sense of humor, and a capacity for amusing satire which are to be seen in all his writings. If we except Franklin, who was of an earlier generation, Gouverneur Morris holds in this respect a lonely preëminence among his friends and contemporaries. The great men of our revolutionary and constitutional period were, it must be confessed, judging from their letters and journals, somewhat ponderous. Now and then we find a moment when we can laugh at them, but Morris is the only one of them all with whom we laugh or smile in sympathy. This is enough of itself to make us hold him in remembrance, but he was far more than merely an amusing companion or a writer of clever letters.

He was born in 1752, a cadet in a family which had been distinguished for two or three generations in the colonies, not only for public service and high office, but for certain quaint eccentricities and for unusual acuteness in discussion and power in argument. A bright boy at college, fond of Shakespeare, and a maker of rhymes and verses, he graduated with honor, and delivered a Com-

mencement oration on Wit and Beauty. A little later, on taking his degree of A. M., he pronounced a discourse on Love, and both these boyish productions displayed, despite their florid style, a command of language and a vigorous imagination which were destined to stand their author in good stead in the years to come. His patrimony was small, only some £2000, and he had his way to make in the world; but his was not a nature to be discouraged, and he faced the future cheerfully and boldly. He often said in after life that in his intercourse with other men he had never experienced the sensation of fear, inferiority, or awkwardness. Armed with this easy self-confidence, he applied himself fearlessly to the task of winning success. He studied law, wrote at the age of eighteen against the popular plan of issuing bills of credit (an early evidence of his financial talents) and in 1771 was duly admitted to the bar. He was soon in active practice, and as the times grew more stirring solemnly declared that he disliked politics. His natural humor made him laugh at both parties, and his Tory connections, soon to become a thorn in his side, led him to favor a union with England and the concession to Parliament of the right to regulate trade. But with all his sense of the ridiculous and his tendency to find food for satire in his fellow-men, Morris was no Gallio. The ministerial side was impossible to a young, generous, ardent spirit, and in 1775 he was a member of the Provincial Congress of New York, when he at once took a leading part in organizing resistance and preparing for war. He advocated a continental currency, and his report on that subject was sent to Congress. He served on all the leading committees, and in 1776 made a speech for independent government which was replete with sarcasm and full of ability. From a letter of that time we learn how strongly he felt then, and how completely the early carelessness

and merriment had vanished in the face of stern events. He writes to his mother:—

“What may be the event of the present war it is not in man to determine. Great revolutions of empire are seldom achieved without much human calamity; but the worst which can happen is to fall on the last bleak mountain of America, and he who dies there, in defense of the injured rights of mankind, is happier than his conqueror, more beloved by mankind, more applauded by his own heart.”

The spirit of the man was equal to his words. He took a leading part in framing the constitution of New York, and even then, in the din of war, strove to insert a clause abolishing slavery. He served on the Council of Safety, which held control until the new government was set in motion, and his energy, zeal, and organizing power were felt in all directions. No one was more active than he in sustaining the army and doing all in his power to assist our generals, especially Schuyler, who seemed to Morris, as to many others, both then and since, to be the victim of injustice. He strongly believed, in fact, that a campaign of obstruction was best for us, and he felt from the outset that in this way the English expedition from Canada could be most surely ruined. Even on so grave a subject, however, his humor crops out, and while he is solemnly arguing as to the campaign against Burgoyne he writes:—

“I am also told that the Indians are determined to take up the hatchet for us. If this be true, it would be infinitely better to wear away the enemy’s army by a scrupulous and polite attention, than to violate the rules of decorum and the laws of hospitality by making an attack upon strangers in our own country.”

In 1778 he was promoted to a seat in the Continental Congress, and although only twenty-six years old he came forward then with the same ease as on the

smaller stage of New York. This was chiefly due, of course, to his ability, but also in part to his astonishing capacity for rapid and effective work. He was on the committee to visit Washington at Valley Forge; he urged the plan of provision for the officers of the army; he drew reports on the condition of the Union, on a plan for a treasury board and for a medical department. In the course of this work he became intimate with Greene, and formed a warm friendship with Washington which continued unabated through life. In the miserable cabals against the general, Morris made determined war upon the schemers, and his indignation breaks out sharply in a letter to Washington:—

“You have enemies. It is happy for you that you have. A man of sentiment has not so much honor, as the vulgar suppose, in resigning life and fortune for the service of his country. He does not value them as highly as the vulgar do. Would he give the highest evidence, let him sacrifice his feelings. In the history of last winter, posterity will do you justice.”

Political and personal conflicts, however, did not turn him from his labors. From his busy pen came the report on Lord North's conciliatory bills, an address on the treaties with France, a sketch of the negotiations with the commissioners, a draft of instructions for Franklin, a pamphlet on our finances to be presented to the French court, and finally, in 1779, a draft of instructions as to making peace. These manifold and eminent services did not, apparently, satisfy his constituents. Unjust prejudices and suspicions on account of his Tory relatives, so strong that he did not dare even to visit his mother when critically ill, and charges that he neglected the local interests of New York, especially in regard to Vermont, prevailed against him, and he was not reelected when his term expired.

He thereupon moved to Philadel-

phia, to practice his profession, write upon finance, and attack the dangerous and futile legal-tender and maximum laws. Just after his retirement from Congress, and while thus engaged, he was thrown from his phaeton and severely injured. By the rash advice of his surgeon his leg was amputated, a severe trial to an active, energetic man; but he bore his misfortune with the cheerful philosophy which was always his most marked characteristic, and jested about it even in the midst of his suffering. He was visited by one of those consoling friends of the kind familiar to every one, who held forth about the good effects of such a dispensation, and the check which it would be to dangerous pleasures and dissipations. When he had concluded Mr. Morris said, “My good sir, you argue the matter so handsomely, and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with another.” To another sympathizer he said, “Oh, sir, the loss is much less than you imagine; I shall doubtless be a steadier man with one leg than with two.” The plain wooden leg with which he supplied his grievous and painful loss was, if tradition may be believed, once used to good purpose by his ready wit. In the stormy time in Paris, when Terror ruled, and not even a foreign minister was safe, Morris's chariot was one day stopped by an angry mob, and immediate violence was threatened. Morris thrust out his wooden leg, and cried, “I am an American! See what I suffered in the war for liberty and independence!” The mob was converted by such ocular demonstration of patriotic suffering, and drew their victim home in triumph instead of hanging him to a lamp-post.

Great as the misfortune was, however, it did not diminish Morris's energy, or depress his spirits. When his friend Robert Morris was appointed to the charge of our disordered finances, he took the position of assistant secretary,

and contributed largely to the work which did so much to save the American cause. He also, in addition to his heavy public duties, carried on a large law practice, both in the courts and before the legislature, where he made one of his most brilliant and in its day famous speeches, concluding with an apostrophe to William Penn, which moved his hearers to tears, — a feat that seems hardly compatible with the theme. During all this period, too, he wrote much for the press, and took an active part in politics. He drew a report on coinage, and published a pamphlet on our trade with the French West Indies. He urged an opposition to the congressional instructions to follow blindly the wishes of France, and in season and out of season advocated the claims of the army. Like all friends of the soldiers at that time, he was accused of being a monarchist, — a singularly unjust charge against a man whose first maxim was that government must conform to the habits and character of the people, and who greatly feared an attempt to introduce monarchy, “because it did not consist with our taste and temper.” At the same time, like all the ablest and strongest men in that period of feebleness and solution, he worked ardently for a better and stronger union. In 1784 he wrote to Jay: —

“A national spirit is the natural result of national existence; and although some of the present generation may feel colonial opposition of opinion, yet this generation will die away and give place to a race of Americans.”

In the same spirit, and in almost his first speech in the constitutional convention to which he was chosen as a delegate from Pennsylvania, and in which he played a most conspicuous part, he declared: —

“I come here as a representative of America. I flatter myself that I come here in some degree as a representative of the whole human race; for the whole human race will be affected by the pro-

ceedings of this convention. I wish gentlemen to extend their views beyond the present moment of time, — beyond the narrow limits of place from which they derive their political origin.” Again he said, with “something like prophetic strain,” “This country must be united. If persuasion does not unite it, the sword will.”

No man did better work in the great task of forming the Constitution than Morris, and from his hand came the final draft, rounded and polished, which embodied the principles forged slowly in weeks of debate. He of course belonged to the party which favored a vigorous central government. He opposed bitterly equality of votes in the Senate, and sought to weaken the rights of the States. He wished a President for life elected by the people, and also a Senate for life. Property, he believed, should be represented, and the suffrage conferred only on freeholders; maintaining, also, that persons of foreign birth should be ineligible to office. What few others then perceived his keen mind detected, that the South was determined to secure a majority and rule at all hazards, and he fought fiercely against slave representation. Slavery, however, aroused his enmity on much broader grounds than those of political power. He had already striven for abolition in the New York convention, and he renewed the struggle on the national field. On moving to insert the word “free” before “inhabitants” he made a speech of great force and eloquence, beginning: —

“Much will depend on this point. I will never concur in upholding domestic slavery. It is a nefarious institution. It is the curse of heaven on the States where it prevails.” Nothing shows the breadth of view, the far-reaching vision, and the generous spirit of the man better than his relentless and outspoken resistance to the malignant system which was destined to bring the country so near to utter ruin and dissolution.

After all was over he expressed in a letter to a friend in France his opinion of the great work on which he had been engaged, and it would be difficult to find a juster estimate in the year 1788 of the Constitution, then struggling for an opportunity to live, than this of Morris, with its characteristic touch of satire. He writes : —

“You will long ere this have seen the Constitution proposed for the United States. This paper has been the subject of infinite investigation, disputation, and declamation. While some have boasted it as a work from Heaven, others have given it a less righteous origin. I have many reasons to believe that it was the work of plain, honest men, and such I think it will appear. Faulty it must be, for what is perfect? But if adopted, experience will I believe, show that its faults are just the reverse of what they are supposed to be.”

Soon after these lines were written he sailed for Europe to attend to certain business interests, little thinking of the long absence from home that was before him, or of the great events in which he was to be an actor and which he was to describe so vividly in the diary then begun.

He arrived in Paris on the 3d of February, 1789, and the first two persons he visited were Jefferson and Lafayette. Of the latter, of whom he was very fond, he curtly says, “Lafayette is full of politics; he appears to be too republican for the genius of his country.” At the very outset he had doubts and suspicions as to the soundness and wisdom of the revolutionary party, and these feelings and opinions strengthened constantly during his long residence in the country. A day or two after his arrival he dined with Lafayette, who showed him a draft of the famous declaration of rights. “I gave him my opinions,” Mr. Morris writes in his diary, “and suggested several amendments tending to soften the high-colored

expressions of freedom. It is not by sounding words that revolutions are produced.” A few weeks later we find him writing to Washington in the same strain, his sense of humor thoroughly aroused by the queer antics of the enthusiastic amateurs in government-making who then swarmed and talked everywhere in Paris. “Everything,” he says, “is à l’Anglais, and a desire to imitate the English prevails alike in the cut of a coat and the form of a constitution.”

Before a month had expired Mr. Morris had become a social success, thanks to his wit, ability, and engaging manners. Every day brought an invitation to the *salon* of some fashionable woman, or to the dinner table of some statesman or philosopher. Full accounts, apparently, are given in the diary of all these entertainments, but Mr. Sparks seems to have thought them below the dignity of history, for he has favored us with only one or two extracts, and as a rule has confined his selections to politics. The observations on public affairs are penetrating and valuable in the highest degree, but the descriptions of the social life, of men and women of the world, of the more private side of daily life, are most charming and interesting. The characteristic vein of subdued satire, the keenness of observation, the effective style of these passages, are extremely attractive, and they cannot but cause the greatest regret that we should not have them entire. There is no other journal, diary, or correspondence of that period left by any of our public men which at all compares with this in its amusing, light, and humorous touch. From the slender selections of Mr. Sparks let us take this : —

“March 3d. Monsieur le Comte de Nenni does me the honor of a visit, and detains me till three o’clock. I then set off in great haste to dine with the Comtesse de B., on an invitation of a week’s standing. Arrive at about a quarter past three, and find in the draw-

ing-room some dirty linen and no fire. While a waiting-woman takes away one, a valet lights up the other. Three small sticks in a deep bed of ashes give no great expectation of heat. By the smoke, however, all doubts are removed respecting the existence of fire. To expel the smoke a window is opened, and, the day being cold, I have the benefit of as fresh air as can reasonably be expected in so large a city.

"Towards four o'clock the guests begin to assemble, and I begin to expect that, as Madame is a poetess, I shall have the honor to dine with that exalted part of the species who devote themselves to the Muses. In effect, the gentlemen begin to compliment their respective works, and as regular hours cannot be expected in a house where the mistress is occupied more with the intellectual than the material world, I have a delightful prospect of a continuance of the scene. Towards five Madame steps in to announce dinner, and the hungry poets advance to the charge. As they bring good appetites they have certainly reason to praise the feast, and I console myself in the persuasion that for this day, at least, I shall escape an indigestion. A very narrow escape, too, for some rancid butter, of which the cook had been liberal, puts me in bodily fear. If the repast is not abundant, we have at least the consolation that there is no lack of conversation. Not being perfectly master of the language, most of the jests escaped me. As for the rest of the company, each being employed either in saying a good thing or in studying one to say, it is no wonder if he cannot find time to applaud that of his neighbor. They all agree that we live in an age alike deficient in justice and in taste. Each finds in the fate of his own works numerous instances to justify this assertion. They tell me, to my great surprise, that the public now condemn theatrical compositions before they have heard the first recital.

And to remove my doubts the Countess is so kind as to assure me that this rash decision has been made on one of her own pieces. In pitying modern degeneracy we rise from the table."

The statement as to the condemnation of theatrical works smacks of the soil. In the words "to my great surprise" we catch the peculiar vein of American humor which delights in a solemn appearance of ignorant and innocent belief in some preposterous assertion. It is close kin to the broader form of to-day as exemplified by Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam, which the *Saturday Review* declared was a ridiculous affectation of sentiment.

March 25th Mr. Morris is at the house of his old and true friend of the Revolution, Madame de Chastellux. There he meets the Duchess of Orleans, and forms a friendship which is to prove very warm, very faithful, and of great service to the Duchess and her son, the citizen king of the future. Two days later he goes to dine with the Neckers in company with his friend the Maréchal de Castries. Here too he begins a lifelong friendship with both his host and the daughter of the house, Madame de Staël, which was kept up with real affection on all sides until death ended it. His first impressions of M. Necker are worth quoting for their shrewd correctness: "A little before dinner, Monsieur enters. He has the look and manner of the counting-house, and, being dressed in embroidered velvet, he contrasts strongly with his habiliments. His bow, his address, say, 'I am the man.' Our company is one half Academicians. The Duchess of Biron, formerly Lauzun, is one. I observe that M. Necker seems occupied by ideas which rather distress him. He cannot, I think, stay in office half an hour unless the nation insist on keeping him there. He is now much harassed, and Madame receives continually *mémoires* from different people; so that

she seems as much occupied as he is. If he is really a very great man I am deceived; and yet this is a rash judgment. If he is not a laborious man I am also deceived."

While he was thus watching and weighing the men and women whose brilliant society he so much enjoyed, he was also studying with deep attention the momentous political development going on about him. May 4th, the day before the opening of the States-General, he witnessed the procession at Versailles. The Queen was received with hostile silence, and Mr. Morris writes most characteristically, "I cannot help feeling the mortification which the poor Queen meets with, for I see only the woman, and it seems unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness." He was present at the opening of the States-General, and has left a very striking and picturesque description of that great event, unfortunately too long for quotation. He followed the operations of that famous body with close scrutiny, and found little in their doings to encourage him as to the prospects of France. We catch a glimpse here of another famous American, who was equally interested in the fortunes of the French people, but who looked upon the advancing revolution with feelings and opinions very different from those of Mr. Morris.

"June 3d. Go to Mr. Jefferson's. Some political conversation. He seems to be out of hope of anything being done to purpose by the States-General. This comes from having sanguine expectations of a downright republican form of government. The literary people here, observing the abuses of their monarchical form, imagine that everything must go better in proportion as it recedes from the present establishments, and in their closets they make men exactly suited to their systems; but unluckily they are such men as exist nowhere else, and least of all in France."

He had still other occupations, as ap-

pears by the next entry, with its jest at his own expense:—

"June 5th. Go to M. Houdon's. He has been waiting for me a long time. I stand for his statue of General Washington, being the humble employment of a manikin. This is literally taking the advice of St. Paul to be all things to all men."

June 6th, he supped with Madame Flahaut, where he met a certain very celebrated person, whom he gauged with his usual penetrating accuracy: "The Bishop of Autun, who is one of our company, and an intimate friend of Madame Flahaut, appears to me a sly, cool, cunning, ambitious, and malicious man. I know not why conclusions so disadvantageous to him are formed in my mind; but so it is, and I cannot help it." This quick judgment which Mr. Morris here sets down when Talleyrand was still comparatively unknown does not differ very widely from that of posterity half a century after the death of that eminent statesman and divine. It is one of many instances of a foresight and insight amounting almost to a gift of prophecy which made Mr. Morris's political predictions most wonderful in their correctness.

Let us take a few more extracts from the diary:—

"June 23d. At dinner I sit next to M. de Lafayette, who tells me that I injure the cause, for that my sentiments are continually quoted against the good party. I seize this opportunity to tell him that I am opposed to the democracy from regard to liberty; that I see they are going headlong to destruction, and would fain stop them if I could; that their views respecting this nation are totally inconsistent with the materials of which it is composed; and that the worst thing which could happen would be to grant their wishes. He tells me that he is sensible that his party are mad, and tells them so, but is not the less determined to die with them. I tell him

that I think it would be quite as well to bring them to their senses and live with them."

It is plain that he concealed nothing from Lafayette, no matter how distasteful his advice might prove. He writes in the same way to Washington, ten days later:—

"Our American example has done them good, but, like all novelties, liberty runs away with their discretion, if they have any. They want an American constitution, with the exception of a King instead of a President, without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support that constitution." When he penned this sentence the first storm was just about to burst. July 14th, the day of the taking of the Bastille, after describing that event and the manner in which he heard of it, Mr. Morris writes, with a turn at the end which is curiously modern, "Yesterday it was the fashion at Versailles not to believe that there were any disturbances at Paris. I presume that this day's transaction will induce a conviction that all is not perfectly quiet." After the fall of the Bastille there was a lull, and the attempts at constitution-making and reform went on again after a fashion.

September 26th, Mr. Morris was at the National Assembly, whither, indeed, he went frequently, and after listening to the report of the Minister of Finance he remarks, "At the close, however, of the report there is a feebleness which they are not, perhaps, fully aware of, or perhaps it was unavoidable. They appeal to patriotism for aid; but they should in money matters apply only to interest. They should never acknowledge such want of resource as to render the aid of patriotism necessary." So annoyed and troubled was he by the errors which he saw committed that, as events hurried rapidly forward, he strove, of course in vain, to mend matters by appealing to his intimate friends in behalf of wiser measures.

October 16th, he wrote to Lafayette an admirable letter of counsel and advice. He said that the constitution would not work, and that the National Assembly would soon fall into contempt. Under these circumstances, the only thing to be done was to strengthen the executive, and he urges Lafayette to see that good and able men go into the council, but advises Lafayette himself to remain outside. The reasons for this advice are then set forth with great vigor and shrewdness. One cannot help thinking, as one reads these wise but futile words, what a pity it was that among the French statesmen there were not a few like Morris. Much might have been saved if there had been, but nothing is so empty as the "ifs" of history. There were no such men in France, for there had been no chance for centuries to breed them, or even to make them possible.

Mr. Morris was now called away by public duties of his own. He was requested by Washington to go to England as a secret agent of our government, and endeavor to reopen diplomatic relations and settle various outstanding and threatening differences with that country. To London he accordingly went in February, 1790, and there he spent seven or eight months in fruitless conversations with the Duke of Leeds and Mr. Pitt about western posts, the fulfillment of treaties, the compensation for negroes, British debts, and impressment. On the last subject he said, with a concise wit which ought to have made the saying more famous than it is, "I believe, my lord, that this is the only instance in which we are not treated as aliens." Whether this keen-edged remark penetrated the thick skull of the noble duke to whom it was addressed does not appear. At all events, the mission was a failure. English ministers, with that sagacity which has always characterized them in dealing with the United States, were determined to injure

us so far as they could, and make us enemies instead of friends, if it were possible to do so, — a policy which has borne lasting fruit, and which England does not now delight in quite so much as of yore. It is pretty obvious that Mr. Morris was not to their taste, despite his wit and good manners. He was a man of perfect courage and patriotism, and could be neither bullied nor cajoled. His brother, Staats Long Morris, was a general in the British army and the husband of the Duchess of Gordon, — a fact which implied respectability to the English mind, and made it difficult for them to snub a person who, according to their notions, was so well connected. Worst of all, he was a man of great ability and wide information, intellectually superior to any minister he met, except Mr. Pitt, and therefore he was an awkward subject to trample on. Stories were set afloat to injure him, and were so far successful that they gave him much trouble at home. He was charged with consorting with Fox and the opposition, which was not true, and with revealing his purposes to Luzerne, the French minister, which was true, and sprang from Mr. Morris's sentiment of gratitude to France, ill rewarded, and in great measure cured, by Luzerne's betrayal of his confidence. He found time, however, in the midst of his vain efforts, to observe his English friends, and the following extract from a letter to Washington shows that the ludicrous side in the lives of the various distinguished personages whom he met did not escape him.

On September 18, 1790, he writes of Pitt: "Observe that he is rather the Queen's man than the King's, and that since his majesty's illness she has been of great consequence. This depends in part on a medical reason. To prevent the relapse of persons who have been mad they must be kept in constant awe of somebody; and it is said that the physician of the King gave the matter

in charge to his royal consort, who performs that, like every other part of her conjugal duty, with singular zeal and perseverance."

Fruitless wranglings and disobliging treatment, although they could not disturb his good-humor, nevertheless tired him sadly, and he turned his eyes ever more wistfully to the exciting scenes in France. He shows this in a letter to a friend in Paris, in which, too, he makes one of his many correct predictions, and also reveals his knowledge of his own failing in the direction of a dangerous frankness.

"A cautious man," he says, "should therefore give only sibylline predictions, if indeed he should hazard any. But I am not a cautious man. I therefore give it as my opinion that they will issue the paper currency, and substitute thereby depreciation in the place of bankruptcy, or, rather, suspension."

Soon after he departed for the Continent, made a brief tour in Germany, and in November reached Paris again. He went at once to one of his old haunts, the club, and there, as he says, met his friend De Moustier, who was engaged in making a constitution, and was, "as usual, on the high ropes of royal prerogative." He soon saw that things were going to pieces very rapidly, and after several visits finally got an opportunity to tell Lafayette so, and renew his former advice to rally about the throne and try to gain some stability; expressing at the same time unbounded contempt for "the thing called a constitution." He also urged the restoration of the nobility, at which poor Lafayette flinched, and said he would like two chambers, as in America. "I tell him that an American constitution will not do for this country; that every country must have a constitution suited to its circumstances, and the state of France requires a higher-toned government than that of England." All this was very true but very unpalatable, espe-

cially to Lafayette, and the result was that he became rather cool to his frank adviser. Yet the old friendship really remained as warm as ever, and when Lafayette became a prisoner no one worked harder for his liberation than Mr. Morris.

Although the tremendous events in the midst of which he was now plunged absorbed his thoughts, we still get here and there glimpses of the gay society in which he found himself, and which was soon to be extinguished in the dark torrent of revolution.

January 19, 1791, he writes: "Visit Madame de Chastellux, and go with her to dine with the Duchess of Orleans. Her royal highness is ruined; that is, she is reduced from 450,000 to 200,000 livres per annum. She tells me that she cannot give any good dinners; but if I will come and fast with her, she will be glad to see me."

January 25th, he dined with Madame de Staël, and heard the Abbé Sieyès "descant with much self-sufficiency on government." Four days later he went out to Choisy with Madame de Chastellux and dined with Marmontel, who seemed to his guest "to think soundly," a compliment paid by Mr. Morris to but few of his French friends. There is something very striking and most interesting in these little pictures of daily existence, which went on much as usual, although the roar of revolution was even then sounding in men's ears. Philosophers speculated and fine ladies jested, although the world was in convulsion; and so they continued to do until it was all drowned in the Terror, from which arose, after brief interval, another society, as light-hearted and brilliant, if not so well born, as its predecessor.

We can mark, however, the tremendous changes in progress around him in the extracts from the diary. The social pictures grow fewer, the tone is graver, there are more interviews with statesmen and fewer chats with ladies of rank,

while the reflections concern the welfare of state and nation rather than the foibles or graces of men and women. April 4th came the funeral of Mirabeau, with some observations in the diary which are eloquent and striking; and there were other and still weightier matters then pressing upon his mind. August 26th he notes in his diary, "Dine with Madame de Staël, who requests me to show her the *mémoire* I have prepared for the King." The next day he says, "Dine with M. de Montmorin. After dinner retire into his closet and read to him the plan I have prepared of a discourse for the King. He is startled at it. Says it is too forcible; that the temper of the people will not bear it." Mr. Morris's talents and the force of his arguments on the state of public affairs had attracted general attention, and in their agony of doubt court and ministry turned to him for aid. The result was the draft for a royal speech, which the King liked but was prevented by his ministers from using, a *mémoire* on the state of France, notes for a constitution, and some other similar papers which are given by Mr. Sparks. These documents are very able and bold. Whether Mr. Morris's policy, if pursued, would have had any effect may well be doubted, but there can be no question that it was the sanest, most vigorous, and best defined of the multitude offered to poor, hesitating Louis, and its adoption could certainly have done no harm. In the midst of these disinterested and somewhat perilous pursuits we find him writing to Robert Morris (October 10, 1791), and describing a scene at the theatre when the people cheered the King and Queen.

"Now, my dear friend," he adds, "this is the very same people who, when the King was brought back from his excursion, whipped a democratical duchess of my acquaintance because they heard only the last part of what she said, which was, '*Il ne faut pas dire,*

Vive le Roi.' She had the good sense to desire the gentleman who was with her to leave her. Whipping is, you know, an operation which a lady would rather undergo among strangers than before her acquaintance."

Mr. Morris's sympathy for the King and Queen led him on further than he anticipated. Indeed, his attitude as an adviser of the ministry caused outbreaks against him on the part of the opposition. De Warville said in his newspaper that Morris, on one of his periodical visits to England upon business, was sent to thwart Talleyrand, — an accusation which Mr. Morris met with a public denial. His doings, however, were not fortunate, in view of the responsibility about to be placed upon him; for while he was away on this very visit to England, in the early months of 1792, he received the news of his appointment as minister to France.

Morris was not without enemies. At home, his contempt and dislike for the methods of the French Revolution were only too well known, and his confirmation was strongly opposed in the Senate. His good friend the President with much delicacy explained to him the ground of the opposition, and in this way pointed out to Morris the failings which threatened his success. The idea of your political adversaries, Washington says, is "that the promptitude with which your lively and brilliant imagination displays itself allows too little time for deliberation and correction, and is the primary cause of those sallies which too often offend, and of that ridicule of character which begets enmity not easy to be forgotten, but which might easily be avoided if it were under the control of more caution and prudence." If it had been known in America just how deeply Mr. Morris had plunged into French politics, it may be doubted whether Washington even would have nominated him as minister. As it turned out, no better choice could have been

made, yet at the moment Mr. Morris was involved in affairs which no foreign minister ought even to have known. He probably felt that his efforts to save order and government by means of the monarchy were hopeless, but they had drawn him on into the much more dangerous path of personal sympathy for the King and Queen, and thence to attempts to preserve their lives, at least. The King was unable to adopt Mr. Morris's views in his public utterances, but on his advice confided in M. de Monciel, one of his ministers, and this gentleman and Mr. Morris arranged an elaborate yet practicable scheme for the escape of the royal family. After a short time the King sent Mr. Morris 547,000 livres to carry out the plan, and wished also to make him the depositary of his papers. Mr. Morris accepted the first trust, and declined the latter. The large sum of money seems to indicate the King's preference for the plan of Mr. Morris, in whom he had great confidence, yet there were half a dozen other schemes on foot at the same time. De Molleville had one; Mr. Crawford, sent over by the British government, had another; Marie Antoinette's Swedish friend, Count Fersen, had a third; and there were probably many more. One plan interfered with another. That of Morris and Monciel was ripe for execution, and still the King doubted and delayed. While he was hesitating, the 10th of August came, the Swiss guard was massacred, and all was over.

An American gentleman was present at the Tuileries on that memorable day, and went thence to the house of the minister of the United States. On entering he found Mr. Morris surrounded by the old Count d'Estaing and many other persons of distinction, who had fought side by side with us in our war for independence. Silence reigned, interrupted only by the weeping of the women and children. As the visitor was about to retire, Mr. Morris took him

aside, and said, "I have no doubt, sir, but there are persons on the watch, who would find fault with my conduct as minister in receiving and protecting these people; but I call on you to witness the declaration which I now make, and that is that they were not invited to my house, but came of their own accord. Whether my house will be a protection to them, or to me, God only knows, but I will not turn them out of it, let what will happen to me. You see, sir, they are all persons to whom our country is more or less indebted, and it would be inhuman to force them into the hands of these assassins, had they no such claim upon me." Whatever the faults of Mr. Morris, or whatever criticism may be made upon him, no American even now can read these words, uttered at such a moment, without feeling his pulse beat quicker, and without rejoicing that a man of such high and generous spirit so fitly represented his country in an hour of trial and peril.

To suppose, because Mr. Morris had the sympathy of a gallant man for the King and Queen in their danger and distress, and also the profound distrust and contempt as an able and practical statesman for the follies and madness of those who were trying to carry on the French Revolution, that he therefore was a lover of royalty and aristocracy and titles would be a great injustice. How far removed he really was from such weak prejudices is shown by an incident many years later. At Vienna, where he had a discussion with some of the *émigrés* and with some scions of Austrian nobility in regard to Lafayette, these precious individuals abused the fallen and imprisoned leader ferociously, and Mr. Morris of course came to his defense. His commentary shows how much he despised the people who might have saved France and failed. "Indeed, the conversation of these gentlemen, who

have the virtue and good fortune of their grandfathers to recommend them, leads me almost to forget the crimes of the French Revolution; and often the unforgiving temper and sanguinary wishes which they exhibit make me almost believe that the assertion of their enemies is true, namely, that it is success alone which has determined on whose side should be crimes and on whose the misery."

In the same vein and about the same time he said of the illustrious personage who afterwards became Louis XVIII. that "in his opinion he had nothing to do but to try to get shot, thereby redeeming by valor the foregone follies of his conduct." He was sorry for the King and Queen, he disliked and distrusted utterly the methods of the Revolution, but he despised the French royalty and nobility, for "they turned like cravens and fled."

The two years which followed his appointment as minister form one of the most brilliant chapters in the diplomatic history of the United States. On the day he left Paris, after having turned everything over to his successor Mr. Monroe, Mr. Morris writes in his diary (October 12, 1794), "I have the consolation to have made no sacrifice either of personal or national dignity, and I believe I should have obtained everything if the American government had refused to recall me."¹

This brief statement is as true as it is moderate. No foreign minister ever faced such difficulties and dangers as Mr. Morris did at this time, for the simple reason that there has been in modern times but one Reign of Terror, and Mr. Morris was the only representative of a foreign government who did not ask for his passports and withdraw. He not only remained at his post, but he handled the affair of our debt most admirably, doing all that either law or honor

¹ Our government had demanded the recall of Genet, and the French rulers took advantage of

this to ask in turn for the recall of Morris, whom they both feared and disliked.

demanding to accelerate our payments, but firmly declining to go further or to be imposed upon in any way. He carried on a continual battle with the decrees militating against our commerce, met every difficulty that arose at the threshold, protested against every outrage on our rights, and was on the point of getting reparation when the French government obtained his recall. If these duties had been performed in ordinary times they would have been sufficiently difficult, but to deal with any diplomatic questions in the hurly-burly of the French Revolution seems an almost impossible feat. Mr. Morris, on account of his well-known views, was not liked by the successive ministries or committees, each of whom was more extreme and violent than its predecessor. To oppose them was about as safe as playing with a hungry tiger, but our minister never flinched by a hair's breadth. His house was searched more than once, he was arrested in the street because he did not have his card of citizenship, and his death or murder was at one time currently reported in Europe and America. His life was, in truth, in constant danger. When all other ministers departed he stayed, an example worthily followed by another American minister when France was last beset with "malice domestic and foreign levy." When subjected to these various outrages he never failed to take a high tone, demand his passport, and obtain a more or less surly apology. So he held out, doing his duty and protecting his countrymen and his country's interests. He was, in fact, just the man for the place and time. A sympathizer like Monroe at that period would have been ensnared and made a tool of, and would have thus involved us in all the network of French complications, as indeed he afterwards succeeded in doing to a certain extent. Almost any other man of Morris's own party would have been driven from the country by holding a too rigid and defiant attitude.

Morris, however, while too strongly opposed to the Revolution to be beguiled, by his utter fearlessness and ready wit combined with a certain dash and gallantry was carried through triumphantly. The diary became too dangerous, and was stopped for the time; but before this occurred there are a few entries and some extracts from letters which must be quoted, to show how wonderfully he penetrated the conditions of the struggle, and how clearly he understood its true character. On May 14, 1792, he wrote to Washington:—

"You know that I do, from the bottom of my heart, wish well to this country, and will therefore easily judge what I have felt in seeing them long since in the high road to despotism."

And again in June he wrote:—

"It is notorious that the great mass of the French nation is less solicitous to preserve the present order of things than to prevent the return of the ancient oppressions, and of course would more readily submit to a pure despotism than to that kind of monarchy whose only limits were found in those noble legal and clerical corps by which the people were alternately oppressed and insulted."

Here is the true view of the French Revolution: that it was a struggle not for political rights, but for equality before the law, for the abolition of privileges, and for good government. Morris was almost if not quite alone, at that time, in this opinion, and it has been reserved to the most recent modern investigation to bring out and insist upon this all-important truth.

July 2d he says in his diary, "Monciel and Bremond call on me. The French, says Monciel, are, I am afraid, too rotten for a free government. I tell him that the experiment may, nevertheless, be tried, and despotism still remain as a last resort."

August 22d he wrote to Jefferson of Lafayette's flight: "Thus his circle is completed. He has spent his fortune

on a revolution, and is now crushed by the wheel which he put in motion. He lasted longer than I expected."

October 18, 1793, he writes to Washington: "But whatever may be the lot of France in remote futurity, and putting aside the military events, it seems evident that she must soon be governed by a single despot. Whether she will pass to that point through the medium of a triumvirate or other small body of men seems as yet undetermined. I think it most probable that she will."

If we consider that the Directory did not come until two years later, the consulate or triumvirate four years after that, and then in the process of evolution the Empire and the single despot in 1804, it must be admitted that this is an extraordinary example of political foresight. Morris saw that a despotism existed; in common with many others he perceived that it would probably be concentrated in a single individual; but who else in 1793 announced that the single despot would come in the precise manner in which it actually happened? He made many other predictions, and was rarely wrong. Indeed, his sagacity in this way was quite noted among his friends, but there is space to mention only one other instance. Many years afterward, when watching from across the Atlantic with intense interest the Russian campaign, he predicted that Napoleon would begin his retreat from Moscow on October 21st. On October 19th the retreat actually began. These things were of course not due to mere chance, and to M. Necker (May 22, 1798), who had recalled one of his predictions since become true, Mr. Morris gives undoubtedly the secret of his remarkable foresight. "It is not," he says, "difficult to prophesy in such a case. If we are to judge of the conduct of a man in a given situation, it would be hazardous to pronounce upon it, since the character of each individual is governed by the peculiarity of his mind and the im-

pression made upon him by the circumstances in which he is placed. But where the mass is concerned we have but to observe the instinct of the animal, and we shall not be deceived." In addition to this wise doctrine he was also governed by a theory which guided him through all his public life and largely explains his success. He says in a letter to Carmichael:—

"The true object of a great statesman is to give to any particular nation the kind of laws which is suitable to them, and the best constitution which they are capable of." No better rule was ever laid down, and if it were more observed men would make fewer disastrous failures in government and constitutions.

After leaving France, Mr. Morris traveled for six years on the Continent and in England, studying men and manners, enjoying society, and making everywhere firm friends among the most distinguished men and women of the time. At last in 1799 he returned to America, and as he supposed to private life and the practice of his profession. He was elected, however, almost at once Senator from New York, and reëntered public life just as the Federalist party, to which he belonged, was driven from power, never to return.

In the dangerous crisis which arose from the equality of votes received by Jefferson and Burr Mr. Morris took the only sound view, that it was right to have Jefferson chosen. He says in his driest way:—

"Not meaning to enter into intrigues, I have merely expressed the opinion that, since it was evidently the intention of our fellow-citizens to make Mr. Jefferson their President, it seems proper to fulfill that intention."

A little later he writes to Hamilton: "I have more at the request of others than from my own mere motion suggested certain considerations not quite unworthy of attention; but it is dan-

gerous to be impartial in politics. You who are temperate in drinking have never perhaps noticed the awkward situation of a man who continues sober after the company are drunk."

Again, he writes to Livingston: "I greatly disapproved, and openly disapproved, the attempt to choose Mr. Burr. Many of my friends thought differently. I saw they would be disappointed, and therefore looked on with perfect composure. Indeed, my dear friend, this farce of life contains nothing which should put us out of humor."

Despite his philosophy, however, he made a most eloquent and desperate resistance to the repeal of the judiciary act, which he always considered little less than a death-blow to the Constitution. He could be impartial at times and he supported the acquisition of Louisiana, but at heart he was a strong partisan. We can see this in what he says of Jefferson.

"It is the fashion," he writes in 1803, "with those discontented creatures called Federalists, to say that our President is not a Christian; yet they must acknowledge that, in true Christian meekness, when smitten on one cheek he turns the other, and by his late appointment of Monroe has taken special care that a stone which the builders rejected should become the first of the corner. These are his *works*; and for his *faith*, it is not as a grain of mustard, but the full size of a pumpkin, so that while men of mustard-seed faith can only move mountains, he finds no difficulty in swallowing them. He believes, for instance, in the perfectibility of man, the wisdom of mobs, and moderation of Jacobins. He believes in payment of debts by diminution of revenue, in defense of territory by reduction of armies, and in vindication of rights by the appointment of ambassadors."

Again, he writes to Dayton: "That our administration is too feeble is, I be-

lieve, too true. What you say of their chief is curious. When he told you we have the choice of enemies, he stated a fact applicable at all times to all countries, since any blundering blockhead can make a war; but when he acknowledged that we have not a choice of friends, he pronounced the surest satire on himself, since this misfortune can only be attributed to a series of false and foolish measures."

Strong and even extreme as he was in his Federalism, he nevertheless was not despondent, like so many of his party friends, and declined to despair of the future. "There is always," he says in a letter written in 1803, "a counter-current in human affairs, which opposes alike both good and evil. Thus the good we hope is seldom obtained, and the evil we fear is rarely realized. . . . Like the forked, featherless bipeds which have preceded them, our posterity will be shaken into the political form which shall be most suitable to their physical and moral state. They will be born, procreate, and die, like the rest of creation, while here and there some accomplished scoundrels, *rare nantes in gurgite vasto*, will give their names to periods of history."

He seems to have sighed but little for the delights of Europe, where he had passed so many years. To his friend Parish, who had urged him to come to England, he writes in 1801:—

"Recollect that a tedious morning, a great dinner, a boozy afternoon, and dull evening make the sum total of English life. It is admirable for young men who shoot, hunt, drink; but for us! How are we to dispose of ourselves? No. Were I to give you a rendezvous in Europe, it should be on the Continent."

He traveled extensively, however, in his own country, and, not content with the exercise of his profession, gave his best thought and work to schemes of public improvement. As early as 1777 Mr. Morris had set forth the idea of

connecting the great lakes with the Hudson. This project he never forgot, and after his return he renewed his efforts, and devoted the last years of his life and all his eloquence before the legislature to its promotion.

Thus engaged, his life flowed peacefully along. He married in 1809, most happily, and not long afterwards, in a letter to his friend Madame de Damas, he gives us a glimpse of himself and his home life that displays admirably the happy disposition, cheerful philosophy, and keen intellect which made their possessor so successful and so contented. "My health," he writes, "is excellent, saving a little of the gout which at this moment annoys me. I can walk three leagues, if the weather be pleasant and the road not rough. My employment is to labor for myself a little, for others more; to receive much company, and forget half those who come. I think of public affairs a little, play a little, read a little, and sleep a good deal. With good air, a good cook, fine water and wine, a good constitution, and a clear conscience I descend towards the grave full of gratitude to the Giver of all good."

There is nothing to add but the inevitable statement of the end. He died

after a brief illness, in 1816, without suffering, and cheerful to the last.

The man who made the final draft of the Constitution of the United States and who first suggested the Erie Canal needs no other monuments. But his brilliant intellect and long and distinguished public career are too little known. We have but to read his diaries and letters to appreciate him at his true value both as statesman and writer. There is only one other word to be said. Among many fine qualities of heart and mind, nothing does him more honor than his strong, unswerving patriotism and ardent belief in his country. This sketch cannot end more fitly than with another prediction, made in 1801, which has not only been fulfilled, but which shows the spirit which animated its author throughout his life: —

"The proudest empire in Europe is but a bauble compared to what America *will* be, *must* be, in the course of two centuries, perhaps of one! If, with a calm retrospect to the progress made within forty years, we stand on the firm ground of calculation, warranted by experience, and look forward to the end of a similar period, imagination shrinks from the magnitude of rational deduction."

Henry Cabot Lodge.

HIDDEN FORCES.

SHE watched the winding brook steal from the shade
Of sombre pines, where it had loitered long,
And, leaving all its dusky ambuscade,
Run down the sunny slope with merry song.

"Oh, happy brook," she sighed, "dost not regret,
Within that gloomy copse, thy lingering?"
The brook laughed low. "In that dark wood are set,"
It said, "the springs that give me strength to sing."

A. M. Libby.

REFORMATION OF CHARITY.

THOSE who know of the existence of charity organization societies in the United States — and they comprise the most earnest and intelligent of the benevolently-minded — are aware that they claim to be unique associations, having characteristics very distinct from ordinary relief agencies. Heretofore, charitable organizations have been little more than conduits by which the money of givers has been borne for various purposes to the persons of the receivers. It is distinctive of the new movement that it aims to modify the thought and attitude of the givers. Through it the dumb, inarticulate peril of the poor is made known to the strong, the cultivated, and the religious, and they are urged to do no more harm to their lowly brethren. Its ultimate aim is the welfare of the impoverished, whether their destitution be moral or material; but it perceives that this must be sought by bringing the community into new conceptions of its duty, and into new relations to the dependent.

Two embarrassments, one from without and the other from within, beset this movement. The one from without is the popular misunderstanding of the work in hand. "Doing good" seems such an easy, simple thing that the average mind, chiefly because it does not think about it, fails to see that charity can have any other functions than feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and getting the unfortunate out of scrapes. It is impatient of large expenditures and large corps of workers which carry little money to the dwellings of misery. The true charity organizationist would be glad if he could get on without giving a cent to the poor, — that is, he would be glad to have the occasions for alms cease.

The embarrassment from within is in
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some measure a concession to the feeling without; and in the pursuit of public approval and support, there is danger that the new associations may forget their true aims, and sink into mere relief societies rivaling their predecessors. Already some have so sunken, and lost their proper character.

A survey of the field may serve to disseminate a juster conception of the problem which reformed methods aim to solve. The motive of "charity organization" is the *cure* of distressed conditions. This is a new thing in philanthropy, the faith that social disorders are curable. Heretofore humane efforts have been cramped and superficial, because the permanence of an unfortunate and depressed class has been taken for granted, and with it the corollary that their misfortunes could only be palliated, and not surmounted. That is the fallacy which lies behind the general conception of charity as exhausted in almsgiving or temporary alleviations of trouble. The faith that social evils can be extirpated, even though the road be long and the gate concealed, is so revolutionary a principle in the administration of charity, and so vital and distinctive an element in our new reform, that one may be pardoned for lingering a while on what it involves.

The theory upon which society has heretofore treated human suffering or degradation has been very simple. There were two classes of misery: the one produced, as the old underwriters would express it, "by the hand of God," and the other by depravity bearing fruit. This distinction lies patent upon the surface of the Elizabethan poor-laws, and reappears in the workhouse test of Earl Grey. The whole scheme of legislation has aimed at some means to separate those who ought to be punished

from those whose undeserved calamities constitute a title to sympathy. The claim of the last has been held by British courts to be a *right* to participate in the parish poor relief virtually enforceable by law. But such a classification is impracticable in the present conditions of society, if it has not always been so. Chalmers demonstrated not only by his experiment at St. John's Church in Glasgow, but by his appeal to the history of the Scottish peasantry, that natural affection was a sufficient motive and the generosity of the poor one to another was a sufficient resource for the sick, the aged, the orphan, the widow, the halt, the blind, the wayfarer, and the imbecile of all Caledonia. He insisted that the springs of this lowly beneficence were congealed by the interference of strangers, and he arraigned compulsory relief because it relaxed natural ties and dissolved the amenities of kinship and affection. The progress of state relief has been marked by the abandonment of wives and children, by the increase of illegitimacy, by the turning of tottering age to the almshouse, and by the consequent degradation of those in whom motives of family affection ceased. Professor Fawcett has shown that the legal provision for foundlings in England is so superior, in amount and in the associations created for the child, to what a farm hand can supply as to be an enticement for fathers to abandon their offspring,—an enticement which is the stronger as the father is more reflective, disinterested, and ambitious for his children. It has been abundantly shown that the poor-rate operates to depress wages, by handicapping the self-supporting in their labor contest with state-aided workmen, and that the workhouse is incompatible with family relations and with the innocence of childhood. Thus society can corrupt its humble members.

To this generation depravity is no longer a finality, but needs to be ac-

counted for. Social evils are something other than local tumefactions, gradually extending to the sounder tissues of the body politic. They are not infiltrations of infection, but the outbreak of general disorders, like the degeneration of a vital organ or the disease of nervous centres in physiology. Just as the serf in feudal times was the complement of the baronial castle, or slavery the adjunct of commerce in a semi-barbarous stage, or the caucus and the ring are instruments in the differentiation of a profession of politics, so proletarianism is the concomitant of an abnormal distribution of wealth incident to the adjustment of industry to machinery, and the relative depression of wages is the product of competition in cheapness rather than in excellence. John Stuart Mill has observed as a characteristic of modern industry that "from top to bottom of the social ladder, remuneration lessens as the work accomplished increases." If Carlyle's definition of genius as an unlimited capacity for work hold true, then genius is a calamity to its possessor. It is not easy to see how the quality of one's work can make exception to this experience, under the present organization of society, without implying the ignorance and unskillfulness of the masses. Under the law of pure competition, skilled and artistic work needs only to become the common heritage of artisans to sink them all to one scale of penury.

To take another aspect of personal degradation, can any thoughtful person inspect the photographs of a rogues' gallery, or follow the history of the inmates of a prison, a house of correction, or an almshouse, or of a confirmed vagrant, back to the by-ways of civilization, and not realize that these deformed specimens of humanity are the victims of circumstances over which they had little control? Were an infant of the noblest pedigree snatched from its silken cradle and brought up in the filth of an overcrowded tenement, amidst the poor

shifts of a Holborn, a Shoreditch, or a Mackerelville, neglected by the school-mistress, pinched by hunger and cold, familiar with coarse manners and brutal scenes, could there remain any "affection of nobleness which nature shows above (its) breeding"?

If the poor are asked to honor industry and to live by labor, then work must be made respectable. But those who employ artisans will lightly regard the work for which they pay but the price of a broiled chicken or a Turkish bath. And the output of toil which they do not esteem, the performer of the service will not respect. If the laboring man is to be a good workman, his craft must become dignified to him as a road to good reputation. He needs approbation for the exercise of moral discrimination as well as of his judgment and manifold faculties. He must have a chance to maintain his family free from that necessity for maternal and child labor which makes the dwelling a pen, and not a home; which denies to it those opportunities for loving care and personal ambition which distinguish a family from a herd. He must have reason also to hope that diligence and self-improvement will enhance his fortunes and lead to the recognition of his respectability. As a matter of fact, these inducements are perceptibly fading out of modern industrial life,—a postulate which there is no time to prove in this paper, although we have the word of such students as Hallam, Mill, and Thornton for it. Glance for a moment at Western Europe, of which the conditions are fast repeating themselves in more fortunate America. Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late postmaster-general of Great Britain, says of agricultural labor in England that the "hind's means of existence are fixed at the lowest possible scale. . . . He is not afraid of the future; he has reached zero point,—a point from which dates the farmer's calculation. Come what may, he

takes no interest in fortune or misfortune." Recent consular reports from Brunswick and Breslau disclose a similar depression in Germany, where a woman's labor in the field is recompensed with from fifteen to nineteen cents a day, and a man's with from thirty-five to fifty-two cents for the same time; though these small earnings are larger in amount than those of the farm hand in the time of Henry VIII., when seven pence was his customary daily pay, yet their effectiveness is less. Let this momentous feature in the history of wages be noted well. Absolutely they have increased rather than declined. The change is relative, and in the opinion of the economists just named, wages cannot support the demands made upon them as well as they could two hundred years ago. The upheaval of the shore registers the same phenomena as the subsidence of the water.

The next step of the argument is significant as respects the conditions of the dependent classes, and it is the moral and physical effect of impoverished modes of life. To leave men hopeless of rising above the lowest conditions of existence is first to discourage them, and then to render them fatuous, and vice and pauperism are the natural sinks of incompetency.

Mr. Brassey, "the great contractor," discovered, among the thousands whom he employed in various parts of the world, that their work bore a direct relation to the quality of their food and shelter. The output of a Swiss watchmaker is forty watches a year, of an United States mechanic one hundred and fifty, and the American earns in this skilled line of work three times as much as his Helvetian competitor. Mr. Bally, a leading Swiss manufacturer of shoes, states that neither in his country nor in Germany does the productive power of the operative, even when furnished with the same machinery, at all equal that of the American, and that,

notwithstanding the greatly lower wages paid in Switzerland, his goods cost him twice as much by the piece as is paid by the Lynn manufacturer. These instances are adduced simply to show that depressed circumstances diminish the productive and, let it be added, the recuperative faculties of a man, so that there is a point below which there is no economy in reducing wages, because below it there is a great loss of manhood to the workman. Yet such is the state of our industrial organization that both manufacturers and operatives often deliberately concur in the policy of lessening the productive strength of the state. Fluctuations in the labor market, the enforced idleness of half time, of lock-outs, and of strikes, are ruinous to habits of thrift and to stability of character. The savings of months are consumed in a few idle weeks, and the vice of a hand-to-mouth life is acquired.

Add to these considerations the increasing subdivision of trades, by which skilled industry is rendered needless, and an operative's function is reduced to a few mechanical motions; the congregating of large numbers in a single factory, where they remain unknown to their employers; the collecting of their dwellings in one mean quarter of the town; the sameness of agricultural life, now that railways have drafted away the able preachers and lawyers and artisans from the country to the town,—a sameness to which the high ratio of insanity among farmers and their wives has been attributed; a brief experience of an education in which the hand is taught no dexterity, and the memory is gorged with mere formulæ which it cannot retain, while the rational powers are left with no certain grasp upon any set of facts. Let these conditions continue long enough, and it would seem that there are in them the bad sanitation, the poor nourishment, the inherited stolidity, the hopeless environment, and the ill associations which invert a man's nature

and put the predaceous and voracious element over the soul in him. Here are causes enough of pauperism for which society, and not their victim, is responsible.

In a remarkable work entitled *The Jukes*, the late Mr. Dugdale pursued the history of twelve hundred descendants of a woman known as "Margaret, the mother of criminals." In this investigation Mr. Dugdale seems to question the growth of hereditary pauperism beyond rather narrow limits, because the vices of that condition steadily tend to sterility. If that position be true, the inference follows that pauperism increases in a country not by the fecundity of a class, but by the spread of deterioration into the healthy parts of the social body.

Remarkable, too, is the way in which Mr. Dugdale traced the relation between the criminal and the pauper branches of this family. The criminal branch was more virile and enterprising, and therefore more susceptible of reformation. Pauperism was the lower stage into which some members of the family sank upon the exhaustion of their powers. Others of them, however, became useful and reputable citizens, and had the mode of their restoration to society been investigated, probably it would have shown that the most effective method was that of changing their surroundings. Environment is at the heart of this problem.

Two sins accompanied the degradation of the Jukes, the inordinate sexual propensity and intemperance. The first has received but little study from philanthropists, and from its nature is mostly relegated to the physicians. But it cannot long be passed over by those who would penetrate the secret of relaxed family ties, of low vitality, and of abandoned childhood. Intemperance has been discussed passionately enough, but, apart from its physiological aspects, with a very injurious disregard of facts and

exaggeration of statistics. One point seriously demands thorough consideration, and it is how far alcoholism is a symptom rather than a cause of personal depression. Stimulants, whether exhilarating or narcotic, are the natural recourse of exhausted people. Bad nutrition, mental depression, and intermittent habits furnish favorable conditions for the development of inebriety; and the potency of the intoxicant is in proportion to the adverse character of the environment. How else can the fact be explained that intemperance is so general among those who can least afford to indulge in it, or that it is common among women of the lower classes? May it not also be a fair speculation that the proverbial appetite of the Indian for fire-water, both in North and South America, grows out of his incapacity for methodical work, his irregular nutrition, and the hopelessness of his social state when he is placed in contact with the white race? It is out of such conditions as these that the most obstinate and darkest phases of outlawry arise. Is it not bad enough for society, with its greed and injustices and neglects, to produce disorderly, sullen, and criminal imbeciles, without offering them facilities for following their unregulated impulses? Yet from statistics gathered out of the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, England and Wales spend annually about \$100,000,000 to maintain in a predatory and half-animate life those whom the rate-payers scarcely recognize as brothers and sisters, except in times of cholera and typhoid fever. And America in her public and corporate charities has long and stupidly followed the bad examples of the mother country.

This cursory and partial examination of the relations of pauperism to society shows how complicated and extended is the problem undertaken by an association formed to promote the radical cure of social evils. It would be preposter-

ous to set up such a pretension unless the association meant to abandon all dilettante philanthropy, and seriously to explore the obscure pathology of this whole disorder. It must be prepared to act in four different directions, and in each of them in a moral and intellectual, and *not* in a pecuniary way. It must influence legislation, must systematize and combine the multiform administrations of public and private relief, must deal with the personalities of the dependent and outcast classes, and must educate the community in right economical and humane ideas, in order to obtain a secure and influential support of its operations.

To act efficiently, charity organization must spread to the centres of population in each State, and draw into its councils the most intelligent and active minds there, and so prepare itself to concentrate upon the legislature — when questions concerning labor, almshouses, reformatories, sanitation, industrial schools, the regulation of provident societies, the employment of women and children, and license or prohibition are under consideration — an influence formidable as well for the precision and wisdom of its aim as for the weight of numbers and character supporting it. It must in a like way make its presence felt in circles engaged in the distribution of relief, in order to secure their conformity to the laws of economy and social health, especially where they are a disturbing force among them. Nor will it answer to content itself with statistics and brilliant generalizations, but it must keep in personal contact with the depressed, trying every expedient to change their careers but that of almsgiving. Its design is to elicit the latent recuperative forces which lie in the breasts of the outcasts and in the hearts of the wise and generous, and to set them in vigorous coöperation; and almsgiving is not one of them. The objects of its solicitude are those who may be called, in the

strict etymological sense of the term, the dissolute; that is, their social relations are gone, and they are only gregarious, not an organism. These people are to be knit one by one into the polity and order of the community, and in the methods by which this is accomplished lie the true data for a science of beneficence. So important is this feature of the movement that in nearly every instance where a charity organization society has been formed it has called into the field a large staff of agents and friendly visitors, whose function it is to remain in contact with individuals, and to bring to bear upon them the most wholesome personal influences at their command, and to avoid material relief if possible.

Such is the aim and such are the conditions under which this reformatory movement has come into existence. It is not in the ordinary sense an almsgiving scheme, and it cannot acquiesce in the old and false epicycles which have kept men ignorant of the true laws of terrestrial motion. Should these new associations become almoners of largesses to the needy, they would do much to defeat their own purpose. Such a course would make them rivals of other charities instead of coöperators with them; it would draw into their administration persons whose views were incompatible with charity organization principles, and whose counsels would divert them from their proposed ends; it would awaken public expectations which they could not meet without sacrificing their fundamental aim, and the public would say of them that they were the most costly and cumbersome expedients for getting a dollar into a poor man's hands that human wit had yet invented; and, as has already once or

twice happened, they would incur the risk of sinking into a pure agency for distributing gratuities, to the utter loss of every feature which differentiated them from the old system.

Perhaps the most serious embarrassment before such of these associations as adhere to their distinctive principles is the suicidal career which they propose both for themselves and for the organizations which coöperate with them. The consummation of the *felo de se* is remote, and will remain remote until the disintegrating action of injustice, vice, and misfortune ceases in society, but the tendency of its aims is apparent. By curing the evils of distress, charity organization cuts away the ground from under its own feet, and it would strive to draw into the same uselessness all its constituent societies. They are invited to labor for their own fossilization. It cannot, therefore, achieve its ideals without encountering the opposition of conservatism, of vested interests, and of minds preoccupied with old definitions. Hence, everywhere, it has made but slow progress in bringing the various charitable agencies of the community into coördination. Its hardest undertaking lies here, as the achievement of this end would be the most signal triumph possible to it. At the same time there cannot be a single generous, intelligent mind which would not ardently wish to see so noble an ideal of society — one in which not a soul should be dependent on the parish beadle or the mercy of a stranger — come true. Though it be an ideal, it is worth striving for; it is the only right guidance for charitable endeavor; and until it does come to pass, charity organization has a unique and vital function to perform in society.

D. O. Kellogg.

THE DULHAM LADIES.

To be leaders of society in the town of Dulham was as satisfactory to Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda Dobin as if Dulham were London itself. Of late years, though they would not allow themselves to suspect such treason, the most ill-bred of the younger people in the village made fun of them behind their backs, and laughed at their treasured summer mantillas, their mincing steps, and the shape of their parasols.

They were always conscious of the fact that they were the daughters of a once eminent Dulham minister; but beside this unanswerable claim to the respect of the First Parish, they were aware that their mother's social position was one of superior altitude. Madam Dobin's grandmother was a Greenaple, of Boston. In her younger days she had often visited her relatives, the Greenaples and Hightrees, and in seasons of festivity she could relate to a select and properly excited audience her delightful experiences of town life. Nothing could be finer than her account of having taken tea at Governor Clovenfoot's on Beacon Street in company with an English lord, who was indulging himself in a brief vacation from his arduous duties at the Court of St. James.

"He exclaimed that he had seldom seen in England so beautiful and intellectual a company of ladies," Madam Dobin would always say in conclusion. "He was decorated with the blue ribbon of the Knights of the Garter." Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda thought for many years that this famous blue ribbon was tied about the noble gentleman's leg. One day they even discussed the question openly; Miss Dobin placing the decoration at his knee, and Miss Lucinda locating it much lower down, according to the length of the short gray socks with which she was familiar."

"You have no imagination, Lucinda," the elder sister replied impatiently. "Of course, those were the days of small-clothes and long silk stockings!" — whereat Miss Lucinda was rebuked, but not persuaded.

"I wish that my dear girls could have the outlook upon society which fell to my portion," Madam Dobin sighed, after she had set these ignorant minds to rights, and enriched them by communicating the final truth about the blue ribbon. "I must not chide you for the absence of opportunities, but if our cousin Harriet Greenaple were only living you would not lack enjoyment or social education."

Madam Dobin has now been dead a great many years. She seemed an elderly woman to her daughters some time before she left them; later they thought that she had really died comparatively young, since their own years had come to equal the record of hers. When they visited her tall white tombstone in the orderly Dulham burying-ground, it was a strange thought to both the daughters that they were older women than their mother had been when she died. To be sure, it was the fashion to appear older in her day, — they could remember the sober effect of really youthful married persons in cap and frisette; but, whether they owed it to the changed times or to their own qualities, they felt no older themselves than ever they had. Beside upholding the ministerial dignity of their father, they were obliged to give a lenient sanction to the ways of the world for their mother's sake; and they combined the two duties with reverence and impartiality.

Madam Dobin was, in her prime, a walking example of refinements and courtesies. If she erred in any way, it

was by keeping too strict watch and rule over her small kingdom. She acted with great dignity in all matters of social administration and etiquette, but, while it must be owned that the parishioners felt a sense of freedom for a time after her death, in their later years they praised and valued her more and more, and often lamented her generously and sincerely.

Several of her distinguished relatives attended Madam Dobin's funeral, which was long considered the most dignified and elegant pageant of that sort which had ever taken place in Dulham. It seemed to mark the close of a famous epoch in Dulham history, and it was increasingly difficult forever afterward to keep the tone of society up to the old standard. Somehow, the distinguished relatives had one by one disappeared, though they all had excellent reasons for the discontinuance of their visits. A few had left this world altogether, and the family circle of the Greenaples and Hightrees was greatly reduced in circumference. Sometimes, in summer, a stray connection drifted Dulham-ward, and was displayed to the townspeople (not to say paraded) by the gratified hostesses. It was a disappointment if the guest could not be persuaded to remain over Sunday and appear at church. When household antiquities became fashionable, the ladies remarked a surprising interest in their corner cupboard and best chairs, and some distant relatives revived their almost forgotten custom of paying a summer visit to Dulham. They were not long in finding out with what desperate affection Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda clung to their mother's wedding china and other inheritances, and were allowed to depart without a single teacup. One graceless descendant of the Hightrees prowled from garret to cellar, and admired the household belongings diligently, but she was not asked to accept even the dislocated cherry-wood footstool that she had

discovered in the far corner of the parsonage pew.

Some of the Dulham friends had long suspected that Madam Dobin made a social misstep when she chose the Reverend Edward Dobin for her husband. She was no longer young when she married, and though she had gone through the wood and picked up a crooked stick at last, it made a great difference that her stick possessed an ecclesiastical bark. The Reverend Edward was, moreover, a respectable graduate of Harvard College, and to a woman of her standards a clergyman was by no means insignificant. It was impossible not to respect his office, at any rate, and she must have treated him with proper veneration for the sake of that, if for no other reason, though his early advantages had been insufficient, and he was quite insensible to the claims of the Greenaple pedigree, and preferred an Indian pudding to pie crust that was, without exaggeration, half a quarter high. The delicacy of Madam Dobin's touch and preference in everything, from hymns to cookery, was quite lost upon this respected preacher, yet he was not without pride or complete confidence in his own decisions.

The Reverend Mr. Dobin was never very enlightening in his discourses, and was providentially stopped short by a stroke of paralysis in the middle of his clerical career. He lived on and on through many dreary years, but his children never accepted the fact that he was a tyrant, and served him humbly and patiently. He fell at last into a condition of great incapacity and chronic trembling, but was able for nearly a quarter of a century to be carried to the meeting-house from time to time to pronounce farewell discourses. On high days of the church he was always placed in the pulpit, and held up his shaking hands when the benediction was pronounced, as if the divine gift were exclusively his own, and the other minister did but say empty words. After-

ward, he was usually tired and displeased and hard to cope with, but there was always a proper notice taken of these too often recurring events. For old times' sake and for pity's sake and from natural goodness of heart, the elder parishioners rallied manfully about the Reverend Mr. Dobin; and whoever his successor or colleague might be, the Dobins were always called the minister's folks, while the active laborer in that vineyard was only Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, as the case might be. At last the poor old man died, to everybody's relief and astonishment; and after he was properly preached about and lamented, his daughters, Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda, took a good look at life from a new standpoint, and decided that now they were no longer constrained by home duties they must make themselves a great deal more use to the town.

Sometimes there is such a household as this (which has been perhaps too minutely described), where the parents linger until their children are far past middle age, and always keep them in a too childish and unworthy state of subjection. The Misses Dobin's characters were much influenced by such an unnatural prolongation of the filial relationship, and they were amazingly slow to suspect that they were not so young as they used to be. There was nothing to measure themselves by but Dulham people and things. The elm-trees were growing yet, and many of the ladies of the First Parish were older than they, and called them, perhaps too familiarly, the Dobin girls. These elderly persons seemed really to be growing old, and Miss Lucinda frequently lamented the change in society; she thought it a freak of nature and too sudden blighting of earthly hopes that several charming old friends of her mother's were no longer living. They were advanced in age when Miss Lucinda was a young girl, though time and space are but relative, after all.

Their influence upon society would have made a great difference in many ways. Certainly, the new parishioners, who had often enough been instructed to pronounce their pastor's name as if it were spelled with one "b," would not have boldly returned again and again to their obnoxious habit of saying Dobbin. Miss Lucinda might carefully speak to the neighbor and new-comers of "my sister, Miss Do-bin;" only the select company of intimates followed her lead, and at last there was something humiliating about it, even though many persons spoke of them only as "the ladies."

"The name was originally *D'Aubigne*, we think," Miss Lucinda would say coldly and patiently, as if she had already explained this foolish mistake a thousand times too often. It was like the sorrows in many a provincial château in the Reign of Terror. The ladies looked on with increasing dismay at the retrogression in society. They felt as if they were a feeble garrison, to whose lot it had fallen to repulse a noisy, irreverent mob, an increasing band of marauders who would overthrow all landmarks of the past, all etiquette and social rank. The new minister himself was a round-faced, unspiritual-looking young man, whom they would have instinctively ignored if he had not been a minister. The new people who came to Dulham were not like the older residents, and they had no desire to be taught better. Little they cared about the Greenaples or the Hightrees; and once, when Miss Dobin essayed to speak of some detail of her mother's brilliant opportunities in Boston high life, she was interrupted, and the new-comer who sat next her at the parish sewing society began to talk about something else. We cannot believe that it could have been the tea-party at Governor Clovenfoot's which the rude creature so disrespectfully ignored, but some persons are capable of showing any lack of good taste.

The ladies had an unusual and most painful sense of failure, as they went home together that evening. "I have always made it my object to improve and interest the people at such times; it would seem so possible to elevate their thoughts and direct them into higher channels," said Miss Dobin sadly. "But as for that Woolden woman, there is no use in casting pearls before swine!"

Miss Lucinda murmured an indignant assent. She had a secret suspicion that the Woolden woman had heard the story in question oftener than had pleased her. She was but an ignorant creature; though she had lived in Dulham twelve or thirteen years, she was no better than when she came. The mistake was in treating sister Harriet as if she were on a level with the rest of the company. Miss Lucinda had observed more than once, lately, that her sister sometimes repeated herself, unconsciously, a little oftener than was agreeable. Perhaps they were getting a trifle dull; toward spring it might be well to pass a few days with some of their friends, and have a change.

"If I have tried to do anything," said Miss Dobin in an icy tone, "it has been to stand firm in my lot and place, and to hold the standard of cultivated mind and elegant manners as high as possible. You would think it had been a hundred years since our mother's death, so completely has the effect of her good breeding and exquisite hospitality been lost sight of, here in Dulham. I could wish that our father had chosen to settle in a larger and more appreciative place. They would like to put us on the shelf, too. I can see that plainly."

"I am sure we have our friends," said Miss Lucinda anxiously, but with a choking voice. "We must not let them think we do not mean to keep up with the times, as we always have. I do feel as if perhaps — our hair" —

And the sad secret was out at last. Each of the sisters drew a long breath

of relief at this beginning of a confession.

It was certain that they must take some steps to retrieve their lost ascendancy. Public attention had that evening been called to their fast-disappearing locks, poor ladies; and Miss Lucinda felt the discomfort most, for she had been the inheritor of the Hightree hair, long and curly, and chestnut in color. There used to be a waviness about it, and sometimes pretty escaping curls, but these were gone long ago. Miss Dobin resembled her father, and her hair had not been luxuriant, so that she was less changed by its absence than one might suppose. The straightness and thinness had increased so gradually that neither sister had quite accepted the thought that other persons would particularly notice their altered appearance.

They had shrunk, with the reticence born of close family association, from speaking of the cause even to each other, when they made themselves pretty little lace and dotted muslin caps. Breakfast caps, they called them, and explained that these were universally worn in town; the young Princess of Wales originated them, or at any rate adopted them. The ladies offered no apology for keeping the breakfast caps on until bedtime, and in spite of them a forward child had just spoken loud and shrill an untimely question in the ears of the for once silent sewing society. "Do Miss Dobbins wear them great caps because their bare heads is cold?" the little beast had said; and everybody was startled and dismayed.

Miss Dobin had never shown better her good breeding and valor, the younger sister thought.

"No, little girl," replied the stately Harriet, with a chilly smile. "I believe that our head-dresses are quite in the fashion for ladies of all ages. And you must remember that it is never polite to make such personal remarks." It was after this that Miss Dobin had been

reminded of Madam Somebody's unusual head-gear at the evening entertainment in Boston. Nobody but the Woollen woman could have interrupted her under such trying circumstances.

Miss Lucinda, however, was certain that the time had come for making some effort to replace her lost adornment. The child had told an unwelcome truth, but had paved the way for further action, and now was the time to suggest something that had slowly been taking shape in Miss Lucinda's mind. A young grand-nephew of their mother and his bride had passed a few days with them, two or three summers before, and the sisters had been quite shocked to find that the pretty young woman wore a row of frizzes, not originally her own, over her smooth forehead. At the time, Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda had spoken severely with each other of such bad taste, but now it made a great difference that the wearer of the frizzes was not only a relative by marriage and used to good society, but also that she came from town, and might be supposed to know what was proper in the way of toilet.

"I really think, sister, that we had better see about having some — arrangements, next time we go anywhere," Miss Dobin said unexpectedly, with a slight tremble in her voice, just as they reached their own door. "There seems to be quite a fashion for them nowadays. For the parish's sake we ought to recognize" — and Miss Lucinda responded with instant satisfaction. She did not like to complain, but she had been troubled with neuralgic pains in her forehead on suddenly meeting the cold air. The sisters felt a new bond of sympathy in keeping this secret with and for each other; they took pains to say to several acquaintances that they were thinking of going to the next large town to do a few errands for Christmas.

A bright, sunny morning seemed to wish the ladies good-fortune. Old Het-

ty Downs, their faithful maid-servant and protector, looked after them in affectionate foreboding. "Dear sakes, what devil's wiles may be played on them blessed innocents afore they're safe home again!" she murmured, as they vanished round the corner of the street that led to the railway station.

Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda paced discreetly side by side down the main street of Westbury. It was nothing like Boston, of course, but the noise was slightly confusing, and the passers-by sometimes roughly pushed against them. Westbury was a consequential manufacturing town, but a great convenience at times like this. The trifling Christmas gifts for their old neighbors and Sunday-school scholars were purchased and stowed away in their neat Fayal basket before the serious commission of the day was attended to. Here and there, in the shops, disreputable frizzes were displayed in unblushing effrontery, but no such vulgar shopkeeper merited the patronage of the Misses Dobin. They pretended not to observe the unattractive goods, and went their way to a low, one-storied building on a side street, where an old tradesman lived. He had been useful to the minister while he still remained upon the earth and had need of a wig, sandy in hue and increasingly sprinkled with gray, as if it kept pace with other changes of existence. But old Paley's shutters were up, and a bar of rough wood was nailed firmly across the one that had lost its fastening and would rack its feeble hinges in the wind. Old Paley had always been polite and bland; they really had looked forward to a little chat with him; they had heard a year or two before of his wife's death, and meant to offer sympathy. His business of hair-dressing had been carried on with that of parasol and umbrella mending, and the condemned umbrella which was his sign cracked and swung in the rising wind, a

tattered skeleton before the closed door. The ladies sighed and turned away; they were beginning to feel tired; the day was long, and they had not met with any pleasures yet. "We might walk up the street a little further," suggested Miss Lucinda; "that is, if you are not tired," as they stood hesitating on the corner after they had finished a short discussion of Mr. Paley's disappearance. Happily it was only a few minutes before they came to a stop together in front of a new, shining shop, where smirking waxen heads all in a row were decked with the latest fashions of wigs and frizzes. One smiling fragment of a gentleman stared so straight at Miss Lucinda with his black eyes that she felt quite coy and embarrassed, and was obliged to feign not to be conscious of his admiration. But Miss Dobin, after a brief delay, boldly opened the door and entered; it was better to be sheltered in the shop than exposed to public remark as they gazed in at the windows. Miss Lucinda felt her heart beat and her courage give out; she, coward like, left the transaction of their business to her sister, and turned to contemplate the back of the handsome model. It was a slight shock to find that he was not so attractive from this point of view. The wig he wore was well made all round, but his shoulders were roughly finished in a substance that looked like plain plaster of Paris.

"What can I have ze pleasure of showing you, young ladees?" asked a person who advanced; and Miss Lucinda faced about to discover a smiling, middle-aged Frenchman, who rubbed his hands together and looked at his customers, first one and then the other, with delightful deference. He seemed a very civil, nice person, the young ladies thought.

"My sister and I were thinking of buying some little arrangements to wear above the forehead," Miss Dobin explained, with pathetic dignity; but the

Frenchman spared her any further words. He looked with eager interest at the bonnets, as if no lack had attracted his notice before. "Ah, yes. *Je comprends*; ze high foreheads are not now ze mode. Je prefer them, moi, yes, yes, but ze ladies must accept ze fashion; zay must now cover ta forehead with ze frizzes, ze bangs, you say. As you wis', as you wis'!" and the tactful little man, with many shrugs and merry gestures at such girlish fancies, pulled down one box after another.

It was a great relief to find that this was no worse, to say the least, than any other shopping, though the solemnity and secrecy of the occasion were infringed upon by the great supply of "arrangements" and the loud discussion of the color of some crimps a noisy girl was buying from a young saleswoman the other side of the shop.

Miss Dobin waved aside the wares which were being displayed for her approval. "Something — more simple, if you please," — she did not like to say "older."

"But these are *très simple*," protested the Frenchman. "We have nothing younger;" and Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda blushed, and said no more. The Frenchman had his own way; he persuaded them that nothing was so suitable as some conspicuous forelocks that matched their hair as it used to be. They would have given anything rather than leave their breakfast caps at home, if they had known that their proper winter bonnets must come off. They hardly listened to the wig merchant's glib voice as Miss Dobin stood revealed before the merciless mirror at the back of the shop.

He made everything as easy as possible, the friendly creature, and the ladies were grateful to him. Beside, now that the bonnet was on again there was a great improvement in Miss Dobin's appearance. She turned to Miss Lucinda, and saw a gleam of delight in her

eager countenance. "It really is very becoming. I like the way it parts over your forehead," said the younger sister, "but if it were long enough to go behind the ears" — "*Non, non,*" entreated the Frenchman. "To make her the old woman at once would be cruelty!" And Lucinda, who was wondering how well she would look in her turn, succumbed promptly to such protestations. Yes, there was no use in being old before their time. Dulham was not quite keeping pace with the rest of the world in these days, but they need not drag behind everybody else, just because they lived there.

The price of the little arrangements was much less than the sisters expected, and the uncomfortable expense of their reverend father's wigs had been, it was proved, a thing of the past. Miss Dobin treated her polite Frenchman with great courtesy; indeed, Miss Lucinda had more than once whispered to her to talk French, and as they were bowed out of the shop the gracious *Bong-sure* of the elder lady seemed to act like the string of a shower-bath, and bring down an awesome torrent of foreign words upon the two guileless heads. It was impossible to reply; the ladies bowed again, however, and Miss Lucinda caught a last smile from the handsome wax countenance in the window. He appeared to regard her with fresh approval, and she departed down the street with mincing steps.

"I feel as if anybody might look at me now, sister," said gentle Miss Lucinda. "I confess, I have really suffered sometimes, since I knew I looked so distressed."

"Yours is lighter than I thought it was in the shop," remarked Miss Dobin, doubtfully, but she quickly added that perhaps it would change a little. She was so perfectly satisfied with her own appearance that she could not bear to dim the pleasure of any one else. The truth remained that she never would

have let Lucinda choose that particular arrangement if she had seen it first in a good light. And Lucinda was thinking exactly the same of her companion.

"I am sure we shall have no more neuralgia," said Miss Dobin. "I am sorry we waited so long, dear," and they tripped down the main street of Westbury, confident that nobody would suspect them of being over thirty. Indeed, they felt quite girlish, and unconsciously looked sideways as they went along, to see their satisfying reflections in the windows. The great panes made excellent mirrors, with not too clear or lasting pictures of these comforted passers-by.

The Frenchman in the shop was making merry with his assistants. The two great frisettes had long been out of fashion; he had been lying in wait with them for two unsuspecting country ladies, who could be cajoled into such a purchase.

"Sister," Miss Lucinda was saying, "you know there is still an hour to wait before our train goes. Suppose we take a little longer walk down the other side of the way;" and they strolled slowly back again. In fact, they nearly missed the train, naughty girls! Hetty would have been so worried, they assured each other, but they reached the station just in time.

"Lutie," said Miss Dobin, "put up your hand and part it from your forehead; it seems to be getting out of place a little;" and Miss Lucinda, who had just got breath enough to speak, returned the information that Miss Dobin's was almost covering her eyebrows. They might have to trim them a little shorter; of course it could be done. The darkness was falling; they had taken an early dinner before they started, and now they were tired and hungry after the exertion of the afternoon, but the spirit of youth flamed afresh in their hearts, and they were very happy. If one's heart remains young, it is a sore trial to have

the outward appearance entirely at variance. It was the ladies' nature to be girlish, and they found it impossible not to be grateful to the flimsy, ineffectual disguise which seemed to set them right with the world. The old conductor, who had known them for many years, looked hard at them as he took their tickets, and, being a man of humor and compassion, affected not to notice anything remarkable in their appearance. "You ladies never mean to grow old, like the rest of us," he said, gallantly, and the sisters fairly quaked with joy.

"Bless us!" the obnoxious Mrs. Woolden was saying, at the other end of the car. "There's the old maid Dobbinses, and they've bought 'em some bangs. I expect they wanted to get thatched in a little before real cold weather; but don't they look just like a pair o' poodle dogs."

The little ladies descended wearily from the train. Somehow they did not enjoy a day's shopping as much as they used. They were certainly much obliged to Hetty for sending her niece's boy to meet them, with a lantern; also for having a good warm supper ready when they came in. Hetty took a quick look at her mistresses, and returned to the kitchen. "I knew somebody would be foolin' of 'em," she assured herself angrily, but she had to laugh. Their dear, kind faces were wrinkled and pale, and the great frizzes had lost their pretty curliness, and were hanging down, almost straight and very ugly, into the ladies' eyes. They could not tuck them under their caps, as they were sure might be done.

Then came a succession of rainy days, and nobody visited the rejuvenated household. The frisettes looked very bright chestnut by the light of day, and it must be confessed that Miss Dobin took the scissors and shortened Miss Lucinda's half an inch, and Miss Lucinda returned the compliment quite secretly, because

each thought her sister's forehead lower than her own. Their dear gray eyebrows were honestly displayed, as if it were the fashion not to have them match with wigs. Hetty at last spoke out, and begged her mistresses, as they sat at breakfast, to let her take the frizzes back and change them. Her sister's daughter worked in that very shop, and, though in the work-room, would be obliging, Hetty was sure.

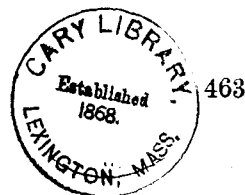
But the ladies looked at each other in pleased assurance, and then turned together to look at Hetty, who stood already a little apprehensive near the table, where she had just put down a plateful of smoking drop-cakes. The good creature really began to look old.

"They are worn very much in town," said Miss Dobin. "We think it was quite fortunate that the fashion came in just as our hair was growing a trifle thin. I dare say we may choose those that are a shade duller in color when these are a little past. Oh, we shall not want tea this evening, you remember, Hetty. I am glad there is likely to be such a good night for the sewing circle." And Miss Dobin and Miss Lucinda nodded and smiled.

"Oh, my sakes alive!" the troubled handmaiden groaned. "Going to the circle, be they, to be snickered at! Well, the Dobbin girls they was born, and the Dobbin girls they will remain till they die; but if they ain't innocent Christian babes to those that knows 'em well, mark me down for an idjit myself! They believe them front-pieces has set the clock back forty year or more, but if they're pleased to think so, let 'em!"

Away paced the Dulham ladies, late in the afternoon, to grace the parish occasion, and face the amused scrutiny of their neighbors. "I think we owe it to society to observe the fashions of the day," said Miss Lucinda. "A lady cannot afford to be unattractive. I feel now as if we were prepared for anything!"

Sarah Orne Jewett.



SHYLOCK vs. ANTONIO.

A BRIEF FOR PLAINTIFF ON APPEAL.

THIS action was heard before the trial court at Venice, and is now brought up for review upon the full notes of the reporter, Mr. William Shakespeare.

The length of time which has elapsed between the rendition of judgment in the court below and the hearing upon this appeal is but another instance of the "law's delay," of which the appellant has good occasion to complain. But, strong in the conviction of the justice of his cause, he desires to waive all questions of procedure, and to be heard upon the merits alone.

The facts of the case, as revealed by the transcript, are as follows: The defendant, Antonio, was a merchant in Venice, who is shown by the testimony to have been a gentleman of most improvident and speculative habits. Not content with loaning his money indiscriminately, without interest or security, he had, just prior to the transactions out of which this action grew, attempted, with insufficient capital, to establish a gigantic "corner" in the shipping trade of Venice. The existence of this reckless deal was not unknown to Shylock, for he says, "He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis; another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico; a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats; land-thieves and water-thieves: I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."

That Antonio was conscious of his financial irresponsibility appears from his own admissions, and from the statements made by his friends in his presence. As these facts constitute a part

of the *res gesta*, and are of importance in judging of the transactions which follow, counsel will be pardoned for alluding somewhat *in extenso* to the evidence.

In conversation with his friends Salarino and Salanio, Antonio appears downcast, as may be expected of one whose entire substance stands at such risk. Salarino, commenting upon this, says:—

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean:
There, where your argosies, with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings."

Salanio, appreciating the gravity of Antonio's position, responds:—

"Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad."

To which Salarino replies, more sympathetically than soothingly:—

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me
sad?"

But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise."

Antonio offers to these searching re-

marks a feeble protestation that his "ventures are not in one bottom trusted, nor to one place." Was there ever a drowning man who would listen to the suggestion that the straw would not bear his weight even if he clutched it? Certain it is that Antonio makes no explanation that will otherwise account for his dejection, and the inference is plain that his friends had discerned the real cause of his disquietude. Indeed, in an interview with Bassanio, he admits his deplorable plight:—

"Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum ; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost."

Whatever other conclusions may be drawn, two inductions seem to follow irresistibly: that Antonio's finances were in such a disordered condition that he was the last man in Venice to offer merely his credit for a loan, and that this was well known among his friends and upon the Rialto.

Now comes upon the scene one Bassanio, by his own confession a spend-thrift staggering under the debts which his extravagance had created, the largest of which was owing to Antonio, and proposes to the latter, as a means of repaying him, that they should form a syndicate to enable Bassanio to marry an heiress, and, to that end, should borrow money on the credit of their combined insolvency. Let us not be misled by the pretty sentiment which we shall hear these gentlemen uttering betimes as it serves their purposes. Let us bear in mind that when they are by themselves Bassanio frankly confesses that his "plot" for marrying Portia is conceived in the hope of lining his pocket-book, and that he gives Antonio to understand that only by helping him in this scheme can the latter hope to become a preferred creditor. Bassanio opens the subject craftily:—

"T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,

By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe."

A moment later, Bassanio again suggests the debt he owes to Antonio, and the possibility of repayment, if the latter will only "stand in" on his little arrangement.

"I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost."

Mark the subtlety with which he fills Antonio's mind with the hopelessness of the debt, and then continues:—

—"but, if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first."

Antonio jumps eagerly at the bait. Bassanio finds a willing listener while he describes Portia, of whom he does not forget to say that she is "richly left," before he says that she is fair. He tells how he has received some encouragement from the "speechless messages" of the young lady's eyes, and concludes that if he can be fitted out in good form his success is assured:—

"I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate."

Antonio has neither money nor goods available, but his zeal is so aroused that he is willing his credit should be "rack'd ;" and he accordingly commissions Bassanio to find some one credulous enough to loan money on the insecurity of their joint signatures. That Bassanio's chances of getting his fingers on the young woman's inheritance does not rest even upon so good a foundation as the messages from her pretty eyes,—and we all know that it will not do to base any great outlay upon such collateral, though most of us have done it, I

fear, many times, — but upon a piece of blind guess-work as to which of three caskets contain her picture, does not seem to make this speculation in matrimony appear at all hazardous to either of these gentlemen, provided some one else will advance the money necessary to enable Bassanio to resume his “swelling port.”

Now, in furtherance of this “plot,” as Bassanio confesses it to be, the plaintiff in this action, a worthy Jewish capitalist, is applied to for the loan. It is well to note here that Shylock is, in character, everything which this precious pair are not. Where they are careless and improvident, he is far-seeing and conservative. While Bassanio has been making rapid distribution of his creditors’ funds, Shylock, by frugality, has amassed a competence. While Antonio has been sounding random notes upon the pipe of fortune, Shylock has followed the slow and cautious ways of a man of business. Bassanio is a spend-thrift, Shylock an accumulator; Antonio is a speculator, Shylock an investor. While they are so diametrically opposite in business methods, they are not less so in personal character. They two are pleasure-loving men of fashion, giving no heed to the morrow; but this man, typical of the strongest characteristics of his race, lives a simple life in his own home, lavishing his fatherly affection upon his only child, and cherishing the venerable traditions and peculiar customs of his people. In intellectual strength and in the rare quality of a masterful personality, he stands upon an eminence to which they never attain. It may be that he has the failings of his tribe; that he smarts under the indignities to which he has been subjected, “the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely;” that continued outrage has produced shyness and suspicion; that open confiscation has resulted in hoarding and secretion. Be that as it may, we may well believe

that of all men in the world these two would be the ones to whose personal guaranty alone Shylock would attach the least consideration.

Bassanio, already in his mind befripped and pomatumed with Shylock’s money, cannot await the usual formality of financial transactions upon the Rialto, but accosts the Hebrew at his first casual meeting. Shylock receives the proposition with evident lack of enthusiasm. Three thousand ducats is a large sum of money to advance on the inconsiderable sufficiency of such security, and he points out to the expectant swain that his bondsman’s means are “in supposition;” whereupon Bassanio, having already gained one point by the crafty suggestion of personal gain to Antonio, thinks to flatter the vanity of the Jew by inviting him to dine. Could anything be finer or more self-respecting than the indignant reply? —

“I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you!”

Even while the words are upon his lips, Antonio appears upon the scene, and, with a ready show of virtue, ignores the gain which he hopes to reap by the transaction, and poses as one who neither lends nor borrows, but who, to “supply the ripe wants of a friend,” is willing to break a custom. But so clumsily does he conceal his contempt for the Hebrew that he also stirs the wrath of the latter, who exclaims: —

“Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me, — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies: You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,

*Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this, —
Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day: another time
You call'd me — dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies."*

That Shylock does not utterly spurn the suppliants, but is finally mollified, and consents to let them have the money they desire, appears strange until we remember that he has every motive for wishing to conciliate them. His entire wealth, consisting, undoubtedly, of personal property, after the manner of his people, is at the mercy of these men and others, who think it no crime, as we shall presently see, to plunder a Jew. Now Antonio and Bassanio are men of family and position, as the world goes, and will be able, upon occasion, to exert a not inconsiderable influence. If Shylock can devise some means by which he can accommodate them without loss, and so convert their animosity into something resembling gratitude and implying a certain degree of protection, he has the strongest reasons for desiring to do it. But, with his knowledge of the impecuniousness of the principal debtor and the insufficiency of his proffered surety, coupled with his recollection of the ill-will already shown him by both, we can appreciate why he should feel that only a bond which holds over them a stringent and unusual condition will be of binding force on their facile consciences. If it be possible to make them feel that a default may put their precious persons in jeopardy, there may be hope that the loan will not result in total loss. Accordingly, the penalty of a pound of flesh is hit upon as a happy expedient, concurred in by Antonio, who declares that, after all, "there is much kindness in the Jew." Shylock grimly remarks that a pound of Antonio's flesh "is not so estimable, profitable neither,

as flesh of muttons, beefs or goats;" and if the episode had ended here, unconnected with the subsequent outrages to which he was subjected, it is not too much to infer that the forfeiture would not have been claimed. That vows and penalties which now seem barbarous were at that time of frequent occurrence relieves this bond of the odium of containing a cruel exaction. When we think how recently wager of battle was a recognized method of deciding suits at law in England, we may acquit this transaction of the charge of peculiar harshness.

And so Bassanio gets the money, — or rather the barbers and tailors get it, — and he prepares to set off on his journey to dazzle the eyes of Portia. But before starting, an act of perfidy is planned and executed against the man whose money had fitted him out. Lorenzo is his bosom friend and guest. Launcelot Gobbo, a servant of Shylock, by the kindly recommendation of his master enters the service of Bassanio, who permits Lorenzo to employ him in conveying clandestine messages to Jessica, the daughter of the Hebrew. And more, Gratiano, the comrade of both Antonio and Bassanio, unites with this same Lorenzo, assisted by Antonio's other friend, Salarino, to violate the sanctity of Shylock's home, rob him of his only child, whom, in his faith, he had trusted even with the keys of his strong-boxes, and despoil him of his money and jewels! Rich in the possession of this plunder, Lorenzo flies with Jessica, and Bassanio proceeds to Belmont to try what inroads can be made upon the fortune of the fair Portia. Is it any wonder that Shylock is maddened by this loss, and crazed by this treachery? Does it not show good traits that he is most deeply grieved that his wayward child has been willing to part with her mother's turquoise ring for a monkey? Does it make Salarino and Salanio appear more noble when we see them jeer-

ing at the old man, overwhelmed by his misfortunes? Is it strange that he should connect the whole plot in his mind, and that his very soul should cry out for vengeance for his wrongs? How magnificently he answers them! —

“He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what’s his reason? I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.”

While smarting under the sense of unpardonable injuries, Shylock learns from Tubal of the losses of Antonio, the surety of Bassanio, and the comrade and, as he believes, *particeps criminis* of the men who have robbed him of his treasure and stolen his daughter. The quick thought of retribution comes to his strong nature with the impetuous force of an inspiration. The old Hebrew law, — was it not handed down from on high? “And thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.”

All this time the noble Bassanio, his “swelling port” gorgeous with unpaid velvet, his well-turned calf inclosed in finest silk, his patrician head a-tremble

with brilliant feathers, has made famous progress at Belmont, and has snugly installed himself as a permanent parlor boarder at Portia’s expense. For he has chosen the fortunate casket. Who better than he, to be sure, should know that “all that glisters is not gold”? The Prince of Morocco might be dazzled by a veneer of gilt, and the Prince of Arragon, like our American economists, might put his faith in silver. But the subtle Bassanio knows a trick worth both of these. When he comes to a leaden casket inscribed “Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath,” his intuitions tell him immediately that that is the box for him. While he dallies with the honeyed hours at Belmont, does he once think of his friend Antonio, now in direst distress? Does he borrow any trouble over the fact that his bond has passed maturity, and is still unpaid? Not Bassanio. He lets the days go by without a thought of the debt which he owes, and not until his default has endangered the life of his friend, of which Antonio is obliged to write and remind him, does he give a moment’s consideration to his protested obligation. And then what a change comes over his tone! When the old Hebrew stands like an avenging god demanding retribution, this syndicate of speculation, insolvency, house-breaking, abduction, and fortune-hunting suddenly discovers that altogether the most lovely thing in the world is mercy.

We have now reviewed the evidence of the transactions prior to the trial, and are in a position to judge fairly the remarkable proceedings which there took place. The court, it will be observed, is one which puts forth high pretensions of being actuated by abstract considerations of law and justice. So sacred are its decrees that when one of them is recorded it is a precedent for all time. The tribunal is now solemnly opened by the Duke, in the presence of the Magnificoes, for the purpose of judicially de-

termining the contention between these two litigants. Before the arrival of Shylock, the Duke, presumably for the purpose of displaying his impartiality, calls Antonio aside, and confidentially assures him that the plaintiff is

"A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy."

Having delivered this preliminary *dictum*, the court causes Shylock to be brought in, and proceeds to urge upon him not only to "lose the forfeiture," but to "forgive a moiety of the principal." Fancy this, to a man who comes before the bar of justice with the very fountains of his being stirred up by continued and indescribable wrongs! What shall he say? Shall he detail the perfidy, the injustice, of which he has been made the victim? Shall he parade his family wrongs upon the public forum? No, a thousand times no! He answers with dignity, but with intensity, that he has sworn a holy vow, and he declines to give other reasons for standing upon his bond. The Duke incautiously asks him, "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?" and receives an answer which causes his grace incontinently to drop the subject:—

"What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?"

This is more of a reply than the Duke bargained for, and he thinks, in a bewildered way, that he had better adjourn court unless Bellario comes to his assistance. Very opportunely, a messenger from the learned Paduan is

announced, bearing a letter of introduction for an alleged youthful doctor, who is described as having a young body and an old head. Pending the arrival of the latter, Gratiano, one of the men who plundered Shylock's treasure and abducted his daughter, gives the proceedings an additional judicial flavor by calling to the man he had so cruelly wronged,

"Be thou damned, inexorable dog,"

and indulging in other choice vituperation of not less refinement. The young doctor is then ushered upon the scene, and for the present we will take him for what he purports to be, forbearing further inquiry until a later stage.

Surrounded as Shylock is by persons antagonistic to him, it does not presage well for his chances that this young gentleman—that moment arrived in Venice—should, in advance of any statement by the parties, declare himself to be "informed thoroughly of the cause." He opens the proceedings by repeating, in more eloquent and touching words, the appeal which had already been made to the outraged Hebrew for mercy, but meets with the same response, a prayer for judgment on the bond. The principal debtor, Bassanio, is thereupon struck with a devious inspiration, and characteristically supplicates the young doctor:

"And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong;"

but is summarily answered:—

"It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established;
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be."

The young judge has already recognized the right of Shylock to appear in court, and the regularity of his method of proceeding:—

"Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed."

And, a moment later, the lawful standing of the Jew is again conceded, and the decree he asks for granted:—

"Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart."

This repeated judicial recognition of the legality of Shylock's position is an important fact, to which we shall presently recur.

The trial proceeds. Antonio prepares to meet his fate with fortitude, while Bassanio, with a great burst of unselfishness which reminds one of the late Artemus Ward, declares that he would rather sacrifice his wife than have this thing go on. But the plaintiff is inexorable, and his position is impregnable:—

"A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it."

So far, the young doctor's enunciation of the law has been dignified, and in accordance with that broad interpretation which is an essential part of the spirit of jurisprudence. The suggestion has been made, and it seems plausible, that the learned Bellario had furnished the youthful judge with the decisions rendered up to this point, but that the infinitesimal hair-splitting which immediately follows is the subtle inspiration of his young *protégé*. It will presently be seen that there are facts which bear out this supposition. Let us take up and examine these very remarkable *dicta*:

"This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscated
Unto the state of Venice."

This is the very consummation of sophistry. No one better than the judge knew the fallacy of these petty subterfuges. But let us meet quibble with quibble. It is submitted that Shylock would have been justified in replying:

"When I have a right to anything, I have a right to whatever necessarily accompanies it. If I own a pond of water,

are not the fish mine? If I buy meat at the market, shall the vendor come to me afterward with a bill for the blood? And if I am entitled to a pound of Antonio's flesh, and he is entitled to the blood, what right has his blood in my flesh? Let him get it out at once, or lose it! And if, in taking it, he detaches one shred of my pound of flesh, let his lands and goods be 'confiscated unto the state of Venice.'"

But says the judge,—

"Nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscated."

"But," the plaintiff might have responded, "surely, if a man owes me three thousand ducats, I may lawfully release him for twenty-nine hundred. If the market-man owes me a pound of flesh, I may acquit him, if I choose, for three quarters of a pound. I do not question your decision when you deny my right to more than the penalty, but you have all pleaded for mercy, and I am willing to forego a quarter of a pound of that which is mine. Moreover, you have an officer whose duty it is to execute decrees. If this judgment is to be executed so exactly, it is proper that he should do it. Let him cut off the pound of flesh, and if he spills any blood, or cheats in the weight, confiscate his goods and sue his bondsmen for any deficiency."

However, the Hebrew makes no such reply, but, crushed and overpowered, sees that there is evident intention to render judgment against him, and demands simply:—

"Give me my principal, and let me go."

But, notwithstanding the young doctor has previously proffered Shylock thrice this amount, he now declares that nothing shall be awarded but the forfeiture; and while the words of this last

but oft-repeated admission of plaintiff's right to judgment are still warm upon his lips, he proceeds with the following astounding declaration :—

“Tarry, Jew ;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one-half his goods ;” —

(This idea of confiscating Shylock's goods displays a remarkable ubiquity in the utterances of the court.)

“the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.”

Now, whatever may be thought of the proceedings up to this point, — whether or not Shylock was entitled to his pound of flesh or to a return of his money, or even whether he should not be dismissed without either, — certainly the one thing which he had *not* done was to “seek the life of any citizen.” He had simply submitted the facts to the court, and asked for the authority and guidance of its decree. He said, in effect, “Here is the bond. I have made, and shall make, no attempt to execute it myself, as I wish to avoid even the appearance of proceeding without the sanction of the law. I come into court to submit the facts and to ask a judgment in due form determining exactly what my rights are. When the decree has established what is lawful, that will I do, and nothing else.”

As we have already seen, this attitude of Shylock's was recognized several times in the early part of the trial, and it was declared that his bond was lawful, that his procedure was proper, and that he was entitled to his decree. Indeed, the court had that very instant

awarded him judgment ; and when he declines to proceed under the restrictions imposed, the court proposes to forfeit his life and property, apparently for allowing such a decree to be rendered. The Duke, somewhat staggered at the length to which things are going, interposes, to pardon Shylock's life, and the baffled suitor, whose only crime has been that of appearing before the tribunal and asking for a determination of his rights, is at last suffered to go, with a loss of only half his property, *upon the condition of renouncing his religion.*

Of this illogical tangle of inconsistencies there seems to be no explanation, until the fact comes out that the so-called youthful doctor of Rome is really a young woman in disguise, and is, in fact, none other than the wife of Bassanio, the principal debtor on the bond, who has left her home in charge of Shylock's daughter in order to come to Venice and accomplish the downfall of Shylock himself. That Portia owed her scapegrace husband — in whom we wish her much joy — to this unfortunate investment of the plaintiff's ; that the very coat on her husband's back was bought with Shylock's money, unless she had furbished him up since she married him ; that she herself was at that moment sheltering Shylock's runaway daughter at Belmont, and affording a safe receptacle for Shylock's plundered property, do not seem to have occurred to her as good or sufficient reasons for making the judgment as little onerous as possible after extricating Antonio from the unpleasant predicament into which the insatiable desire of Bassanio to show a “swelling port” had thrust him. But the record reveals plainly that the plaintiff did not have that fair and impartial trial to which he was entitled, and it is confidently believed that, upon this appeal, that justice will be awarded him which was denied to him upon the hearing in the court below.

All of which is respectfully submitted
Charles Henry Phelps.

PROBLEMS OF THE SCARLET LETTER.

BETWEEN Hawthorne's earlier and his later productions there is no solution of literary continuity, but only increased growth and grasp. Rappaccini's Daughter, Young Goodman Brown, Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure, and The Artist of the Beautiful, on one side, are the promise which is fulfilled in The Scarlet Letter and The House of the Seven Gables, on the other; though we should hardly have understood the promise had not the fulfillment explained it. The shorter pieces have a lyrical quality, but the longer romances express more than a mere combination of lyrics; they have a rich, multifarious life of their own. The material is so wrought as to become incidental to something loftier and greater, for which our previous analysis of the contents of the egg had not prepared us.

The Scarlet Letter was the first, and the tendency of criticism is to pronounce it the most impressive, also, of these ampler productions. It has the charm of unconsciousness; the author did not realize, while he worked, that this "most prolix among the tales" was alive with the miraculous vitality of genius. It combines the strength and substance of an oak with the subtle organization of a rose, and is great, not of malice aforethought, but inevitably. It goes to the root of the matter, and reaches some unconventional conclusions, which, however, would scarce be apprehended by one reader in twenty. For the external or literal significance of the story, though in strict correspondence with the spirit, conceals that spirit from the literal eye. The reader may choose his depth according to his inches, but only a tall man will touch the bottom.

The punishment of the scarlet letter is a historical fact; and, apart from the symbol thus ready provided to the au-

thor's hand, such a book as The Scarlet Letter would doubtless never have existed. But the symbol gave the touch whereby Hawthorne's disconnected thoughts on the subject were united and crystallized in organic form. Evidently, likewise, it was a source of inspiration, suggesting new aspects and features of the truth, — a sort of witch-hazel to detect spiritual gold. Some such figurative emblem, introduced in a matter-of-fact way, but gradually invested with supernatural attributes, was one of Hawthorne's favorite devices in his stories. We may realize its value, in the present case, by imagining the book with the scarlet letter omitted. It is not practically essential to the plot. But the scarlet letter uplifts the theme from the material to the spiritual level. It is the concentration and type of the whole argument. It transmutes the prose into poetry. It serves as a formula for the conveyance of ideas otherwise too subtle for words, as well as to enhance the gloomy picturesqueness of the moral scenery. It burns upon its wearer's breast, it casts a lurid glow along her pathway, it isolates her among mankind, and is at the same time the mystic talisman to reveal to her the guilt hidden in other hearts. It is the Black Man's mark, and the first plaything of the infant Pearl. As the story develops, the scarlet letter becomes the dominant figure, — everything is tinged with its sinister glare. By a ghastly miracle its semblance is reproduced upon the breast of the minister, where "God's eye beheld it! the angels were forever pointing at it! the devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger!" — and at last, to Dimmesdale's crazed imagination, its spectre appears even in the midnight sky, as if heaven itself had caught the

contagion of his so zealously hidden sin. So strongly is the scarlet letter rooted in every chapter and almost every sentence of the book that bears its name. And yet it would probably have incommoded the average novelist. The wand of Prospero, so far from aiding the uninitiated, trips him up, and scorches his fingers. Between genius and every other attribute of the mind is a difference not of degree, but of kind.

Every story may be viewed under two aspects: as the logical evolution of a conclusion from a premise, and as something colored and modified by the personal qualities of the author. If the latter have genius, his share in the product is comparable to nature's in a work of human art, — giving it everything except abstract form. But the majority of fiction-mongers are apt to impair rather than enhance the beauty of the abstract form of their conception, — if, indeed, it possess any to begin with. At all events, there is no better method of determining the value of a writer's part in a given work than to consider the work in what may be termed its prenatal state. How much, for example, of *The Scarlet Letter* was ready made before Hawthorne touched it? The date is historically fixed at about the middle of the seventeenth century. The stage properties, so to speak, are well adapted to become the furniture and background of a romantic narrative. A gloomy and energetic religious sect, pioneers in a virgin land, with the wolf and the Indian at their doors, but with memories of England in their hearts and English traditions and prejudices in their minds; weak in numbers, but strong in spirit; with no cultivation save that of the Bible and the sword; victims, moreover, of a dark and bloody superstition, — such a people and scene give admirable relief and color to a tale of human frailty and sorrow. Amidst such surroundings, then, the figure of a woman stands, with the scarlet letter on her

bosom. But here we come to a pause, and must look to the author for the next step.

For where shall the story begin? A "twenty-number" novel, of the Dickens or Thackeray type, would start with Hester's girlhood, and the bulk of the narrative would treat of the genesis and accomplishment of the crime. Nor are hints wanting that this phase of the theme had been canvassed in Hawthorne's mind. We have glimpses of the heroine in the antique gentility of her English home; we see the bald brow and reverend beard of her father, and her mother's expression of heedful and anxious love; we behold the girl's own face, glowing with youthful beauty. She meets the pale, elderly scholar, with his dim yet penetrating eyes, and the marriage, loveless on her part and folly on his, takes place; but they saw not the bale-fire of the scarlet letter blazing at the end of their path. The ill-assorted pair make their first home in Amsterdam; but at length, tidings of the Puritan colony in Massachusetts reaching them, they prepare to emigrate thither. But Prynne, himself delaying to adjust certain affairs, sends his young, beautiful, wealthy wife in advance to assume her station in the pioneer settlement. In the wild, free air of that new world her spirits kindled, and many unsuspected tendencies of her impulsive and passionate nature were revealed to her. The "rich, voluptuous, Oriental characteristics" of her temperament, her ardent love of beauty, her strong intellectual fibre, and her native energy and capacity, — such elements needed a strong and wise hand to curb and guide them, scarcely disguised as they were by the light and graceful foliage of her innocent, womanly charm. Being left, however, for two years "to her own misguidance," her husband had little cause to wonder, when, on emerging from the forest, the first object to meet his eyes was Hester Prynne, "stand-

ing up, a statue of ignominy, before the people." She "doubtless was strongly tempted to her fall;" and though the author leaves the matter there, so far as any explicit statement is concerned, it is manifest that, had he written out what was already pictured before his imagination, the few pregnant hints scattered through the volume would have been developed into as circumstantial and laborious a narrative as any the most deliberate English or French novelist could desire.

For his forbearance he has received much praise from well-meaning critics, who seem to think that he was restrained by considerations of morality or propriety. This appears a little strained. As an artist and as a man of a certain temperament, Hawthorne treated that side of the subject which seemed to him the more powerful and interesting. But a writer who works with deep insight and truthful purpose can never be guilty of a lack of decency. Indecency is a creation, not of God or of nature, but of the indecent. And whoever takes it for granted that indecency is necessarily involved in telling the story of an illicit passion has studied human nature and good literature to poor purpose.

The truth is that the situation selected by Hawthorne has more scope and depth than the one which he passed over. It is with the subjective consequences of a sinner's act that our understanding of him begins. The murderer's blow tells us nothing of his character; but in his remorse or exultation over his deed his secret is revealed to us. So Hawthorne fixes the starting-point of his romance at Hester's prison-door, rather than at any earlier epoch of her career, because the narrative can thence, as it were, move both ways at once; all essentials of the past can be gathered up as wanted, and the reminiscences and self-knowledge of the characters can supplement the author's analysis. The story rounds itself out at once,

catching light and casting shadow; and Hester's previous life seems familiar to us the moment she takes her stand upon the scaffold, — for, in the case of an experience such as hers, a bare hint tells the whole sad story. So long as women are frail and men selfish, the prologue of *The Scarlet Letter* will not need to be written; it is known a thousand times already. But what is to follow is not known; no newspapers publish it, no whisper of it passes from mouth to mouth, nor is it cried on the house-tops. Yet is there great need that it should be taught, for such teaching serves a practical moral use. All have felt the allurements of temptation, but few realize the sequel of yielding to it. This sequel is exhaustively analyzed in the romance, and hence the profound and permanent interest of the story. No sinner so eccentric but may find here the statement of his personal problem. Such an achievement avouches a lofty reach of art. The form has not the carpenter's symmetry of a French drama, but the spontaneous, living symmetry of a tree or flower, unfolding from the force within. We are drawn to regard, not the outline, but the substance, which claims affinity with the inmost recesses of our own nature; so that *The Scarlet Letter* is a self-revelation to whomsoever takes it up.

In a story of this calibre a complex of incidents would be superfluous. The use of incidents in fiction is twofold, — to develop the characters and to keep awake the reader's attention. But the personages of this tale are not technically developed; they are gradually made transparent as they stand, until we see them through and through. And what we thus behold is less individual peculiarities than traits and devices of our general human nature, under the stress of the given conditions. The individuals are there, and could at need be particularized sharply enough; but that part of them which we are concerned with lies

so far beneath the surface as inevitably to exhibit more of general than of personal characteristics. The individual veils the general to the extent of his individuality; and since the effect of "incident" is to emphasize individuality, the best value of *The Scarlet Letter*, had it been based on incident, would have been impaired. As to postponing the reader's drowsiness, — victims of the Inquisition have slumbered upon the rack; and people who have been kept too long awake over the sprightly subtleties of Zola, or the Dædalian involutions of Mrs. Henry Wood, have doubtless yawned over the revelation of Dimmesdale's soul, and grown heavy-eyed at the spectacle of Pearl's elfish waywardness.

Dimmesdale is, artistically, a corollary of Hester; and yet the average writer would not be apt to hit upon him as a probable seducer. The community in which he abides certainly shows a commendable lack of suspicion towards him: even old Mistress Hibbins, whose scent for moral carrion was as keen as that of a modern society journal, can scarcely credit her own conviction. "What mortal imagination could conceive it!" whispers the old lady to Hester, as the minister passes in the procession. "Many a church member saw I, walking behind the music, who has danced in the same measure with me, when somebody was the fiddler! That is but a trifle, when a woman knows the world. But this minister!" It is, of course, this very refinement that makes him the more available for the ends of the story. A gross, sensual man would render the whole drama gross and obvious. But Dimmesdale's social position, as well as his personal character, seems to raise him above the possibility of such a lapse. This is essential to the scope of the treatment, which, dealing with the spiritual aspects of the crime, requires characters of spiritual proclivities. Hester's lover, then, shall be a minister, for

the priest of that day "stood at the head of the social system;" and, moreover, — a main object of the story being to show that no sacred vows nor sublime aspirations can relieve mortal man from the common human liability to guilt, — Dimmesdale himself must commit the most fatal of the sins against which the priest is supposed to provide protection; nay, he is the actual spiritual adviser of her whom he ruins. Young and comely he must be, for the sake of artistic harmony; but his physical organization is delicate, he is morbidly conscientious, and "the Creator never made another being so sensitive as this." Highly intellectual he is, too, though, as the author finely discriminates, not too broadly so. "In no state of society would he have been what is called a man of liberal views; it would always be essential to his peace to feel the pressure of a faith about him." Nor has he ever "gone through an experience calculated to lead him beyond the scope of generally received laws, although, in a single instance, he had so fearfully transgressed one of the most sacred of them." It is by such subtle but important reservations that the author's mastery of the character is revealed: they would have escaped the average mind, which would thereby have been perplexed to show why Dimmesdale did not follow Hester's example, and seek relief by speculatively questioning the validity of all social institutions. Nor would this average mind have been likely to perceive the weak point in such a character, — "that violence of passion, which, intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities, was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest." It is upon this flaw that Chillingworth puts his finger. "See now how passion takes hold upon this man, and hurrieth him out of himself! As with one passion, so with another! He hath done a wild thing

ere now, this pious Master Dimmesdale, in the hot passion of his heart!" For the rest, save in one conspicuous instance, the minister plays Prometheus to the vulture Chillingworth. As Hester suffers public exposure and frank ignominy, so he is wrapped in secret torments; and either mode of punishment is shown to be powerless for good. "Nervous sensibility and a vast power of self-restraint" are leading features in the young man's character, and these, combined with his refined selfishness, are what render him defenseless against Chillingworth. Dimmesdale cares more for his social reputation than for anything else. His self-respect, his peace, his love, his soul,—all may go: only let his reputation remain! And yet it is that selfsame false reputation that daily causes him the keenest anguish of all.

Pearl, however, is the true creation of the book: every touch upon her portrait is a touch of genius, and her very conception is an inspiration. Yet the average mind would have found her an encumbrance. Every pretext would have been improved to send her out of the room, as it were, and to restrict her utterances, when she must appear, to monosyllables or sentimental commonplaces. Not only is she free from repression of this kind, but she avouches herself the most vivid and active figure in the story. Instead of keeping pathetically in the background, as a guiltless unfortunate whose life was blighted before it began, this strange little being, with laughing defiance of precedent and propriety, takes the reins in her own childish hands, and dominates every one with whom she comes in contact. This is an idea which it was left to Hawthorne to originate: ancient nor modern fiction supplies a parallel to Pearl. "In giving her existence, a great law had been broken. . . . The mother's impassioned state had been the medium through which were transmitted

to the unborn infant the rays of its moral life. . . . Above all, the warfare of Hester's spirit, at that epoch, was perpetuated in Pearl." The mother "felt like one who has evoked a spirit, but, by some irregularity in the process of conjuration, has failed to win the master-word that should control this new and incomprehensible intelligence." Pearl instinctively comprehends her position as a born outcast from the world of christened infants, and requites their scorn and contumely with the bitterest hatred,—a passion of enmity which she had "inherited, by inalienable right, out of Hester's heart." In her childish plays, her ever-creative spirit communicated itself, with a wild energy and fertility of invention, to a thousand unlike-liest objects; but—and here again the mother felt in her own heart the cause—Pearl "never created a friend; she seemed always to be sowing broadcast the dragon's teeth, whence sprang a harvest of armed enemies, against whom she rushed to battle." And this strange genesis of hers, placing her in a sphere of her own, gave also a phantom-like quality to the impression she produced on Hester: just as a unique event, especially an unpremeditated crime, seems unreal and dream-like in the retrospect. Yet Pearl was, all the while, the most unrelentingly real fact of her mother's ruined life.

Standing as the incarnation, instead of the victim, of a sin, Pearl affords a unique opportunity for throwing light upon the inner nature of the sin itself. In availing himself of it, Hawthorne touches ground which, perhaps, he would not have ventured on, had he not first safeguarded himself against exaggeration and impiety by making his analysis accord (so to speak) with the definition of a child's personality. Pearl, as we are frequently reminded, is the scarlet letter made alive, capable of being loved, and so endowed with a manifold power of retribution for sin. The principle

of her being is the freedom of a broken law; she is developed, "a lovely and immortal flower, out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion," yet, herself, as irresponsible and independent as if distinctions of right and wrong did not exist to her. Like nature and animals, she is anterior to moral law; but, unlike them, she is human, too. She exhibits an unfailing vigor and vivacity of spirits joined to a precocious and almost preternatural intelligence, especially with reference to her mother's shameful badge. To this her interest constantly reverts, and always with a "peculiar smile and odd expression of the eyes," they almost suggesting acquaintance on her part with "the secret spell of her existence." The wayward, mirthful mockery with which the small creature always approaches this hateful theme, as if she deemed it a species of ghastly jest, is a terribly significant touch, and would almost warrant a confirmation of the mother's fear that she had brought a fiend into the world. Yet, physically, Pearl is "worthy to have been left in Eden, to be the plaything of the angels," and her aspect — as must needs be the case with a child who symbolized a sin that finds its way into all regions of human society — "was imbued with the spell of infinite variety: in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant baby and the pomp, in little, of an infant princess." The plan of her nature, though possibly possessing an order of its own, was incompatible with the scheme of the rest of the universe; in other words, the child could never, apparently, come into harmony with her surroundings, unless the ruling destiny of the world should, from divine, become diabolic. "I have no Heavenly Father!" she exclaims, touching the scarlet letter on her mother's bosom with her small forefinger: and how, indeed, could the result of an evil

deed be good? There is "fire in her and throughout her," as befits "the unpremeditated offshoot of a passionate moment," and it is a fire that seems to have in it at least as much of an infernal as of a heavenly ardor; and in her grim little philosophy, the scarlet emblem is the heritage of the maturity of all her sex. "Will it not come of its own accord, when I am a woman grown?" And yet she is a guiltless child, with all a child's freshness and spontaneity.

This contrast, or, perhaps it is more correct to say, mingling, of the opposite poles of being, sin and innocence, in Pearl's nature is an extraordinary achievement; enabling us, as it does, to recognize the intrinsic ugliness of sin. Pearl is like a beautiful but poisonous flower, rejoicing in its poison, and receiving it as the vital element of life. But the beauty makes the ugliness only the more impressive, because we feel it to be a magical or phantasmal beauty, enticing like the apples of Sodom, but full of bitterness within. It is the beauty which sin wears to the eyes of the tempted, — a beauty, therefore, which has no real existence, but is attributed by the insanity of lust. Now, if Pearl were a woman, this strong external charm of hers would perplex the reader, in much the same way that the allurements of sin bewilder its votaries. The difficulty is to distinguish between what is really and permanently good and what only appears so while the spell lasts. Pearl being a child, however, no such uncertainty can occur. She has not, as yet, what can in strictness be termed a character; she is without experience, and therefore devoid of either good or evil principles; she possesses a nature, and nothing more. The affection which she excites, consequently, is immediately perceived to be due neither to her beauty nor to her intellectual acuteness; still less to the evil effluence which exhales from these, and is characteristic of them.

These things all stand on one side ; and the innocent, irresponsible infant soul stands on the other. Each defines and emphasizes the other : so that so far from one being led to confuse them, so far from being in danger of loving evil because we love Pearl, we love her just in proportion to our abhorrence of the evil which empoisons her manifestations. The same discrimination could not be so sharply made (if, indeed, it could be made at all) in the case of a Pearl who, under unchanged conditions, had attained maturity. For her character would then be formed, and the evil which came to her by inheritance would so have tinged and moulded her natural traits that we should inevitably draw in the poison and the perfume at a single breath, — ascribe to evil the charm which it derives from good, and pollute good with the lurid hues of evil. The history of the race abundantly demonstrates that a chief cause of moral perversity and false principle has been our assumption of absolute proprietorship in either the good or the evil of our actions. Pearl, still in the instinctive stage of development, shows us the way out of this labyrinth. As the pure sunlight vivifies noxious as well as beneficent forms of existence, so the evil proclivities of the child's nature are energized, though not constituted, by the divine source of her being.

It would be interesting (parenthetically) to draw a parallel between Pearl and Beatrice, in Rappaccini's Daughter. Both are studies in the same direction, though from different standpoints. Beatrice is nourished upon poisonous plants, until she becomes herself poisonous. Pearl, in the mysterious prenatal world, imbibes the poison of her parents' guilt. But, in either instance, behind this imported evil stands the personal soul : and the question is, Shall the soul become the victim of its involuntary circumstances ? Hawthorne, in both cases, inclines to the brighter alternative. But

the problem of Beatrice is more complicated than that of Pearl. She was not born in guilt ; but she was brought up (to translate the symbolism) amidst guilty associations, so that they had come to be the very breath of her life. They turn out powerless, however, to vitiate her heart, and she is able to exclaim, at last, to her enraged lover, "Was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine ?" Although, for inscrutable purposes, God may see fit to incarnate us in evil, our souls shall not thereby suffer corruption ; possibly, indeed, such evil incarnation may draw off harmlessly, because unconsciously, some deadlier evil lurking in the spirit, which would else have destroyed both soul and body. Pearl, on the other hand, has an unexceptionable moral environment : her evil is not, like Beatrice's, imbibed from without, but is manifested from within ; and if "what cometh out of the mouth defileth a man," her predicament would seem hopeless. But, in truth, Pearl's demon was summoned into existence, not by her own acts, but by the act of others ; and, unless with her own conscious consent, it cannot pollute her. Meanwhile, with that profound instinct of self-justification which antedates both reason and conscience in the human soul, the child is impelled on all occasions to assert and vindicate her cause, — the cause of the scarlet letter. She will not consent to have it hidden or disavowed. She mocks and persecutes her mother, so long as the latter would disguise from her the true significance of the badge. When Hester casts it away, she stamps and cries with passion, and will not be pacified till it is replaced. She distrusts the minister, save when, as in his plea for Hester in the governor's hall and his midnight vigil on the scaffold, he approaches an acknowledgment of his true position. His promise to appear with her mother and herself "at the great Judgment Day" ex-

cites her scorn. "Thou wast not bold, thou wast not true!" she cries. "Thou wouldst not promise to take my hand and mother's hand, to-morrow noon-tide!"—and she washes from her forehead the kiss he gives her during the interview in the forest. In a word, she will have truth in all things: without truth, nothing is good; nor, with truth, can anything be evil. In the deepest sense, this is not only true, but it is the truth of the book. The perfectibility of man being infinite, the best man and the worst man alike must fall infinitely short of perfection: but every one can account honestly for such talents as he has; and it is always the motive, never the achievement, the sincerity, not the sound, that Divine Justice regards. A Thug, who should devoutly believe in the holiness of his mission, would fare better than an evangelist, who should lead a thousand souls to salvation, not for God's glory, but for his own. So when little Pearl would frankly unfold the banner of the scarlet letter, and openly fight beneath it, we feel that God will give her victory, not over her apparent enemies, but over herself.

She is so much alive as to live independently of her actual appearances in the story. The imagination which there bodies her forth has done its work so well as to have imparted somewhat of its own power to the reader; and we can picture Pearl in other scenes and at other epochs of her career, and can even argue of her fate, had the conditions been different for her. Suppose, for example, that Hester and the minister had made good their escape from Boston, or that the latter's confession had been delayed until Pearl had passed the age of puberty. In either of these or of a dozen other possible alternatives, the progress of her growth would have had a new and important interest, conducting to fresh regions of speculation. But Hawthorne never allows the claims of a part to override the whole; the

artist in him would permit nothing out of its due proportion; and Pearl, for all her untamable vitality, is kept strictly to her place and function in the story. Where she speaks one word for her personal, she speaks two for her representative, character. There seems to be no partiality on the author's part; nor, on the other hand, is there any indifference. The same quiet light of charity irradiates each figure in the tale; and he neither makes a pet of Pearl, nor a scapegoat of Roger Chillingworth.

Dramatically, the last-named personage plays perhaps the most important part of the four; he communicates to the plot whatever movement it exhibits. But what renders him chiefly remarkable is the fact that, although he stands as the injured husband, and therefore with the first claim to our sympathy and kindness, he in reality obtains neither, but appears more devoid of attraction than any other character in the tale. This would seem an unconventional and rather venturesome proceeding; for the average mind, in modern English fiction, finds itself under moral obligations to use every precaution, lest the reader fall into some mistake as to the legitimate objects of favor and of reprobation. Continental novelists, to be sure, have a sort of perverse pleasure in defying Anglo-Saxon taste in this particular, and do not shrink from making the lawful partner of the erring wife either odious or ridiculous. But it will be profitable to inquire in what respect the American romancer follows or diverges from these two methods of treatment.

It is evident, of course, that the fact that a man has suffered injury has nothing to say, one way or the other, as to his personal character; and the only reason why a novelist should represent him as amiable rather than the reverse is (in an instance like the present) that the reader might otherwise, in disliking him, be led to regard too leniently the

crime of which he is the victim. Hester Prynne and Dimmesdale, however, are not so presented as to invite such misplaced tenderness on the reader's part; while Chillingworth, on the other hand, though certainly not a lovable, is very far from being an absurd or contemptible, figure. The force, reserve, and dignity of his demeanor win our respect at the outset, and the touches of quiet pathos in his first interview with Hester prepare us to feel a more cordial sentiment. But the purpose of the author is more profound and radical than could be fulfilled by this obvious and superficial way of dealing with the situation. His attitude is not that of a sentimental advocate, but of an impartial investigator; he is studying the nature and effect of sinful passions, and is only incidentally concerned with the particular persons who are the exponents thereof. He therefore declines, as we are not long in finding out, to allow the course of events to be influenced by the supposed moral rights or wrongs of either party. He simply penetrates to the heart of each, and discloses the secrets hidden there, — secrets whose general and permanent vastly outweighs their personal and particular significance. The relation of Chillingworth to the lovers has been pronounced, by an able critic, the most original feature of the book. But it did not so appear to the author's mind. It was a necessary outcome of his plan, and seems more original than the rest only because the pervading originality of the whole happens to be more strikingly visible in Chillingworth than elsewhere. But given Hester and the minister, and the punishment inflicted upon the former, and Chillingworth becomes inevitable. For the controlling purpose of the story, underlying all other purposes, is to exhibit the various ways in which guilt is punished in this world, — whether by society, by the guilty persons themselves, or by interested individuals who take

the law into their own hands. The method of society has been exemplified by the affixing of the scarlet letter on Hester's bosom. This is her punishment, the heaviest that man can inflict upon her. But, like all legal punishment, it aims much more at the protection of society than at the reformation of the culprit. Hester is to stand as a warning to others tempted as she was: if she recovers her own salvation in the process, so much the better for her; but, for better or worse, society has ceased to have any concern with her. "We trample you down," society says in effect to those who break its laws, "not by any means in order to save your soul, — for the welfare of that problematical adjunct to your civic personality is a matter of complete indifference to us, — but because, by some act, you have forfeited your claim to our protection, because you are a clog to our prosperity, and because the spectacle of your agony may discourage others of similar unlawful inclinations." But it is obvious, all the while, that the only crime which society recognizes is the crime of being found out, since a society composed of successful hypocrites would much more smoothly fulfill all social requirements than a society of such heterogeneous constituents as (human nature being what it is) necessarily enter into it now. In a word, society, as at present administered, presents the unhandsome spectacle of a majority of successful hypocrites, on one side, contending against a minority of discovered criminals, on the other; and we are reduced to this paradox, — that the salvation of humanity depends primarily on the victory of the criminals over the hypocrites. Of course, this is only another way of saying that hypocrisy is the most destructive to the soul of all sins; and meanwhile we may comfort ourselves with the old proverb that hypocrisy itself is the homage which vice pays to virtue, or, if the inward being

of society were in harmony with its outward seeming, heaven would appear on earth.

Hester, then, the social outcast, finds no invitation to repentance in the law that crushes her. The only alternative it offers her is abject self-extinction, or defiance. She chooses the latter: but at this point her course is swayed by a providential circumstance with which society had nothing to do. "Man had marked this woman's sin by a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her, save it were sinful like herself. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which man had thus punished, had given her a lovely child, whose place was on that same dishonored bosom, to connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven." The sacred obligation of maternity — the more sacred to Hester because it seems the only sacred thing left to her — restrains her from plunging recklessly into the abyss of sin, towards which her punishment would naturally impel her. "Make my excuse to him, so please you," she says, with a triumphant smile, to old Mistress Hibbins, in response to the latter's invitation to meet the Black Man in the forest. "I must tarry at home and keep watch over my little Pearl. Had they taken her from me, I would willingly have gone with thee into the forest, and signed my name in the Black Man's book too, and that with mine own blood!" But although she is thus saved from further overt degradation, she is as far from repentance as ever. Standing, as she did, alone with Pearl amidst a hostile world, her life turned, in a great measure, from passion and feeling to thought. She cast away the fragments of a broken chain. The world's law was no law for her mind. She assumed a freedom of speculation which her neighbors, had they known it, would have held to be

a deadlier crime than that stigmatized by the scarlet letter. Shadowy guests entered her lonesome cottage that would have been as perilous as demons to their entertainer, could they have been seen so much as knocking at her door. "There was wild and ghastly scenery all around her, and a home and comfort nowhere. At times, a fearful doubt strove to possess her soul, whether it were not better to send Pearl at once to heaven, and go herself to such futurity as Eternal Justice might provide. The scarlet letter had not done its office."

Such being the result of society's management of the matter, let us see what success attended the efforts of an individual to take the law into his own hands. It is to exemplify this phase of the subject that Roger Chillingworth exists; and his operations are of course directed not against Hester ("I have left thee to the scarlet letter," he says to her. "If that have not avenged me, I can do no more!"), but against her accomplice. This accomplice is unknown; that is, society has not found him out. But he is known to himself, and consequently to Roger Chillingworth, who is the symbol of a morbid and remorseless conscience. Chillingworth has been robbed of his wife. But between that and other kinds of robbery there is this difference, — that he who is robbed wishes not to recover what is lost, but to punish the robber. And his object in inflicting this punishment is not the robber's good, nor the wife's good, nor even the public good; but revenge, pure and simple. The motive or passion which actuates him is, in short, a wholly selfish one. It was deeply provoked, no doubt; but so, also, in another way, was the crime which it would requite. Unlike the latter, moreover, it involves no risk; on the contrary, it is enforced by the whole weight of social opinion. If the man had really or unselfishly loved his wife, he would not act thus. His wish would be to shield her, — to

protect the sanctity of the marriage relation, as typified in her, from further pollution. His hostility to the seducer, even, would be more public than personal,—hatred of the sin, not of the individual; for men support with considerable equanimity the destruction of other men's married happiness. But, by bringing the matter to the personal level, Chillingworth confesses his indifference to any but personal considerations, not to mention his disbelief in God. As regards religion, indeed, he declares himself a fatalist. "My old faith," he says to Hester, "explains all that we do and all that we suffer. By thy first step awry thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment it has all been a dark necessity. Ye that have wronged me are not sinful, save in a kind of typical illusion; neither am I fiend-like, who have snatched a fiend's office from his hands. It is our fate. Let the black flower blossom as it may!" Accordingly, Chillingworth is an image in little of society; and the external difference between his action and that of society is due to unlikeness not of inward motive, but of outward conditions. The revenge of society consists in publishing the sinner's ignominy. But this method would baffle Chillingworth's revenge just where he designed it to be most effective; for, by leaving the sinner with no load of secret guilt in his heart, it is inadvertently merciful in its very unmercifulness. The real agony of sin, as Chillingworth clearly perceived, lies not in its commission, which is always delightful, nor in its open punishment, which is a kind of relief, but in the dread of its discovery. The revenge which he plans, therefore, depends above all things upon keeping his victim's secret. By rejecting all brutal and obvious methods he gains entrance into a much more sensitive region of torture. He will not poison Hester's babe, because he knows that it will live to cause its mother the most poignant pangs she

is yet capable of feeling. He will not sacrifice Hester, because "what could I do better for my object than to let thee live, than to give thee medicines against all harm and peril of life, so that this burning shame may still blaze upon thy bosom?" And, finally, he will not reveal the minister's guilt. "Think not," he says, "that I shall, to my own loss, betray him to the gripe of the law. . . . Let him live! Let him hide himself in outward honor, if he may! Not the less he shall be mine!" And afterwards, when years had vindicated the diabolical accuracy of his judgment, "Better he had died at once!" he exclaims, in horrible triumph. "He fancied himself given over to a fiend, to be tortured with frightful dreams and desperate thoughts, the sting of remorse and despair of pardon, as a foretaste of what awaits him beyond the grave. But it was the constant shadow of my presence, the closest propinquity of the man whom he had most vilely wronged, and who had grown to exist only by this perpetual poison of the direst revenge!" But this carnival of refined cruelty, as is abundantly evident, can be productive of nothing but evil to all concerned: evil to the victim, and still more evil, if possible, to the executioner, who, finding himself transformed by his own practices from a peaceful scholar to a fiend, makes Dimmesdale answerable for the calamity, and proposes to wreak fresh vengeance upon him on that account. And it demonstrates the truth that the only punishment which man is justified in inflicting upon his fellow is the punishment which is incidental to his being restrained from further indulgence in crime. Such restraint acts as a punishment, because the wicked impulse is thereby prevented from realizing itself; but it is intrinsically an act not of revenge, but of love, since the criminal is thereby preserved from increasing his sinful burden by accomplishing in fact what he had purposed in thought. The Puritan system was self-

ish and brutal, merely; Chillingworth's was satanically malignant; but both alike are impotent to do anything but inflame the evils they pretend to assuage.

Thus it comes to pass that after "seven years," or any greater or less lapse of time, the culprits are just as remote from true repentance as they were at the moment of committing their sin. Society and the individual have both demonstrated their incapacity to deal with the great problem of human error. Neither suppression nor torture is of any avail. The devil is always anxious to be enlisted against himself, but his reasons are tolerably transparent. When, at length, Hester and Dimmesdale meet again, they are ripe to fall more deeply and irrevocably than before. The woman faces the prospect boldly, thinking more of her lover than of herself; he trembles in his flesh, but is willing in his heart; but there is no sincere hesitation on either side. One hour of genuine remorse would have given them insight to perceive that no such shallow device as flight could bring them peace; for it would have shown them that the source of their misery was not the persecution suffered from without, but the inward violation committed by themselves. Chillingworth comprehends the situation perfectly, and quietly makes his preparations, not to obstruct their escape, but to accompany it. This is the most hideous episode in the story, and well represents the bottomless slough of iniquity which awaits the deliberate choice of evil. And it elevates Chillingworth into the bad eminence of chief criminal of the three. Not only is his actual wickedness greater, but the extenuation is less. The lovers might plead their love, but he only his hate. They can ask each other's forgiveness and implore God's mercy, when, in that final death scene of "triumphant ignominy," they make the utmost atonement in their power; but for Chillingworth, the merciless and

unforgiving, there can be no forgiveness and no mercy. "When, in short, there was no more devil's work for him to do, it only remained for the unhumanized mortal to betake himself whither his master would find him tasks enough, and pay him his wages duly." This interpretation of his character may profitably be pondered by the student of the human soul. From the fate of Hester and Dimmesdale we may learn that it avails not the sinner to live a life of saintly deeds and aims, but to be true; not to scourge himself, to wear sackcloth, or to redeem other souls, but openly to accept his shame. The poison of sin is not so much in the sin itself as in the concealment; for all men are sinners, but he who conceals his sin pretends a superhuman holiness. To acknowledge our sins before God, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, is a phrase, and no more, unproductive of absolution. But to acknowledge our sins before men is, in very truth, to acknowledge them before God; for the appeal is made to the human conscience, and the human conscience is the miraculous presence of God in human nature, and from such acknowledgment absolution is not remote. The reason is that such acknowledgment surrenders all that is most dear to the unregenerate heart, and thereby involves a humiliation or annihilation of evil pride which eradicates sinful appetite. All sin is based on selfishness; but the supreme abdication of self, postulated by voluntary and unreserved self-revelation, leaves no further basis for sin to build on. The man who has never been guilty of actual sin is peculiar rather than fortunate; but at all events he has no cause to pride himself on the immunity, which indicates at best that he has been spared adequate temptation. The sins forbidden in the decalogue are fatal only after the sinner has deliberately said, "Evil, be thou my good!" or, in the sublime figure of Scripture, has blasphemed the Holy Ghost. Hes-

ter and Dimmesdale, in the story, stop short of taking this step, but Chillingworth actually begins by taking it. It is the unpardonable sin, not because God is wanting in mercy towards it, but because its very nature is to cause its perpetrator to withdraw himself from all mercy. He hugs it to himself as a virtue, as the virtue of virtues; and the more lost he becomes, the more virtuous does he fancy himself to be. It consists, broadly speaking, in disowning one's human brotherhood, and laying claim (on whatever pretext) to personal and peculiar favor at God's hands. Such a person will contemplate with complacency the damnation of all the rest of mankind, so that his own hold upon the divine approbation be secure. In his earlier pieces (notably in *The Man of Adamant*, and *Ethan Brand*), Hawthorne has more than once touched upon this subject, but in the story Roger Chillingworth he gives it a larger development. Chillingworth starts with the notion that he has a right to inflict vengeance. It is a very common notion; many respectable persons possess it; indeed, it is not only compatible with social respectability, but is favorable to it. But vengeance, when prosecuted with the deliberation and circumspection observed by Chillingworth, has this singular quality, — that it gives free indulgence to the most cruel and infernal passions of which the human heart is capable, unmodified by any fear of social odium; though here, and throughout, a marked distinction should be made between the idea of society as at present organized and that of mankind or humanity; the former being a purely artificial parody and perversion of the divinely beneficent order of which we already catch occasional glimpses in the latter. This peculiarity of vengeance first stupefies the voice of conscience in the perpetrator, and thereafter has him in complete subjection, and can lead him through the depths of the bottomless pit without his

once suspecting that he is out of arm's reach of the archangels. Roger Chillingworth is a good citizen, his private and public reputation are spotless, he is on the best of terms with the governor and the clergy, and his intellectual ability and scientific attainments beget him general respect and admiration. No social test can be applied to him from which he will not emerge unscathed. His hypocrisy is without flaw; it deceives even himself. He is the complete type of the man of the world, the social ideal, — courteous, quiet, well informed, imperturbable. Nevertheless, his moral nature is a poisonous and irreclaimable wilderness, in which blooms not a single flower of heavenly parentage. For he has put his devilish lust of vengeance in the place of God, and day by day he worships it, and performs its bidding. Well might Dimmesdale exclaim, "There is one worse than even the polluted priest! That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart." Yet society has no stigma to fix upon his breast.

Hawthorne, however, with characteristic charity, forbears to claim a verdict even against this reprobate. "To all," he says, "we would fain be merciful;" and he goes so far as to put forth a speculation as to whether "hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom." But hatred grows from self-love; and if love and self-love be not opposites, then neither are light and darkness, or good and evil. It is doubtless true, on the other hand, that we can never be justified in treating the most iniquitous persons as identical with their iniquity, although, in discussing them, it may not always be possible to make the verbal discrimination. In real life there will always be saving clauses, mitigating circumstances, and special conditions, whereby the naked crudity of the abstract presentment is modified, as soil and vegetation soften the hard contour

of rocks, or as the atmosphere diffuses light and tempers darkness.

Nor would I wish to appear as super-serviceably detecting theories in the mellow substance of Hawthorne's artistic conceptions. He himself felt a repugnance to theories, and in general confined himself to suggestions and intimations; he knew how apt truth is to escape from the severity of a "logical deduction." Probably, moreover, he was uniformly innocent of any didactic purpose in sitting down to write. He imagined a moral situation, with characters to fit it, and then allowed the theme to grow in such form as its innate force directed, enriching its roots and decorating its boughs with the accumulated wealth of his experience and meditation. In an ordinary novel of episode this system might be an unsafe one to pursue, there being no essential law of development for such things: they are constructed, but do not grow; and if the constructive skill be deficient, there is nothing else to keep them symmetrical. The tree or the flower has only to be planted aright, and wisely watched and tended, and it will make good its own excuse for being; but the house or the ship depends absolutely on the builder. The reason is, of course, that the former, unlike the latter, have a life and a design in themselves. And this, it seems to me, is the difference between stories in Hawthorne's vein and other stories. He is the most modern of writers; he has divined the new birth of literature, which is still unsuspected by most of us, to judge by the present indications. Hitherto, in fiction, we have been content to imitate life, but such imitation has been carried as near to perfection as, perhaps, is profitable. The next step is a great one, but it cannot be shunned, unless we would return upon our tracks, and vamp up afresh the costumes of the past. And what is this new step? It is not easy to put the definition in words; and certainly it is not intended that we should

turn to and write like Hawthorne. But what lies beyond or above an imitation of life? Nothing more nor less, it must be confessed, than life itself. This is a hard saying, but I know not how we are to escape giving ear to it; doubtless, however, a majority of persons will decline to believe, on any terms or in any sense, that a novel or story can ever be exalted from an imitation of life into life itself. And yet Shakespeare's plays are more than imitations of life; and so, it appears to me, is a story like *The Scarlet Letter*. The plays live, the story is alive. A soul is in it; it is conceived on the spiritual plane. The soul assumes a body, like other souls, and this body may be seen and handled; but the body exists because the soul, beforehand, is, and the latter is independent of the former. How this life may be imparted is another question; but, unquestionably, the process can be no easy one. He who gives life can have no life to give save his own. It is not a matter of note-books, of observation, of learning, of cleverness. The workshop from which issue works that live is a very interior chamber indeed; and only those who have entered it, perhaps not even they, can reveal its secrets.

Discreet readers will not construe me too literally when I venture the opinion that the day of dead or galvanized fiction is coming to an end. Let the circulating libraries have no misgivings; nothing is more certain than that, for many a day and year to come, their shelves will groan, as of yore, with admirable examples of the class alluded to. Moreover, Shakespeare lived a long while ago, and *Homer* and *Moses* longer yet; so that it might seem as if the threatened danger were safely averted of us, not to mention that, just at present, there seems to be a more than ordinary quantity of cunningly wrought waxen images on hand. As against those arguments and indications, it can only be urged that the progress of the human

race probably implies much more than electricity and steering-balloons would prepare us for; and that the true conquest of matter by mind, being a relig-

ious rather than a scientific transaction, is likely to be felt, obscurely and vaguely, long before it can be definitely comprehended and acknowledged.

Julian Hawthorne.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK THIRD.

XXV.

HYACINTH took several long walks by himself, beyond the gates of the park and through the neighboring country — walks during which, committed as he was to reflection on the general “rumness” of his destiny, he had still a delighted attention to spare for the green dimness of leafy lanes; the attraction of meadow-paths that led from stile to stile, and seemed a clue to some pastoral happiness, some secret of the fields; the hedges thick with flowers, bewilderingly common, for which he knew no names; the picture-making quality of thatched cottages; the mystery and sweetness of blue distances; the bloom of rural complexions; the sweetness of little girls bobbing curtsies by waysides (a sort of homage he had never prefigured); the soft sense of the turf under feet that had never ached but from paving-stones. One morning, as he had his face turned homeward, after a long stroll, he heard behind him the sound of a horse’s hoofs, and, looking back, perceived a gentleman, who would presently pass him, advancing up the road which led to the lodge gates of Medley. He went his way, and, as the horse overtook him, he noticed that the rider slackened pace. Then he turned again, and recognized in this personage his brilliant, occasional friend Captain Sholto. The captain pulled up alongside of him, saluting him with a smile and a movement of the

whip handle. Hyacinth stared with surprise, not having heard from the Princess that she was expecting him. He gathered, however, in a moment, that she was not; and meanwhile he received an impression, on Sholto’s part, of riding-gear that was “knowing” — of gaiters and spurs and a curious waistcoat; perceiving that this was a phase of the captain’s varied nature which he had not yet had an opportunity to observe. He struck him as very high in the air, perched on his big, lean chestnut, and Hyacinth noticed that if the horse was heated the rider was cool.

“Good-morning, my dear fellow. I thought I should find you here!” the captain exclaimed. “It’s a good job I’ve met you this way, without having to go to the house.”

“Who gave you reason to think I was here?” Hyacinth asked; partly occupied with the appositeness of this inquiry, and partly thinking, as his eyes wandered over his handsome friend, bestriding so handsome a beast, what a jolly thing it would be to know how to ride. He had already, during the few days he had been at Medley, had time to observe that the knowledge of luxury and the extension of one’s sensations beget a taste for still newer pleasures.

“Why, I knew the Princess was capable of asking you,” Sholto said; “and I learned at the Sun and Moon that you had not been there for a long time. I knew, furthermore, that as a general

thing you go there a good deal, don't you? So I put this and that together, and judged you were out of town."

This was very luminous and straightforward, and might have satisfied Hyacinth, were it not for that irritating reference to the Princess being "capable of asking him." He knew as well as the captain that it had been tremendously eccentric in her to do so, but somehow a transformation had lately taken place in him which made it disagreeable for him to receive that view from another, and particularly from a gentleman of whom, on a certain occasion, several months before, he had had strong grounds for thinking unfavorably. He had not seen Sholto since the evening when a queer combination of circumstances caused him, more queerly still, to sit and listen to comic songs in the company of Millicent Henning and this admirer. The captain did not conceal his admiration; Hyacinth had his own ideas about his taking that line in order to look more innocent. That evening, when he accompanied Millicent to her lodgings (they parted with Sholto on coming out of the Pavilion), the situation was tense between the young lady and her childhood's friend. She let him have it, as she said; she gave him a dressing, which she evidently intended should be memorable, for having suspected her, for having insulted her before a military gentleman. The tone she took, and the magnificent audacity with which she took it, reduced him to a kind of gratified helplessness; he watched her, at last, with something of the excitement with which he would have watched a clever but uncultivated actress, while she worked herself into a passion which he believed to be fictitious. He gave more credence to his jealousy and to the whole air of the case than to her vehement repudiations, enlivened though these were by tremendous head-tossings and skirt-shakings. But he felt baffled and outfaced, and took

refuge in sarcasms which, after all, proved as little as her high gibes; seeking a final solution in one of those beastly little French shrugs, as Millicent called them, with which she had already reproached him with interlarding his conversation.

The air was never cleared, though the subject of their dispute was afterwards dropped, Hyacinth promising himself to watch his playmate as he had never done before. She let him know, as may well be supposed, that she had her eye on *him*, and it must be confessed that, as regards the exercise of a right of supervision, he had felt himself at a disadvantage ever since the night at the theatre. It mattered little that she had pushed him into the Princess's box (for she herself had not been jealous beforehand; she had wanted too much to know what such a person could be "up to," desiring, perhaps, to borrow a hint), and it mattered little, also, that his relations with the great lady were all for the sake of suffering humanity; the atmosphere, none the less, was full of thunder for many weeks, and it scarcely signified from which quarter the flash and the explosion proceeded. Hyacinth was a good deal surprised to find that he should care whether Millicent deceived him or not, and even tried to persuade himself that he did not; but there was a grain of conviction in his heart that some kind of personal affinity existed between them, and that it would torment him more never to see her at all than to see her go into tantrums in order to cover her tracks. An inner sense told him that her mingled beauty and grossness, her vulgar vitality, the spirit of contradiction yet at the same time of attachment, that was in her, had ended by making her indispensable to him. She bored him as much as she irritated him; but if she was full of execrable taste, she was also full of life, and her rustlings and chatterings, her wonderful stories, her bad grammar and good health,

her insatiable thirst, her shrewd perceptions and grotesque opinions, her mistakes and her felicities, were now all part of the familiar human sound of his little world. He could say to himself that she came after him much more than he went after her, and this helped him, a little, to believe, though the logic was but lame, that she was not making a fool of him. If she were really taking up with a swell, he did n't see why she wished to retain a bookbinder. Of late, it must be added, he had ceased to devote much consideration to Millicent's ambiguities; for although he was lingering on at Medley for the sake of suffering humanity, he was quite aware that to say so (if she should ask him for a reason) would have almost as absurd a sound as some of the girl's own speeches. As regards Sholto, he was in the awkward position of having let him off, as it were, by accepting his hospitality, his bounty; so that he could n't quarrel with him except on a fresh pretext. This pretext the captain had apparently been careful not to give, and Millicent had told him, after the triple encounter in the street, that he had driven him out of England, the poor gentleman, whom he insulted by his low insinuations even more (why "even more" Hyacinth hardly could think) than he outraged herself. When he asked her what she knew about the captain's movements, she made no scruple to announce to him that the latter had come to her great shop to make a little purchase (it was a pair of silk braces, if she remembered rightly, and she admitted, perfectly, the transparency of the pretext), and had asked her with much concern whether his gifted young friend (that's what he called him — Hyacinth could see he meant well) was still in a huff. Millicent had answered that she was afraid he was — the more shame to him; and then the captain had said that it did n't matter, for he himself was on the point of leaving England for several weeks (Hyacinth

— he called him Hyacinth this time — could n't have ideas about a man in a foreign country, could he?), and he hoped that by the time he returned the little cloud would have blown over. Sholto had added that she had better tell him frankly — recommending her at the same time to be gentle with their morbid friend — about his visit to the shop. Their candor, their humane precautions, were all very well; but after this, two or three evenings, Hyacinth passed and repassed the captain's chambers in Queen Anne Street, to see if, at the window, there were signs of his being in London. Darkness, however, prevailed, and he was forced to comfort himself a little, when at last making up his mind to ring at the door and inquire, by way of a test, for the occupant, he was informed, by the superior valet whose acquaintance he had already made, and whose air of wearing a jacket left behind by his master confirmed the statement, that the gentleman in question was at Monte Carlo.

"Have you still got your back up a little?" the captain demanded, without rancor; and in a moment he had swung a long leg over the saddle and dismounted, walking beside his young friend and leading his horse by the bridle. Hyacinth pretended not to know what he meant, for it came over him that after all, even if he had not condoned, at the time, the captain's suspected treachery, he was in no position, sitting at the feet of the Princess, to sound the note of jealousy in relation to another woman. He reflected that the Princess had originally been, in a manner, Sholto's property, and if he did, *en fin de compte*, wish to quarrel with him about Millicent, he would have to cease to appear to poach on the captain's preserves. It now occurred to him, for the first time, that the latter had intended a kind of exchange; though it must be added that the Princess, who on a couple of occasions had alluded

slightingly to her military friend, had given him no sign of recognizing this gentleman's claim. Sholto let him know, at present, that he was staying at Bonchester, seven miles off; he had come down from London and put up at the inn. That morning he had ridden over on a hired horse (Hyacinth had supposed this steed was a very fine animal, but Sholto spoke of it as a beastly screw); he had been taken by the sudden fancy of seeing how his young friend was coming on.

"I'm coming on very well, thank you," said Hyacinth, with some shortness, not knowing exactly what business it was of the captain's.

"Of course you understand my interest in you, don't you? I'm responsible for you — I put you forward."

"There are a great many things in the world that I don't understand, but I think the thing I understand least is your interest in me. Why the devil" — And Hyacinth paused, breathless with the force of his inquiry. Then he went on, "If I were you, I should n't care a filbert for the sort of person that I happen to be."

"That proves how different my nature is from yours! But I don't believe it, my boy; you are too generous for that." Sholto's imperturbability always appeared to grow with the irritation it produced, and it was proof even against the just resentment excited by his want of tact. That want of tact was sufficiently marked when he went on to say, "I wanted to see you here, with my own eyes. I wanted to see how it looked; it is a rum sight! Of course you know what I mean, though you are always trying to make a fellow explain. I don't explain well, in any sense, and that's why I go in only for clever people, who can do without it. It's very grand, her having brought you down."

"Grand, no doubt, but hardly surprising, considering that, as you say, I was put forward by you."

"Oh, that's a great thing for me, but it does n't make any difference to her!" Sholto exclaimed. "She may care for certain things for themselves, but it will never signify a jot to her what I may have thought about them. One good turn deserves another. I wish you would put *me* forward!"

"I don't understand you, and I don't think I want to," said Hyacinth, as his companion strolled beside him.

The latter put a hand on his arm, stopping him, and they stood face to face a moment. "I say, my dear Robinson, you're not spoiled already, at the end of a week — how long is it? It isn't possible you're jealous!"

"Jealous of whom?" asked Hyacinth, whose failure to comprehend was perfectly genuine.

Sholto looked at him a moment; then, with a laugh, "I don't mean Miss Henning." Hyacinth turned away, and the captain resumed his walk, now taking the young man's arm and passing his own through the bridle of the horse. "The courage of it, the insolence, the *crânerie*! There isn't another woman in Europe who could carry it off."

Hyacinth was silent a little; after which he remarked, "This is nothing, here. You should have seen me the other day over at Broome, at Lady Marchant's."

"Gad, did she take you there? I'd have given ten pounds to see it. There's no one like her!" cried the captain, gayly, enthusiastically.

"There's no one like me, I think — for going."

"Why, did n't you enjoy it?"

"Too much — too much. Such excesses are dangerous."

"Oh, I'll back you," said the captain; then, checking their pace, he inquired, "Is there any chance of our meeting her? I won't go into the park."

"You won't go to the house?" Hyacinth demanded, staring.

"Oh dear, no, not while you're there."

"Well, I shall ask the Princess about you, and have done with it, once for all."

"Lucky little beggar, with your fire-side talks!" the captain exclaimed. "Where does she sit now, in the evening? She won't tell you anything except that I'm a nuisance; but even if she were willing to take the trouble to throw some light upon me, it would n't be of much use, because she does n't understand me, herself."

"You are the only thing in the world, then, of which that can be said," Hyacinth returned.

"I dare say I am, and I am rather proud of it. So far as the head is concerned, the Princess is all there. I told you, when I presented you, that she was the cleverest woman in Europe, and that is still my opinion. But there are some mysteries you can't see into unless you happen to have a little heart. The Princess has n't, though doubtless just now you think that's her strong point. One of these days you'll see. I don't care a straw, myself, whether she has or not. She has hurt me already so much she can't hurt me any more, and my interest in her is quite independent of that. To watch her, to adore her, to see her lead her life and act out her extraordinary nature, all the while she treats me like a brute, is the only thing I care for to-day. It does n't do me a scrap of good, but, all the same, it's my principal occupation. You may believe me or not — it does n't in the least matter; but I'm the most disinterested human being alive. She'll tell you I'm a tremendous ass, and so one is. But that is n't all."

It was Hyacinth who stopped this time, arrested by something new and natural in the tone of his companion, a simplicity of emotion which he had not hitherto associated with him. He stood there a moment looking up at him, and thinking again what improbable confi-

dences it decidedly appeared to be his lot to receive from gentlefolks. To what quality in himself were they a tribute? The honor was one he could easily dispense with; though as he scrutinized Sholto he found something in his curious light eyes — an expression of cheerfulness not disconnected from veracity — which put him into a more natural relation with this jaunty, factitious personage. "Please go on," he said, in a moment.

"Well, what I mentioned just now is my real and only motive, in anything. The rest is mere gammon and rubbish, to cover it up — or to give myself the change, as the French say."

"What do you mean by the rest?" asked Hyacinth, thinking of Millicent Henning.

"Oh, all the straw one chews, to cheat one's appetite; all the rot one dabbles in, because it may lead to something which it never does lead to; all the beastly buncombe (you know) that you and I have heard together in Bloomsbury, and that I myself have poured out, damme, with an eloquence worthy of a better cause. Don't you remember what I have said to you — all as my own opinion — about the impending change of the relations of class with class? Impending fiddlesticks! I believe those that are on top the heap are better than those that are under it, that they mean to stay there, and that if they are not a pack of poltroons they will."

"You don't care for the social question, then?" Hyacinth inquired, with an aspect of which he was conscious of the blankness.

"I only took it up because she did. It has n't helped me," Sholto remarked, smiling. "My dear Robinson," he went on, "there is only one thing I care for in life: to have a look at that woman when I can; and when I can't, to approach her in the sort of way I'm doing now."

"It's a very curious sort of way."

"Indeed it is; but if it is good enough for me it ought to be good enough for you. What I want you to do is this — to induce her to ask me over to dine."

"To induce her" — Hyacinth murmured.

"Tell her I'm staying at Bonchester, and it would be an act of common humanity."

They proceeded till they reached the gates, and in a moment Hyacinth said, "You took up the social question, then, because she did; but do you happen to know why she took it up?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, you must find that out for yourself. I found you the place, but I can't do your work for you."

"I see — I see. But perhaps you'll tell me this: if you had free access to the Princess a year ago, taking her to the theatre and that sort of thing, why should n't you have it now?"

This time Sholto's white pupils looked strange again. "You have it now, my dear fellow, but I'm afraid it does n't follow that you'll have it a year hence. She was tired of me then, and of course she's still more tired of me now, for the simple reason that I'm more tiresome. She has sent me to Coventry, and I want to come out for a few hours. See how conscientious I am — I won't pass the gates."

"I'll tell her I met you," said Hyacinth. Then, irrelevantly, he added, "Is that what you mean by her having no heart?"

"Her treating me as she treats me? Oh, dear, no; her treating you!"

This had a portentous sound, but it did not prevent Hyacinth from turning round with his visitor (for it was the greatest part of the oddity of the present meeting that the hope of a little conversation with him, if accident were favorable, had been the motive not only of Sholto's riding over to Medley, but

of his coming down to stay, in the neighborhood, at a musty inn, in a dull market-town) — it did not prevent him, I say, from bearing the captain company for a mile on his backward way. Our young man did not pursue this particular topic much further, but he discovered still another reason or two for admiring the light, free action with which his companion had unmasked himself, and the nature of his interest in the revolutionary idea, after he had asked him, abruptly, what he had had in his head when he traveled over that evening, the summer before (he did n't appear to have come back as often as he promised), to Paul Muniment's place in South Lambeth. What was he looking for, whom was he looking for, there?

"I was looking for anything that would turn up, that might take her fancy. Don't you understand that I'm always looking? There was a time when I went in immensely for illuminated minds, and another when I collected horrible ghost stories (she wanted to cultivate a belief in ghosts), all for her. The day I saw she was turning her attention to the rising democracy, I began to collect little democrats. That's how I collected you."

"Muniment read you exactly, then. And what did you find to your purpose in Audley Court?"

"Well, I think the little woman with the popping eyes — she reminded me of a bedridden grasshopper — will do. And I made a note of the other one, the old maid with the high nose, the aristocratic sister of mercy. I'm keeping them in reserve for my next propitiatory offering."

Hyacinth was silent a moment. "And Muniment himself — can't you do anything with him?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, after you he's poor!"

"That's the first stupid thing you have said. But it does n't matter, for he dislikes the Princess — what he

knows of her — too much ever to consent to see her."

"That's his line, is it? Then he'll do!" Sholto cried.

XXVI.

"Of course he may come, and stay as long as he likes!" the Princess exclaimed, when Hyacinth, that afternoon, told her of his encounter, with the sweet, bright surprise her face always wore when people went through the form (supererogatory she apparently meant to declare it) of asking her leave. From the manner in which she granted Sholto's petition — with a geniality that made light of it, as if the question were not worth talking of, one way or the other — it might have been supposed that the account he had given Hyacinth of their relations was an elaborate, but none the less foolish hoax. She sent a messenger with a note over to Bonchester, and the captain arrived just in time to dress for dinner. The Princess was always late, and Hyacinth's toilet, on these occasions, occupied him considerably (he was acutely conscious of its deficiencies, and yet tried to persuade himself that they were positively honorable, and that the only garb of dignity, for him, was the costume, as it were, of his profession); therefore, when the fourth member of the little party descended to the drawing-room, Madame Grandoni was the only person he found there.

"*Lieber Gott!* I'm glad to see you! What good wind has sent you?" she exclaimed, as soon as Sholto came into the room.

"Did n't you know I was coming?" he asked. "Has the idea of my arrival produced so little agitation?"

"I know nothing of the affairs of this house. I have given them up at last, and it was time. I remain in my room." There was nothing at present in the old

lady's countenance of her usual spirit of cheer; it expressed anxiety, and even a certain sternness, and the excellent woman had, perhaps, at this moment more than she had ever had in her life of the air of a duenna who took her duties seriously. She looked almost august. "From the moment you come it's a little better. But it is very bad."

"Very bad, dear madam?"

"Perhaps you will be able to tell me where Christina *veut en venir*. I have always been faithful to her — I have always been loyal. But to-day I have lost patience. It has no sense."

"I am not sure I know what you are talking about," Sholto said; "but if I understand you, I must tell you I think it's magnificent."

"Yes, I know your tone; you are worse than she, because you are cynical. It passes all bounds. It is very serious. I have been thinking what I should do."

"Precisely; I know what you would do."

"Oh, this time I should n't come back!" the old lady declared. "The scandal is too great; it is intolerable. My only fear is to make it worse."

"Dear Madame Grandoni, you can't make it worse, and you can't make it better," Sholto rejoined, seating himself on the sofa beside her. "In point of fact, no idea of scandal can possibly attach itself to our friend. She is above and outside of all such considerations, such dangers. She carries everything off; she heeds so little, she cares so little. Besides, she has one great strength — she does no wrong."

"Pray, what do you call it when a lady sends for a bookbinder to come and stay with her?"

"Why not for a bookbinder as well as for a bishop? It all depends upon who the lady is, and what she is."

"She had better take care of one thing first," cried Madame Grandoni — "that she shall not have been separated from her husband!"

"The Princess can carry off even that. It's unusual, it's eccentric, it's fantastic, if you will, but it is n't necessarily wicked. From her own point of view, our friend goes straight. Besides, she has her opinions."

"Her opinions are perversity itself."

"What does it matter," asked Sholto, "if they keep her quiet?"

"Quiet! Do you call this quiet?"

"Surely, if you'll only be so yourself. Putting the case at the worst, moreover, who is to know he's her book-binder? It's the last thing you'd take him for."

"Yes, for that she chose him carefully," the old lady murmured, still with a discontented eyebrow.

"She chose him? It was *I* who chose him, dear lady!" the captain exclaimed, with a laugh which showed how little he shared her solicitude.

"Yes, I had forgotten; at the theatre," said Madame Grandoni, gazing at him as if her ideas were confused, but a certain repulsion from her interlocutor nevertheless disengaged itself. "It was a fine turn you did him there, poor young man!"

"Certainly, he will have to be sacrificed. But why was I bound to consider him so much? Have n't *I* been sacrificed myself?"

"Oh, if he bears it like you!" cried the old lady, with a short laugh.

"How do you know how I bear it? One does what one can," said the captain, settling his shirt-front. "At any rate, remember this: she won't tell people who he is, for his own sake; and he won't tell them, for hers. So, as he looks much more like a poet, or a pianist, or a painter, there won't be that sensation you fear."

"Even so it's bad enough," said Madame Grandoni. "And he's capable of bringing it out, suddenly, himself."

"Ah, if he does n't mind it, she won't. But that's his affair."

"It's too terrible, to spoil him for his

station," the old lady went on. "How can he ever go back?"

"If you want him kept, then, indefinitely, you are inconsistent. Besides, if he pays for it, he deserves to pay. He's an abominable little conspirator against society."

Madame Grandoni was silent a moment; then she looked at the captain with a gravity which might have been impressive to him, had not his accomplished jauntiness suggested an insensibility to that sort of influence. "What, then, does Christina deserve?" she asked, with solemnity.

"Whatever she may get; whatever, in the future, may make her suffer. But it won't be the loss of her reputation. She is too distinguished."

"You English are strange. Is it because she's a princess?" Madame Grandoni reflected, audibly.

"Oh, dear, no, her principedom is nothing here. We can easily beat that. But we can't beat" — And Sholto paused a moment.

"What then?" his companion asked.

"Well, that originality, which seems perfectly natural, without any *pose*; the sort of thing by which she has bedeviled me."

"Oh, *you!*" murmured Madame Grandoni.

"If you think so poorly of me, why did you say just now that you were glad to see me?" Sholto demanded, in a moment.

"Because you make another person in the house, and that is more regular; the situation is by so much less — what did you call it? — eccentric. *Nun*," the old lady went on, in a moment, "so long as you are here I won't go off."

"Depend upon it that I shall be here until I'm turned out."

She rested her small, troubled eyes upon him, but they betrayed no particular enthusiasm at this announcement. "I don't understand how, for yourself, on such an occasion, you should like it."

"Dear Madame Grandoni, the heart of man, without being such a hopcless labyrinth as the heart of woman, is still sufficiently complicated. Don't I know what will become of the little beggar?"

"You are very horrible," said the ancient woman. Then she added, in a different tone, "He is much too good for his fate."

"And pray was n't I, for mine?" the captain asked.

"By no manner of means!" Madame Grandoni answered, rising and moving away from him.

The Princess had come into the room, accompanied by Hyacinth. As it was now considerably past the dinner-hour, the old lady judged that this couple, on their side, had met in the hall and had prolonged their conversation there. Hyacinth watched with extreme interest the way the Princess greeted the captain — observed that it was very simple, easy, and friendly. At dinner she made no stranger of him, including him in everything, as if he had been a useful familiar, like Madame Grandoni, only a little less venerable, yet not giving him any attention that might cause their eyes to meet. She had told Hyacinth that she did n't like his eyes, nor indeed, very much, any part of him. Of course any admiration, from almost any source, could not fail to be in some degree agreeable to a woman, but of any little impression that one might ever have produced the mark she had made on Godfrey Sholto was the one that ministered least to her vanity. He had been useful, undoubtedly, at times, but at others he had been an intolerable bore. He was so uninteresting in himself, so shallow, so unoccupied and factitious, and really so frivolous, in spite of his pretension (of which she was unspeakably weary) of being all wrapped up in a single idea. It had never, by itself, been sufficient to interest her in any man, the fact that he was in love

with her; but indeed she could honestly say that most of the people who had liked her had had, on their own side, something — something in their character or circumstances — that one could care a little about. Not so far as would do any harm, save perhaps in one or two cases; but still, something.

Sholto was a curious and not particularly edifying English type (as the Princess further described him); one of those strange beings produced by old societies that have run to seed, corrupt, exhausted civilizations. He was a lumberer of the earth, and purely selfish, in spite of his devoted, disinterested airs. He was nothing whatever in himself, and had no character or merit save by tradition, reflection, imitation, superstition. He had a longish pedigree — he came of some musty, mouldy "county family," people with a local reputation and an immense lack of general importance; he had taken the greatest care of his little fortune. He had traveled all over the globe several times, "for the shooting," in that grotesque way of the English. That was a pursuit which was compatible with the greatest stupidity. He had a little taste, a little cleverness, a little reading, a little good furniture, a little French and Italian (he exaggerated these latter quantities), an immense deal of assurance, and complete leisure. That, at bottom, was all he represented — idle, trifling, luxurious, yet at the same time pretentious leisure, the sort of thing that led people to invent false, humbugging duties, because they had no real ones. Sholto's great idea of himself (after his profession of being *her* slave) was that he was a cosmopolite, and exempt from every prejudice. About the prejudices the Princess could n't say and did n't care; but she had seen him in foreign countries, she had seen him in Italy, and she was bound to say he understood nothing about those people. It was several years before, shortly after her marriage, that she had

first encountered him. He had not begun immediately to take the adoring line; but it had come little by little. It was only after she had separated from her husband that he had begun really to hang about her; since when she had suffered much from him. She would do him one justice, however: he had never, so far as she knew, had the impudence to represent himself as anything but hopeless and helpless. It was on this that he took his stand; he wished to pass for the great model of unrewarded constancy. She could not imagine what he was waiting for; perhaps it was for the death of the Prince. But the Prince would never die, nor had she the least desire that he should. She had no wish to be harsh, for of course that sort of thing, from any one, was very flattering; but really, whatever feeling poor Sholto might have, four fifths of it were purely theatrical. He was not in the least a natural human being, but had a hundred affectations and attitudes, the result of never having been obliged to put his hand to anything; having no serious tastes, and yet being born to a little "position." The Princess remarked that she was so glad Hyacinth had no position, and had been forced to do something in life but amuse himself; that was the way she liked her friends now. She had said to Sholto again and again, "There are plenty of others who will be much more pleased; why not go to *them*? It's such a waste of time:" and she was sure he had taken her advice, and was by no means, as regards herself, the absorbed, annihilated creature he endeavored to appear. He had told her once that he tried to take an interest in other women — though indeed he had added that it was of no use. Of what use did he expect anything he could possibly do to be? Hyacinth did not tell the Princess that he had reason to believe the captain's effort in this direction had not been absolutely vain; but he made that reflec-

tion, privately, with increased confidence. He recognized a further truth even when his companion said, at the end, that, with all she had touched upon, he was a queer combination. Trifler as he was, there was something sinister in him, too; and she confessed she had had a vague feeling, at times, that some day he might do her a hurt. Hyacinth, at this, stopped short, on the threshold of the drawing-room, and asked in a low voice, "Are you afraid of him?"

The Princess looked at him a moment; then smiling, "*Dio mio*, how you say that! Should you like to kill him for me?"

"I shall have to kill some one, you know. Why not him, while I'm about it, if he troubles you?"

"Ah, my friend, if you should begin to kill every one who had troubled me!" the Princess murmured, as they went into the room.

XXVII.

Hyacinth knew there was something out of the way, as soon as he saw Lady Aurora's face look forth at him, in answer to his tap, while she held the door ajar. What was she doing in Pinnie's bedroom? — a very poor place, into which the dressmaker, with her reverence, would never have admitted a person of that quality, unless things were pretty bad. She was solemn, too; she did not laugh, as usual; she had removed her large hat, with its limp, old-fashioned veil, and she raised her finger to her lips. Hyacinth's first alarm had been immediately after he let himself into the house, with his latch-key, as he always did, and found the little room on the right of the passage, in which Pinnie had lived ever since he remembered, fireless and untenanted. As soon as he had paid the cabman, who put down his portmanteau for him in the hall (he was not used to paying cabmen, and was conscious he gave him too much, but

was too impatient, in his sudden anxiety, to care), he hurried up the vile staircase, which seemed viler, even through his preoccupation, than ever, and gave the knock, accompanied by a call the least bit tremulous, immediately answered by Lady Aurora. She drew back into the room a moment, while he stared, in his dismay; then she emerged again, closing the door behind her — all with the air of enjoining him to be terribly quiet. He felt, suddenly, so sick at the idea of having lingered at Medley, while there was distress at the wretched little house to which he owed so much, that he scarcely found strength for an articulate question, and obeyed, mechanically, the mute, urgent gesture by which Lady Aurora appealed to him to go down-stairs with her. It was only when they stood together in the deserted parlor (it was as if he perceived for the first time what an inelegant odor prevailed there) that he asked, "Is she dying — is she dead?" That was the least the strained sadness looking out from the face of the noble visitor appeared to announce.

"Dear Mr. Robinson, I'm so sorry for you. I wanted to write, but I promised her I would n't. She is very ill — we are very anxious. It began ten days ago, and I suppose I *must* tell you how much she has gone down." Lady Aurora spoke with more than all her usual embarrassments and precautions, eagerly, yet as if it cost her much pain: pausing a little after everything she said, to see how he would take it; then going on, with a little propitiatory rush. He learned presently what was the matter, what doctor she had sent for, and that if he would wait a little before going into the room it would be so much better; the invalid having sunk, within half an hour, into a doze of a less agitated kind than she had had for some time, from which it would be an immense pity to run the risk of waking her. The doctor gave her the right things, as it seemed to her

ladyship, but he admitted that she had very little power of resistance. He was of course not a very large practitioner, Mr. Buffery, from round the corner, but he seemed really clever; and she herself had taken the liberty (as she confessed to this she threw off one of her odd laughs, and her color rose) of sending an elderly, respectable person — a kind of nurse. She was out just then; she had to go, for an hour, for the air — "only when I come, of course," said Lady Aurora. Dear Miss Pynsent had had a cold hanging about her, and had not taken care of it. Hyacinth would know how plucky she was about that sort of thing; she took so little interest in herself. "Of course a cold is a cold, whoever has it; is n't it?" said Lady Aurora. Ten days before, she had taken an additional chill through falling asleep in her chair, in the evening, down there, and letting the fire go out. "It would have been nothing if she had been like you or me, you know," her ladyship went on; "but just as she was then, it made the difference. The day was horribly damp, and it had struck into the lungs, and inflammation had set in. Mr. Buffery says she was impoverished, just rather low and languid, you know." The next morning she had bad pains and a good deal of fever, yet she had got up. Poor Pinnie's gracious ministrant did not make clear to Hyacinth what time had elapsed before she came to her relief, nor by what means she had been notified, and he saw that she slurred this over from the admirable motive of wishing him not to feel that the little dressmaker had suffered by his absence or called for him in vain. This, apparently, had indeed not been the case, if Pinnie had opposed, successfully, his being written to. Lady Aurora only said, "I came in very soon, it was such a delightful chance. Since then she has had everything; only it's sad to see a person *need* so little. She did want you to stay; she has clung to that idea. I

speak the simple truth, Mr. Robinson," the excellent spinster went on.

"I don't know what to say to you — you are so extraordinarily good, so angelic," Hyacinth replied, bewildered and made weak by a strange, unexpected shame. The episode he had just traversed, the splendor he had been living in and drinking so deep of, the unnatural alliance to which he had given himself up, while his wretched little foster-mother struggled alone with her death stroke (he could see it was that; the presentiment of it, the last stiff horror, was in all the place) — the contrast seemed to cut him like a knife, and to make the horrible accident of his absence a perversity of his own. "I can never blame you, when you are so kind, but I wish to God I had known!" he broke out.

Lady Aurora clasped her hands, begging him to judge her fairly. "Of course it was a great responsibility for us, but we thought it right to consider what she urged upon us. She went back to it constantly, that your visit should *not* be cut short. When you should come of yourself, it would be time enough. I don't know exactly where you have been, but she said it was such a pleasant house. She kept repeating that it would do you so much good."

Hyacinth felt his eyes filling with tears. "She's dying — she's dying! How can she live when she's like that?"

He sank upon the old yellow sofa, the sofa of his lifetime and of so many years before, and buried his head on the shabby, tattered arm. A succession of sobs broke from his lips — sobs in which the accumulated emotion of months and the strange, acute conflict of feelings that had possessed him for the three weeks just past found relief and a kind of solution. Lady Aurora sat down beside him, and laid her finger-tips gently on his hand. So, for a minute, while his tears flowed and she said nothing, he felt her timid, consoling touch. At the end of the minute he raised his head;

it came back to him that she had said "we" just before, and he asked her whom she meant.

"Oh, Mr. Vetch, don't you know? I have made his acquaintance; it's impossible to be more kind." Then, while, for an instant, Hyacinth was silent, winning, pricked with the thought that Pinnie had been beholden to the fiddler while *he* was masquerading in high life, Lady Aurora added, "He's a charming musician. She asked him once, at first, to bring his violin; she thought it would soothe her."

"I'm much obliged to him, but now that I'm here we need n't trouble him," said Hyacinth.

Apparently there was a certain dryness in his tone, which was the cause of her ladyship's venturing to reply, after an hesitation, "Do let him come, Mr. Robinson; let him be near you! I wonder whether you know that — that he has a great affection for you."

"The more fool he; I have always treated him like a brute!" Hyacinth exclaimed, coloring.

The way Lady Aurora spoke proved to him, later, that she now definitely did know his secret, or one of them, rather; for at the rate things had been going for the last few months he was regularly making a collection. She knew the smaller — not, of course, the greater; she had, decidedly, been illuminated by Pinnie's divagations. At the moment he made that reflection, however, he was almost startled to perceive how completely he had ceased to resent such betrayals, and how little it suddenly seemed to signify that the innocent source of them was about to be quenched. The sense of his larger secret swallowed up that particular anxiety, making him ask himself what it mattered, for the time that was left to him. that people should whisper to each other his little mystery. The day came quickly when he believed, and yet did n't care, that it had been universally imparted.

After Lady Aurora left him, promising she would call him the first moment it should seem prudent, he walked up and down the little cold, stale parlor, immersed in his meditations. The shock of the danger of losing Pinnie had already passed away; he had achieved so much, of late, in the line of accepting the idea of death that the little dress-maker, in taking her departure, seemed already to benefit by this curious discipline. What was most vivid to him, in the deserted scene of Pinnie's unsuccessful labor, was the changed vision with which he had come back to objects familiar for twenty years. The picture was the same, and all its horrid elements, wearing a kind of greasy gloss in the impure air of Lomax Place; it made, through the mean window-panes, a dismal *chiar-oscuro* — showed, in their polished misery, the friction of his own little life; but the eyes with which he looked at it had new terms of comparison. He had known the place was hideous and sordid, but its aspect to-day was pitiful to the verge of the sickening; he could not believe that for years together he had accepted, and even, a little, revered it. He was frightened at the sort of service that his experience of grandeur had rendered him. It was all very well to have assimilated that element with a rapidity which had surprises even for himself; but with sensibilities now so improved, what fresh arrangement could one come to with the very humble, which was in its nature uncompromising? Though the spring was far advanced, the day was a dark drizzle, and the room had the clamminess of a finished use, an ooze of dampness from the muddy street, where the areas were a narrow slit. No wonder Pinnie had felt it at last, and her small, underfed organism had grown numb and ceased to act. At the thought of her limited, stunted life, the patient, humdrum effort of her needle and scissors, which had ended only in a show-room where there

was nothing to show, and a pensive reference to the cut of sleeves no longer worn, the tears again rose to his eyes; but he brushed them aside when he heard a cautious tinkle at the house-door, which was presently opened by the little besmirched slavey retained for the service of the solitary lodger — a domestic easily bewildered, who had a squint, and distressed Hyacinth by wearing shoes that did not match, though they were of an equal antiquity and resembled each other in the facility with which they dropped off. Hyacinth had not heard Mr. Vetch's voice in the hall, apparently because he spoke in a whisper; but the young man was not surprised when, taking every precaution not to make the door creak, he came into the parlor. The fiddler said nothing to him at first; the two men only looked at each other for a long minute. Hyacinth saw what he most wanted to know — whether *he* knew the worst about Pinnie; but what was further in his eyes (they had an expression considerably different from any he had hitherto seen in them) defined itself to our hero only little by little.

"Don't you think you might have written me a word?" said Hyacinth, at last. His anger at having been left in ignorance had quitted him, but he thought the question fair. None the less, he expected a sarcastic answer, and was surprised at the mild reasonableness with which Mr. Vetch replied —

"I assure you, no responsibility, in the course of my life, ever did more to distress me. There were obvious reasons for calling you back, and yet I could not help wishing you might finish your visit. I balanced one thing against the other; it was very difficult."

"I can imagine nothing more simple. When people's nearest and dearest are dying, they are usually sent for."

The fiddler gave a strange, argumentative smile. If Lomax Place and Miss Pynsent's select lodging-house wore a

new face of vulgarity to Hyacinth, it may be imagined whether the scrubby seediness which had come over Mr. Vetch in his old age was unlikely to lend itself to comparison. The glossy butler at Medley had had a hundred more of the signs of success in life. "My dear boy, this case was exceptional," said the old man. "Your visit had a character of importance."

"I don't know what you know about it. I don't remember that I told you anything."

"No, certainly, you have never told me much. But if, as is probable, you have seen that kind lady who is now up-stairs, you will have learned that Pinnie made a tremendous point of your not being disturbed. She threatened us with her displeasure if we should hurry you back. You know what Pinnie's displeasure is." As, at this, Hyacinth turned away with a gesture of irritation, Mr. Vetch went on, "No doubt she is absurdly fanciful, poor, dear thing; but don't, now, cast any disrespect upon it. I assure you, if she had been here alone, suffering, sinking, without a creature to tend her, and nothing before her but to die in a corner, like a starved cat, she would still have faced that fate rather than cut short by a single hour your experience of novel scenes."

Hyacinth was silent for a moment. "Of course I know what you mean. But she spun her delusion — she always did, all of them — out of nothing. I can't imagine what she knows about my 'experience' of any kind of scenes. I told her, when I went out of town, very little more than I told you."

"What she guessed, what she gathered, has been, at any rate, enough. She has made up her mind that you have formed a relation by means of which you will come, somehow or other, into your own. She has done nothing but talk about your grand kindred. To her mind, you know, it's all one, the aristocracy, and nothing is simpler than

that the person — very exalted, as she believes — with whom you have been to stay should undertake your business with her friends."

"Oh, well," said Hyacinth, "I'm very glad not to have deprived you of that entertainment."

"I assure you the spectacle was exquisite." Then the fiddler added, "My dear fellow, please leave her the idea."

"Leave it? I'll do much more!" Hyacinth exclaimed. "I'll tell her my great relations have adopted me, and that I have come back Lord Robinson."

"She will need nothing more to die happy," Mr. Vetch remarked.

Five minutes later, after Hyacinth had obtained from his old friend a confirmation of Lady Aurora's account of Miss Pynsent's condition, Mr. Vetch explaining that he came over, like that, to see how she was half a dozen times a day — five minutes later a silence had descended upon the pair, while Hyacinth waited for some sign from Lady Aurora that he might come up-stairs. The fiddler, who had lighted a pipe, looked out of the window, studying intently the physiognomy of Lomax Place; and Hyacinth, making his tread discreet, walked about the room with his hands in his pockets. At last Mr. Vetch observed, without taking his pipe out of his lips, or looking round, "I think you might be a little more frank with me at this time of day, and at such a crisis."

Hyacinth stopped in his walk, wondering for a moment, sincerely, what his companion meant, for he had no consciousness, at present, of an effort to conceal anything he could possibly tell (there were some things, of course, he could n't); on the contrary, his life seemed to him particularly open to the public view, and exposed to invidious comment. It was at this moment he first observed a certain difference; there was a tone in Mr. Vetch's voice that he had never perceived before — an absence of that note which had made him

say, in other days, that the impenetrable old man was diverting himself at his expense. It was as if his attitude had changed, become more explicitly considerate, in consequence of some alteration or promotion on Hyacinth's part, his having grown older, or more important, or even, simply, more surpassingly curious. If the first impression made upon him by Pinnie's old neighbor, as to whose place in the list of the sacrificial (his being a gentleman or one of the sovereign people) he formerly was so perplexed; if the sentiment excited by Mr. Vetch in a mind familiar now for nearly a month with forms of indubitable gentility was not favorable to the idea of fraternization, this secret impatience on Hyacinth's part was speedily corrected by one of the sudden reactions or quick conversions of which the young man was so often the victim. In the light of the fiddler's appeal, which evidently meant more than it said; his musty antiquity; his typical look of having had, for years, a small, definite use, and taken all the creases and dents of it; his visible expression, even, of ultimate parsimony, and of having ceased to care for his appearance because he cared more for something else — these things became so many reasons for turning round, going over to him, touching signs of an invincible fidelity, the humble, continuous, single-minded practice of daily duties and an art after all very charming; pursued, moreover, while persons of the species our restored prodigal had lately been consorting with fidgeted from one selfish sensation to another, and could not even live in the same place for three months together.

"What should you like me to do, to say, to tell you? Do you want to know what I have been doing in the country? I should have first to know, myself," Hyacinth said.

"Have you enjoyed it very much?"

"Yes, certainly, very much — not knowing anything about Pinnie. I have

been in a beautiful house, with a beautiful woman."

Mr. Vetch had turned round; he looked very solemn, through the smoke of his pipe.

"Is she really a princess?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'really.' I suppose all titles are great rot. But every one seems agreed to call her so."

"You know I have always liked to enter into your life; and to-day the wish is stronger than ever," the old man remarked, presently, fixing his eyes very steadily on Hyacinth's.

The latter returned his gaze for a moment; then he asked, "What makes you say that just now?"

The fiddler appeared to deliberate upon his answer, and at last he replied, "Because you are in danger of losing the best friend you have ever had."

"Be sure I feel it. But if I have got you" — Hyacinth added.

"Oh, me! I'm very old, and very tired of life."

"Yes, I suppose that that's what one arrives at. Well, if I can help you in any way, you must lean on me, you must make use of me."

"That's precisely what I was going to say to you," said Mr. Vetch. "Should you like any money?"

"Of course I should! But why should you offer it to me?"

"Because in saving it up, little by little, I have had you in mind."

"Dear Mr. Vetch," said Hyacinth, "you have me too much in mind. I'm not worth it, please believe that; for all sorts of reasons. I should make money enough for any uses I have for it, or have any right to have, if I stayed quietly in London and attended to my work. As you know, I can earn a decent living."

"Yes, I can see that. But if you stayed quietly in London, what would become of your princess?"

"Oh, they can always manage, ladies in that position."

"Hanged if I understand her position!" cried Mr. Vetch, but without laughing. "You have been for three weeks without work, and yet you look uncommonly smart."

"You see, my living has cost me nothing. When you stay with great people you don't pay your score," Hyacinth explained, with great gentleness. "Moreover, the lady whose hospitality I have been enjoying has made me a very handsome offer of work."

"What kind of work?"

"The only kind I know. She is going to send me a lot of books, to do up for her."

"And to pay you fancy prices?"

"Oh, no; I am to fix the prices myself."

"Are not transactions of that kind rather disagreeable, with a lady whose hospitality one has been enjoying?" Mr. Vetch inquired.

"Exceedingly! That is exactly why I shall do the books, and then take no money."

"Your princess is rather clever!" the fiddler exclaimed, in a moment, smiling.

"Well, she can't force me to take it, if I won't," said Hyacinth.

"No; you must only let *me* do that."

"You have curious ideas about me," the young man observed.

Mr. Vetch turned about to the window again, remarking that he had curious ideas about everything. Then he added, after an interval —

"And have you been making love to your great lady?"

He had expected a flush of impatience in reply to this inquiry, and was rather surprised at the manner in which Hyacinth answered: "How shall I explain? It is not a question of that sort."

"Has she been making love to you, then?"

"If you should ever see her, you

would understand how absurd that supposition is."

"How shall I ever see her?" returned Mr. Vetch. "In the absence of that privilege, I think there is something in my idea."

"She looks quite over my head," said Hyacinth, simply. "It's by no means impossible you may see her. She wants to know my friends, to know the people who live in the Place. And she would take a particular interest in you, on account of your opinions."

"Ah, I have no opinions now, none any more!" the old man declared, sadly. "I only had them to frighten Pinnie."

"She was easily frightened," said Hyacinth.

"Yes, and easily reassured. Well, I like to know about your life," his neighbor sighed, irrelevantly. "But take care the great lady does n't lead you too far."

"How do you mean, too far?"

"Isn't she a conspirator, a revolutionist? Doesn't she go in for a general rectification, as Eustace calls it?"

Hyacinth was silent a moment. "You should see the place — you should see what she wears, what she eats and drinks."

"Ah, you mean that she's inconsistent with her theories? My dear boy, she would be a droll woman if she were not. At any rate, I'm glad of it."

"Glad of it?" Hyacinth repeated.

"For you, I mean, when you stay with her; it's more luxurious!" Mr. Vetch exclaimed, turning round and smiling. At this moment a little rap on the floor above, given by Lady Aurora, announced that Hyacinth might at last come up and see Pinnie. Mr. Vetch listened and recognized it, and it led him to say, with considerable force, "There's a woman whose theories and conduct do square!"

Hyacinth, on the threshold, leaving the room, stopped long enough to re-

ply, "Well, when the day comes for my friend to give up — you'll see."

"Yes, I have no doubt there are things she will bring herself to sacrifice," the old man remarked; but Hyacinth was already out of hearing.

XXVIII.

Mr. Vetch waited below till Lady Aurora should come down and give him the news he was in suspense for. His mind was pretty well made up about Pinnie. It had seemed to him, the night before, that death was written in her face, and he judged it on the whole a very good moment for her to lay down her earthly burden. He had reasons for believing that the future could not be sweet to her. As regards Hyacinth, his mind was far from being at ease; for though he was aware, in a general way, that he had taken up with strange company, and though he had flattered himself, of old, that he should be pleased to see the boy act out his life and solve the problem of his queer inheritance, he was worried by the absence of full knowledge. He put out his pipe, in anticipation of Lady Aurora's reappearance, and without this consoler he was more accessible still to certain fears that had come to him in consequence of a recent talk, or rather an attempt at a talk, with Eustache Poupin. It was through the Frenchman that he had gathered the little he knew about the occasion of Hyacinth's unprecedented excursion. His ideas on the subject had been very inferential; for Hyacinth had made a mystery of his absence to Pinnie, merely letting her know that there was a lady in the case, and that the best luggage he could muster and the best way his shirts could be done up would still not be good enough. Poupin had seen Godfrey Sholto at the Sun and Moon, and it had come to him, through Hyacinth, that there was a remarkable feminine

influence in the captain's life, and mixed up in some way with his presence in Bloomsbury — an influence, moreover, by which Hyacinth himself, for good or for evil, was in peril of being touched. Sholto was the young man's visible link with a society for which Lisson Grove could have no importance in the scheme of the universe, but as a short cut (too disagreeable to be frequently used) out of Bayswater; therefore, if Hyacinth left town with a new hat and a pair of kid gloves, it must have been to move in the direction of that superior circle, and in some degree, at least, at the solicitation of the before-mentioned feminine influence. So much as this the Frenchman suggested, explicitly enough, as his manner was, to the old fiddler; but his talk had a flavor of other references which excited Mr. Vetch's curiosity much more than they satisfied it. They were obscure; they evidently were painful to the speaker; they were confused and embarrassed, and totally wanting in the luminosity which usually characterized the lightest allusions of M. Poupin. It was the fiddler's fancy that his friend had something on his mind which he was not at liberty to impart, and that it related to Hyacinth, and might, for those who took an interest in the singular lad, constitute a considerable anxiety. Mr. Vetch, on his own part, nursed this anxiety into a tolerably definite shape: he persuaded himself that the Frenchman had been leading the boy too far in the line of social criticism, had given him a push on some crooked path where a fall would be a likely incident. When, on a subsequent occasion, with Poupin, he indulged in a hint of this suspicion, the bookbinder flushed a good deal, and declared that his conscience was pure. It was one of his peculiarities that when his color rose he looked angry, and Mr. Vetch held that his displeasure was a proof that, in spite of his repudiations, he had been unwise; though before they parted Eustache gave this

sign of softness, that he shed tears of emotion, of which the reason was not clear to the fiddler, and which appeared, in a general way, to be dedicated to Hyacinth. The interview had taken place in Lisson Grove, where Madame Poupin, however, had not shown herself.

Altogether the old man was a prey to suppositions, which led him to feel how much he himself had outlived the democratic glow of his prime. He had ended by accepting everything (though, indeed, he could n't swallow the idea that a trick should be played upon Hyacinth), and even by taking an interest in current politics, as to which, of old, he had held the opinion (the same that the Poupins held to-day) that they had been invented on purpose to throw dust in the eyes of disinterested reformers, and to circumvent the social solution. He had given up that problem some time ago; there was no way to clear it up that did n't seem to make a bigger mess than the actual muddle of human affairs, which, by the time one had reached sixty-five, had mostly ceased to exasperate. Mr. Vetch could still feel a certain sharpness on the subject of the prayer-book and the bishops; and if at moments he was a little ashamed of having accepted this world, he could reflect that at all events he continued to repudiate the other. The idea of great changes, however, took its place among the dreams of his youth; for what was any possible change in the relations of men and women but a new combination of the same elements? If the elements could be made different the thing would be worth thinking of; but it was not only impossible to introduce any new ones — no means had yet been discovered for getting rid of the old. The figures on the chessboard were still the passions and jealousies and superstitions and stupidities of man, and their position with regard to each other, at any given moment, could be of interest only to the grim,

invisible fates that played the game — that sat, through the ages, bow-backed over the table. This laxity had come upon the old man with the increase of his measurement round the waist, of the little heap of half-crowns and half-sovereigns that had accumulated in a tin box with a very stiff padlock, which he kept under his bed, and of the interwoven threads of sentiment and custom that united him to the dressmaker and her foster-son. If he was no longer pressing about the demands he felt he should have a right to make of society, as he had been in the days when his conversation scandalized Pinnie, so he was now not pressing for Hyacinth, either; reflecting that though, indeed, the constituted powers might have to "count" with him, it would be in better taste for him not to be importunate about a settlement. What he had come to fear for him was that he should be precipitated by crude force, with results in which the deplorable might not exclude the ridiculous. It may even be said that Mr. Vetch had a secret project of settling a little on his behalf.

Lady Aurora peeped into the room, very noiselessly, nearly half an hour after Hyacinth had left it, and let the fiddler know that she was called to other duties, but that the nurse had come back, and the doctor had promised to look in at five o'clock. She herself would return in the evening, and, meanwhile, Hyacinth was with his aunt, who had recognized him, without a protest; indeed, seemed intensely happy that he should be near her again, and lay there with closed eyes, very weak and speechless, with his hand in hers. Her restlessness had passed and her fever abated, but she had no pulse to speak of, and Lady Aurora did not disguise the fact that, in her opinion, she was rapidly sinking. Mr. Vetch had already accepted it, and after her ladyship had quitted him he lighted another philosophic pipe upon it, lingering on, till the doctor

came, in the dressmaker's dismal, forsaken bower, where, in past years, he had indulged in so many sociable droppings-in and in hot tumbler. The echo of all her little simple surprises and pointless contradictions, her gasping reception of contemplative paradox, seemed still to float in the air; but the place felt as relinquished and bereaved as if she were already beneath the sod. Pinnie had always been a wonderful hand at "putting away;" the litter that testified to her most elaborate efforts was often immense, but the reaction in favor of an unspeckled carpet was greater still; and on the present occasion, before taking to her bed, she had found strength to sweep and set in order as daintily as if she had been sure that the room would never again know her care. Even to the old fiddler, who had not Hyacinth's sensibility to the *mise-en-scène* of life, it had the cold propriety of a place arranged for an interment. After the doctor had seen Pinnie, that afternoon, there was no doubt left as to its soon being the scene of dismal preliminaries.

Miss Pynsent, however, resisted her malady for nearly a fortnight more, during which Hyacinth was constantly in her room. He never went back to Mr. Crookenden's, with whose establishment, through violent causes, his relations seemed indefinitely suspended; and in fact, for the rest of the time that Pinnie demanded his care, he absented himself but twice from Lomax Place for more than a few minutes. On one of these occasions he traveled over to Audley Court and spent an hour there; on the other he met Millicent Henning, by appointment, and took a walk with her on the embankment. He tried to find a moment to go and thank Madame Poupin for a sympathetic offering, many times repeated, of *tisane*, concocted after a receipt thought supreme by the couple in Lisson Grove (though little appreciated in the neighborhood generally); but he was obliged to acknowledge her

kindness only by a respectful letter, which he composed with some trouble, though much elation, in the French tongue, peculiarly favorable, as he believed, to little courtesies of this kind. Lady Aurora came again and again to the darkened house, where she diffused her beneficent influence in nightly watches; in the most modern sanative suggestions; in conversations with Hyacinth, directed with more ingenuity than her fluttered embarrassments might have led one to attribute to her, to the purpose of diverting his mind; and in tea-makings (there was a great deal of this liquid consumed on the premises during Pinnie's illness), after a system more enlightened than the usual fashion of Pentonville. She was the bearer of several messages and of a good deal of medical advice from Rose Muniment, whose interest in the dressmaker's case irritated Hyacinth by its cheerfulness, which even at second-hand was still obtrusive; she appeared very nearly as resigned to the troubles of others as she was to her own.

Hyacinth had been seized, the day after his return from Medley, with a sharp desire to do something enterprising and superior on Pinnie's behalf. He felt the pressure of a sort of angry sense that she was dying of her poor career, of her uneffaced remorse for the trick she had played him in his boyhood (as if he had not long ago, and indeed at the time, forgiven it, judging it to have been the highest wisdom!), of something basely helpless in the attitude of her little circle. He wanted to do something which should prove to himself that he had got the best opinion about the invalid that it was possible to have: so he insisted that Mr. Buffery should consult with a West End doctor, if the West End doctor would consent to meet Mr. Buffery. A physician capable of this condescension was discovered through Lady Aurora's agency (she had not brought him of her own movement, be-

cause, on the one hand, she hesitated to impose on the little household in Lomax Place the expense of such a visit; and on the other, with all her narrow personal economies for the sake of her charities, had not the means to meet it herself; and in prevision of the great man's fee Hyacinth applied to Mr. Vetch, as he had applied before, for a loan. The great man came, and was wonderfully civil to Mr. Buffery, whose conduct of the case he pronounced judicious; he remained several minutes in the house, while he gazed at Hyacinth over his spectacles (he seemed rather more occupied with him than with the patient), and almost the whole of the Place turned out to stare at his chariot. After all, he consented to accept no fee. He put the question aside with a gesture full of urbanity — a course disappointing and displeasing to Hyacinth, who felt in a manner cheated of the full effect of the fine thing he had wished to do for Pinnie; though when he said as much (or something like it) to Mr. Vetch, the caustic fiddler greeted the observation with a face of amusement which, considering the situation, verged upon the unseemly.

Hyacinth, at any rate, had done the best he could, and the fashionable doctor had left directions which foreshadowed relations with an expensive chemist in Bond Street — a prospect by which our young man was to some extent consoled. Poor Pinnie's decline, however, was not arrested, and one evening, more than a week after his return from Medley, as he sat with her alone, it seemed to Hyacinth that her spirit must already have passed away. The nurse had gone down to her supper, and a perceptible odor, on the staircase, of fizzling bacon indicated that a more cheerful state of things prevailed in the lower regions. Hyacinth could not make out whether Miss Pynsent were asleep or awake; he believed she had not lost consciousness, yet for more than

an hour she had given no sign of life. At last she put out her hand, as if she knew he was near her and wished to feel for his, and murmured, "Why did she come? I did n't want to see her." In a moment, as she went on, he perceived to whom she was alluding: her mind had traveled back, through all the years, to the dreadful day (she had described every incident of it to him) when Mrs. Bowerbank had invaded her quiet life and startled her sensitive conscience with a message from the prison. "She sat there so long — so long. She was very large, and I was frightened. She moaned, and moaned, and cried — too dreadful. I could n't help it — I could n't help it!" Her thought wandered from Mrs. Bowerbank in the decomposed show-room, enthroned on the yellow sofa, to the tragic creature at Milbank, whose accents again, for the hour, lived in her ears; and mixed with this mingled vision was still the haunting sense that she herself might have acted differently. That had been cleared up in the past, so far as Hyacinth's intention was concerned; but what was most alive in Pinnie at the present moment was the passion of repentance, of still further expiation. It sickened Hyacinth that she should believe these things were still necessary, and he leaned over her and talked tenderly, with words of comfort and reassurance. He told her not to think of that dismal, far-off time, which had ceased, long ago, to have any consequences for either of them; to consider only the future, when she should be quite strong again, and he would look after her, and keep her all to himself, and take care of her better, far better, than he had ever done before. He had thought of many things while he sat with Pinnie, watching the shadows made by the night-lamp — high, imposing shadows of objects low and mean — and among them he had followed, with an imagination that went further in that direction than ever be-

fore, the probable consequences of his not having been adopted in his babyhood by the dressmaker. The workhouse and the gutter, ignorance and cold, filth and tatters, nights of huddling under bridges and in doorways, vermin, starvation and blows, possibly even the vigorous efflorescence of an inherited disposition to crime — these things, which he saw with unprecedented vividness, suggested themselves as his natural portion. Intimacies with a princess, visits to fine old country-houses, intelligent consideration, even, of the best means of inflicting a scare on the classes of privilege, would in that case not have been within his compass; and that Pinnie should have rescued him from such a destiny and put these luxuries within his reach was an amelioration which really amounted to success, if he could only have the magnanimity to regard it so.

Her eyes were open and fixed on him, but the sharp ray the little dressmaker used to direct into Lomax Place as she plied her needle at the window had completely left them. "Not there — what should I do there?" she inquired, very softly. "Not with the great — the great" — and her voice failed.

"The great what? What do you mean?"

"You know — you know," she went on, making another effort. "Have n't you been with them? Have n't they received you?"

"Ah, they won't separate us, Pinnie; they won't come between us as much as that," said Hyacinth, kneeling by her bed.

"You must be separate — that makes me happier. I knew they would find you at last."

"Poor Pinnie, poor Pinnie," murmured the young man.

"It was only for that — now I'm going," she went on.

"If you'll stay with me, you need n't fear," said Hyacinth, smiling at her.

"Oh, what would *they* think?" asked the dressmaker.

"I like you best," said Hyacinth.

"You have had me always. Now it's their turn; they have waited."

"Yes, indeed, they have waited!" Hyacinth exclaimed.

"But they will make it up; they will make up everything!" the invalid panted. Then she added, "I couldn't — could n't help it!" — which was the last flicker of her strength. She gave no further sign of consciousness, and three days later she ceased to breathe. Hyacinth was with her, and Lady Aurora, but neither of them could recognize the moment.

Hyacinth and Mr. Vetch carried her bier, with the help of Eustache Poupin and Paul Muniment. Lady Aurora was at the funeral, and Madame Poupin as well, and twenty neighbors from Lomax Place; but the most distinguished person (in appearance, at least) in the group of mourners was Millicent Henning, the grave yet brilliant beauty of whose countenance, the high propriety of whose demeanor, and the fine taste and general style of whose black "costume" excited no little attention. Mr. Vetch had his idea; he had been nursing it ever since Hyacinth's return from Medley, and three days after Pinnie had been consigned to the earth he broached it to his young friend. The funeral had been on a Friday, and Hyacinth had mentioned to him that he should return to Mr. Crookenden's on the Monday morning. This was Sunday night, and Hyacinth had been out for a walk, neither with Millicent Henning nor with Paul Muniment, but alone, after the manner of old days. When he came in he found the fiddler waiting for him, and burning a tallow candle, in the blighted show-room. He had three or four little papers in his hand, which exhibited some jottings of his pencil, and Hyacinth guessed, what was the truth, but not all the truth, that he had come to speak

to him about business. Pinnie had left a little will, of which she had appointed her old friend executor; this fact had already become known to our hero, who thought such an arrangement highly natural. Mr. Vetch informed him of the purport of this simple and judicious document, and mentioned that he had been looking into the dressmaker's "affairs." They consisted, poor Pinnie's affairs, of the furniture of the house in Lomax Place, of the obligation to pay the remainder of a quarter's rent, and of a sum of money in the savings-bank. Hyacinth was surprised to learn that Pinnie's economies had produced fruit at this late day (things had gone so ill with her in recent years, and there had been often such a want of money in the house), until Mr. Vetch explained to him, with genial frankness, that he himself had watched over the little hoard, accumulated during the period of her comparative prosperity, with the stiff determination that it should be sacrificed only in case of desperate necessity. Work had become scarce with Pinnie, but she could still do it when it came, and the money was to be kept for the very possible period when she should be helpless. Mercifully enough, she had not lived to see that day, and the sum in the bank had survived her, though diminished by more than half. She had left no debts but the matter of the house and those incurred during her illness. Of course the fiddler had known—he hastened to give his young friend this assurance—that Pinnie, had she become infirm, would have been able to count absolutely upon *him* for the equivalent, in her old age, of the protection she had given him in his youth. But what if an accident had overtaken Hyacinth? What if he had incurred some nasty penalty for his revolutionary dabbings, which, little dangerous as they might be to society, were quite capable, in a country where authority, though good-natured, liked occasionally to make

an example, to put him on the wrong side of a prison-wall? At any rate, for better or worse, by pinching and scraping, she had saved a little, and of that little, after everything was paid off, a fraction would still be left. Everything was bequeathed to Hyacinth—everything but a couple of plated candlesticks and the old *chiffonier*, which had been so handsome in its day; these Pinnie begged Mr. Vetch to accept in recognition of services beyond all price. The furniture, everything he didn't want for his own use, Hyacinth could sell in a lump, and with the proceeds he could wipe out old scores. The sum of money would remain to him; it amounted, in its reduced condition, to about thirty-seven pounds. In mentioning this figure Mr. Vetch appeared to imply that Hyacinth would be master of a very pretty little fortune. Even to the young man himself, in spite of his recent initiations, it seemed far from contemptible; it represented sudden possibilities of still not returning to old Crookenden's. It represented them, that is, till, presently, he remembered the various advances made him by the fiddler, and reflected that by the time these had been repaid there would hardly be twenty pounds left. That, however, was a far larger sum than he had ever had in his pocket at once. He thanked the old man for his information, and remarked—and there was no hypocrisy in the speech—that he was very sorry Pinnie had not given herself the benefit of the whole of the little fund in her lifetime. To this her executor replied that it had yielded her an interest far beyond any other investment; for he was persuaded she believed she should never live to enjoy it, and this faith was rich in pictures, visions of the effect such a windfall would produce in Hyacinth's career.

"What effect did she mean—do you mean?" Hyacinth inquired. As soon as he had spoken he felt that he knew what the old man would say (it would

be a reference to Pinnie's belief in his reunion with his "relations," and the facilities that thirty-seven pounds would afford him for cutting a figure among them); and for a moment Mr. Vetch looked at him as if exactly that response were on his lips. At the end of the moment, however, he replied, quite differently, —

"She hoped you would go abroad and see the world." The fiddler watched his young friend; then he added, "She had a particular wish that you should go to Paris."

Hyacinth had turned pale at this suggestion, and for a moment he said nothing. "Ah, Paris!" he murmured at last.

"She would have liked you even to take a little run down to Italy."

"Doubtless that would be pleasant. But there is a limit to what one can do with twenty pounds."

"How do you mean, with twenty pounds?" the old man asked, lifting his eyebrows, while the wrinkles in his forehead made deep shadows in the candle-light.

"That's about what will remain, after I have settled my account with you."

"How do you mean, your account

with me? I shall not take any of your money."

Hyacinth's eyes wandered over his interlocutor's elderly rustiness. "I don't want to be ungracious, but suppose *you* should lose your powers."

"My dear boy, I shall have one of the resources that was open to Pinnie. I shall look to you to be the support of my old age."

"You may do so with perfect safety, except for that danger you just mentioned of my being imprisoned or hanged."

"It's precisely because I think it will be less if you go abroad that I urge you to take this chance. You'll see the world, and you'll like it better. You will think society, even as it is, has some good points," said Mr. Vetch.

"I have never liked it better than the last few months."

"Ah well, wait till you see Paris!"

"Oh, Paris — Paris," Hyacinth repeated, vaguely, staring into the turbid flame of the candle, as if he made out the most brilliant scenes there; an attitude, accent, and expression which the fiddler interpreted both as the vibration of a latent hereditary chord and a symptom of the acute sense of opportunity.

Henry James.

BEFORE SUNRISE IN WINTER.

A PURPLE cloud hangs half-way down;
Sky, yellow gold below;
The naked trees, beyond the town,
Like masts against it show —

Bare masts and spars of our earth-ship,
With shining snow-sails furled;
And through the sea of space we slip,
That flows all round the world.

Andrew Hedbrook.

CHILDREN, PAST AND PRESENT.

As a result of the modern tendency to desert the broad beaten roads of history for the bridle-paths of biography and memoir, we find a great many side lights thrown upon matters that the historian was wont to treat as altogether beneath his consideration. It is by their help that we study the minute changes of social life that little by little alter the whole aspect of a people, and it is by their help that we look straight into the ordinary every-day workings of the past, and measure the space between its existence and our own. When we read, for instance, of Lady Cathcart being kept a close prisoner by her husband for over twenty years, we look with some complacency on the roving wives of the nineteenth century. When we reflect on the dismal fate of Uriel Freudenberger, condemned by the Canton of Uri to be burnt alive in 1760, for rashly proclaiming his disbelief in the legend of William Tell's apple, we realize the inconveniences attendant on a too early development of the critical faculty. We listen entranced while the learned pastor Dr. Johann Geiler von Keyersperg gravely enlightens his congregation as to the nature and properties of werewolves; and we turn aside to see the half-starved boys at Westminster boiling their own batter-pudding in a stocking foot, or to hear the little John Wesley crying softly while he is being whipped, not being permitted even then the luxury of a hearty bellow.

Perhaps the last incident will strike us as the most pathetic of all, this being essentially the children's age. Women, workmen, and skeptics all have reason enough to be grateful they were not born a few generations earlier; but the children of to-day are favored beyond their knowledge, and certainly far beyond their deserts. Compare the mod-

ern school-boy with any of his ill-fated predecessors, from the days of Spartan discipline down to our grandfathers' time. Turn from the free-and-easy school-girl of the period to the miseries of Mrs. Sherwood's youth, with its steel collars, its backboards, its submissive silence and rigorous decorum. Think of the turbulent and uproarious nurseries we all know, and then go back in spirit to that severe and occult shrine where Mrs. Wesley ruled over her infant brood with a code of disciplinary laws as awful and inviolable as those of the Medes and Persians. Of their supreme efficacy she plainly felt no doubts, for she has left them carefully written down for the benefit of succeeding generations, though we fear that few mothers of to-day would be tempted by their stringent austerity. They are to modern nursery rules what the Blue Laws of Connecticut are to our more languid legislation. Each child was expected and required to commemorate its fifth birthday by learning the entire alphabet by heart. To insure this all-important matter, the whole house was impressively set in order the day before; every one's task was assigned to him; and Mrs. Wesley, issuing strict commands that no one should penetrate into the sanctuary while the solemn ordeal was in process, shut herself up for six hours with the unhappy morsel of a child, and unflinchingly drove the letters into its bewildered brain. On two occasions only was she unsuccessful. "Molly and Nancy," we are told, failed to learn in the given time, and their mother comforts herself for their tardiness by reflecting on the still greater incapacity of other people's bairns.

"When the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents," then, and then only, their rigid judge considers

that some little inadvertences and follies may be safely passed over. Nor would she permit one of them to "be chid or beaten twice for the same fault," — a stately assumption of justice that speaks volumes for the iron-bound code by which they were brought into subjection. Most children nowadays are sufficiently amazed if a tardy vengeance overtake them once, and a second penalty for the same offense is something we should hardly deem it necessary to proscribe. Yet nothing is more evident than that Mrs. Wesley was neither a cruel nor an unloving mother. It is plain that she labored hard for her little flock, and had their welfare and happiness greatly at heart. In after years they with one accord honored and revered her memory. Only it is not altogether surprising that her husband, whose ministerial functions she occasionally usurped, should have thought his wife at times almost too able a ruler, or that her more famous son should stand forth as the great champion of human depravity. He too, some forty years later, promulgated a system of education as unrelaxing in its methods as that of his own childhood. In his model school he forbade all association with outside boys, and would receive no child unless its parents promised not to take it away for even a single day, until removed for good. Yet after shutting up the lads in this hot-bed of propriety, and carefully guarding them from every breath of evil, he ended by expelling part as incorrigible, and ruefully admitting that the remainder were very "uncommonly wicked."

The principle of solitary training for a child, in order to shield it effectually from all outside influences, found other and vastly different advocates. It is the key-note of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's *Practical Education*, a book which must have driven over-careful and scrupulous mothers to the verge of desperation. In it they are solemnly counseled never

to permit their children to walk or talk with servants, never to let them have a nursery or a school-room, never to leave them alone either with each other or with strangers, and never to allow them to read any book of which every sentence has not been previously examined. In the matter of books, it is indeed almost impossible to satisfy such searching critics. Even Mrs. Barbauld's highly correct and righteous little volumes are not quite harmless in their eyes. Evil lurks behind the phrase "Charles wants his dinner," which would seem to imply that Charles must have whatever he desires; while to say flippantly, "The sun has gone to bed," is to incur the awful odium of telling a child a deliberate untruth.

In Miss Edgeworth's own stories the didactic purpose is only veiled by the sprightliness of the narrative and the air of amusing reality she never fails to impart. Who that has ever read them can forget Harry and Lucy making up their own little beds in the morning, and knocking down the unbaked bricks to prove that they were soft; or Rosamond choosing between the famous purple jar and a pair of new boots; or Laura forever drawing the furniture in perspective? In all these little people say and do there is conveyed to the young reader a distinct moral lesson, which we are by no means inclined to reject, when we turn to the other writers of the time and see how much worse off we are. Day, in *Sandford and Merton*, holds up for our edification the dreariest and most insufferable of pedagogues, and advocates a mode of life wholly at variance with the instincts and habits of his age. Miss Sewell, in her *Principles of Education*, sternly warns young girls against the sin of chattering with each other, and forbids mothers' playing with their children as a piece of frivolity which cannot fail to weaken the dignity of their position.

To a great many parents, both in

England and in France, such advice would have been unnecessary. Who, for instance, can imagine Lady Balcarras, with whom it was a word and a blow in quick succession, stooping to any such weakness; or that august mother of Harriet Martineau, against whom her daughter has recorded all the slights and severities of her youth? Not that we think Miss Martineau to have been much worse off than other children of her day; but as she has chosen with signal ill-taste to revenge herself upon her family in her autobiography, we have at least a better opportunity of knowing all about it. "To one person," she writes, "I was indeed habitually untruthful, from fear. To my mother I would in my childhood assert or deny anything that would bring me through most easily," — a confession which, to say the least, reflects as little to her own credit as to her parent's. Had Mrs. Martineau been as stern an upholder of the truth as was Mrs. Wesley, her daughter would have ventured upon very few fabrications in her presence. When she tells us gravely how often she meditated suicide in these early days, we are fain to smile at hearing a fancy so common among morbid and imaginative children narrated soberly in middle life, as though it were a unique and horrible experience. No one endowed by nature with so copious a fund of self-sympathy could ever have stood in need of much pity from the outside world.

But for real and uncompromising severity towards children we must turn to France, where for years the traditions of decorum and discipline were handed down in noble families, and generations of boys and girls suffered grievously therefrom. Trifling faults were magnified into grave delinquencies, and relentlessly punished as such. We sometimes wonder whether the youthful Bertrand du Guesclin were really the wickled little savage that the old chroniclers

delight in painting, or whether his rude truculence was not very much like that of naughty and neglected boys the world over. There is, after all, a pathetic significance in those lines of Cuvelier's which describe in barbarous French the lad's remarkable and unprepossessing ugliness: —

"Il n'ot si lait de Resnes à Disnant,
Camus estoit et noirs, malostru et massant.
Li père et la mère si le héoiant tant,
Que souvent en leurs cuers aloient desirant
Que fust mors, ou noyé en une eauce corant."

Perhaps, if he had been less flat-nosed and swarthy, his better qualities might have shone forth more clearly in early life, and it would not have needed the predictions of a magician or the keen-eyed sympathy of a nun to evolve the future Constable of France out of such apparently hopeless material. At any rate, tradition generally representing him either as languishing in the castle dungeon, or exiled to the society of the domestics, it is plain he bore but slight resemblance to the cherished *enfant terrible* who is his legitimate successor to-day.

Coming down to more modern times, we are met by such monuments of stately severity as Madame Quinet and the Marquise de Montmirail, mother of that fair saint Madame de Rochefoucauld, the trials of whose later years were ushered in by a childhood of unremitting harshness and restraint. The marquise was incapable of any faltering or weakness where discipline was concerned. If carrots were repulsive to her little daughter's stomach, then a day spent in seclusion, with a plate of the obnoxious vegetables before her, was the surest method of proving that carrots were nevertheless to be eaten. When Augustine and her sister kissed their mother's hand each morning, and prepared to con their tasks in her awful presence, they well knew that not the smallest dereliction would be passed over by that inexorable judge. Nor might they as-

pire, like Harriet Martineau, to shield themselves behind the barrier of a lie. When from Augustine's little lips came faltering some childish evasion, the ten-year-old sinner was hurried as an out-cast from her home, and sent to expiate her crime with six months' merciful seclusion in a convent. "You have told me a falsehood, mademoiselle," said the marquise, with frigid accuracy; "and you must prepare to leave my house upon the spot."

Faults of breeding were quite as offensive to this *grande dame* as faults of temper. The fear of her pitiless glance filled her daughters with timidity, and bred in them a *mauvaise honte*, which in its turn aroused her deadliest ire. Only a week before her wedding-day Madame de Rochefoucauld was sent ignominiously to dine at a side table, as a penance for the awkwardness of her curtsy; while even her fast-growing beauty became but a fresh source of misfortune. The dressing of her magnificent hair occupied two long hours every day, and she retained all her life a most distinct and painful recollection of her sufferings at the hands of her *coiffeuse*.

To turn from the Marquise de Montmirail to Madame Quinet is to see the picture intensified. More beautiful, more stately, more unswerving still, her faith in discipline was unbounded, and her practice in no wise inconsistent with her belief. It was actually one of the institutions of her married life that a *garde de ville* should pay a domiciliary visit twice a week to chastise the three children. If by chance they had not been naughty, then the punishment might be referred to the account of future transgressions,—an arrangement which, while it insured justice to the culprits, can hardly have afforded them much encouragement to amend. Her son Jerome, who ran away when a mere boy to enroll with the volunteers of '92, reproduced in later years, for the ben-

efit of his own household, many of his mother's most striking characteristics. He was the father of Edgar Quinet, the poet, a child whose precocious abilities seem never to have awakened within him either parental affection or parental pride. Silent, austere, repellent, he offered no caresses, and was obeyed with timid submission. "The gaze of his large blue eyes," says Dowden, "imposed restraint with silent authority. His mockery, the play of an intellect unsympathetic by resolve and upon principle, was freezing to a child; and the most distinct consciousness which his presence produced upon the boy was the assurance that he, Edgar, was infallibly about to do something which would cause displeasure." That this was a common attitude with parents in the old *régime* may be inferred from Châteaubriand's statement that he and his sister, transformed into statues by their father's presence, recovered their life only when he left the room; and by the assertion of Mirabeau that even while at school, two hundred leagues away from *his* father, "the mere thought of him made me dread every youthful amusement which could be followed by the slightest unfavorable result."

Yet at the present day we are assured by Mr. Marshall that in France "the art of spoiling has reached a development which is unknown elsewhere, and maternal affection not infrequently descends to folly and imbecility." But then the clever critic of French Home Life had never visited America when he wrote those lines, although some of the stories he tells would do credit to any household in our land. There is one quite delightful account of a young married couple, who, being invited to a dinner party of twenty people, failed to make their appearance until ten o'clock, when they explained urbanely that their three-year-old daughter would not permit them to depart. Moreover, being a child of great character and discrimi-

nation, she had insisted on their undressing and going to bed; to which reasonable request they had rendered a prompt compliance, rather than see her cry. "It would have been monstrous," said the fond mother, "to cause her pain simply for our pleasure; so I begged Henri to cease his efforts to persuade her, and we took off our clothes and went to bed. As soon as she was asleep we got up again, redressed, and here we are, with a thousand apologies for being so late."

This sounds half incredible; but there is a touch of nature in the mother's happy indifference to the comfort of her friends as compared with the whims of her offspring that closely appeals to certain past experiences of our own. It is all very well for an Englishman to stare aghast at such a reversal of the laws of nature; we Americans, who have suffered and held our peace, can afford to smile with some complacency at the thought of another great nation bending its head beneath the iron yoke.

To return, however, to the days when children were the ruled, and not the rulers, we find ourselves face to face with the great question of education. How smooth and easy are the paths of learning made now for the little feet that tread them! How rough and steep they were in bygone times, watered with many tears, and not without a line of victims, whose weak strength failed them in the upward struggle! We cannot go back to any period when school life was not fraught with miseries. Classic writers paint in grim colors the harshness of the pedagogues who ruled in Greece and Rome. Mediæval authors tell us more than enough of the passionless severity that swayed the monastic schools, — a severity which seems to have been the result of an hereditary tradition rather than of individual caprice, and which seldom interfered with the mutual affection that existed between master and scholar. When St.

Anselm, the future disciple of Lanfranc, and his successor in the See of Canterbury, begged as a child of four to be sent to school, his mother, Ermenberg, — the granddaughter of a king, and the kinswoman of every crowned prince in Christendom, — resisted his entreaties as long as she dared, knowing too well the sufferings in store for him. A few years later she was forced to yield, and these same sufferings very nearly cost her son his life.

The boy was both studious and docile, and his teacher, fully recognizing his precocious talents, determined to force them to the utmost. In order that so active a mind should not for a moment be permitted to relax its tension, he kept the little scholar a ceaseless prisoner at his desk. Rest and recreation were alike denied him, while the utmost rigors of a discipline of which we can form no adequate conception wrung from the child's overworked brain an unflinching attention to his tasks. As a result of this cruel folly, "the brightest star of the eleventh century had been well-nigh quenched in its rising."¹ Mind and body alike yielded beneath the strain; and Anselm, a broken-down little wreck, was returned to his mother's hands, to be slowly nursed back to health and reason. "Ah, me! I have lost my child!" sighed Ermenberg, when she found that not all that he had suffered could shake the boy's determination to return; and the mother of Guibert de Nogent must have echoed the sentiment when her little son, his back purple with stripes, looked her in the face, and answered steadily to her lamentations, "If I die of my whippings, I still mean to be whipped."

The step from the monastic schools to Eton and Westminster is a long one, but the gain not so apparent at first sight as might be supposed. It is hard for the luxurious Etonian of to-day to

¹ Life of St. Anselm, Bishop of Canterbury. By Martin Rile.

realize that for many years his predecessors suffered enough from cold, hunger, and barbarous ill-treatment to make life a burden on their hands. The system, while it hardened some into the desired manliness, must have killed many whose feebler constitutions could ill support its rigor. Even as late as 1834, we are told by one who had ample opportunity to study the subject carefully that "the inmates of a workhouse or a jail were better fed and lodged than were the scholars of Eton. Boys whose parents could not pay for a private room underwent privations that might have broken down a cabin-boy, and would be thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley-slave." Nor is this sentiment as exaggerated as it sounds. To get up at five on freezing winter mornings; to sweep their own floors and make their own beds; to go two by two to the "children's pump" for a scanty wash; to eat no mouthful of food until nine o'clock; to live on an endless round of mutton, potatoes, and beer, none of them too plentiful or too good; to sleep in a dismal cell without chair or table; to improvise a candlestick out of paper; to be starved, frozen, and flogged,—such was the daily life of the scions of England's noblest families, of lads tenderly nurtured and sent from princely homes to win their Greek and Latin at this fearful cost.

Moreover, the picture of one public school is in all essential particulars the picture of the rest. The miseries might vary somewhat, but their bulk remained the same. At Westminster the younger boys, hard pushed by hunger, gladly received the broken victuals left from the table of the senior election, and tried to supplement their scanty fare with strange and mysterious concoctions, whose unsavory details have been handed down among the melancholy traditions of the past.

In 1847 a young brother of Lord Mansfield being very ill at school, his mother came to visit him. There was

but one chair in the room, upon which the poor invalid was reclining; but his companion, seeing the dilemma, immediately arose, and with true boyish politeness offered Lady Mansfield the coal-scuttle, on which he himself had been sitting. At Winchester, Sydney Smith suffered "many years of misery and starvation," while his younger brother, Courtenay, twice ran away, in the vain effort to escape his wretchedness. "There was never enough provided of even the coarsest food for the whole school," writes Lady Holland; "and the little boys were of course left to fare as well as they could. Even in his old age my father used to shudder at the recollections of Winchester, and I have heard him speak with horror of the misery of the years he spent there. The whole system, he affirmed, was one of abuse, neglect, and vice."

In the matter of discipline there was no shadow of choice anywhere. Capricious cruelty ruled under every scholastic roof. On the one side we are confronted by the awful ghost of Dr. Keate, who could and did flog eighty boys in succession without a pause; and who, being given the confirmation list by mistake for the punishment list, insisted on flogging every one of the catechumens, as a good preparation for receiving the sacrament. On the other side, we encounter Dean Colet, of St. Paul's, whom Erasmus reported as "delighting in children in a Christian spirit;" which meant that he never wearied of seeing them suffer, believing that the more they endured as boys, the more worthy they would grow in manhood.

If, sick of the brutality of the schools, we seek those rare cases in which a home education was substituted, we are generally rewarded by finding the comforts greater and the cramming worse. It is simply impossible for a pedagogue to try and wring from a hundred brains the excess of work which may, under clever treatment, be extracted from one;

and so the Eton boys, with all their manifold miseries, were at least spared the peculiar experiments which were too often tried upon solitary scholars. Nowadays anxious parents and guardians seem to labor under an ill-founded apprehension that their children are going to hurt themselves by over-application to their books, and we hear a great deal about the expedience of restraining this inordinate zeal. But a few generations back such comfortable theories had yet to be evolved, and the plain duty of a teacher was to goad the student on to every effort in his power.

Perhaps the two most striking instances of home training that have been given to the world are those of John Stuart Mill and Giacomo Leopardi; the principal difference being that, while the English boy was crammed scientifically by his father, the Italian poet was permitted relentlessly to cram himself. In both cases we see the same melancholy, blighted childhood; the same cold indifference to the mother, as to one who had no part or parcel in their lives; the same joyless routine of labor; the same unboyish gravity and precocious intelligence. Mill studied Greek at three, Latin at eight, the Organon at eleven, and Adam Smith at thirteen. Leopardi at ten was well acquainted with most Latin authors, and undertook alone and unaided the study of Greek, perfecting himself in that language before he was fourteen. Mill's sole recreation was to walk with his father, narrating to him the substance of his last day's reading. Leopardi, being forbidden to go about Recanati without his tutor, acquiesced with pathetic resignation, and ceased to wander outside the garden gates. Mill had all boyish enthusiasm and healthy partisanship crushed out of him by his father's pitiless logic. Leopardi's love for his country burned like a smothered flame, and added one more to the pangs that eat out his soul in silence. His was truly a wonderful intellect; and whereas

the English lad was merely forced by training into a precocity foreign to his nature, and which, according to Mr. Bain, failed to produce any great show of juvenile scholarship, the Italian boy fed on books with a resistless and craving appetite, his mind growing warped and morbid as his enfeebled body sank more and more under the unwholesome strain. In the long lists of despotically reared children there is no sadder sight than this undisciplined, eager, impetuous soul, burdened alike with physical and moral weakness, meeting tyrannical authority with a show of insincere submission, and laying up in his lonely infancy the seeds of a sorrow which was to find expression in the key-note of his work, *Life is Only Fit to be Despised*.

Between the severe mental training of boys and the education thought fit and proper for girls, there was throughout the eighteenth century a broad and purposeless chasm. Before that time, and after it, too, the majority of women were happily ignorant of many subjects which every school-girl of to-day aspires to handle; but during the reigns of Queen Anne and the first three Georges, this ignorance was considered an essential charm of their sex, and was displayed with a pretty ostentation that sufficiently proves its value. Such striking exceptions as Madame de Staël, Mrs. Montagu, and Anne Damer were not wanting to give points of light to the picture; but they hardly represent the real womanhood of their time. Femininity was then based upon shallowness, and girls were solemnly warned not to try and ape the acquirements of men, but to keep themselves rigorously within their own ascertained limits. We find a famous school-teacher, under whose fostering care many a court belle was trained for social triumphs, laying down the law on this subject with no uncertain hand, and definitely placing women in their proper station. "Had a *third order* been necessary," she writes naively,

"doubtless one would have been created, a *midway* kind of being." In default, however, of this recognized *via media*, she deprecates all impious attempts to bridge over the chasm between the two sexes; and "accounts it a misfortune for a female to be learned, a genius, or in any way a prodigy, as it removes her from her natural sphere."

"Those were days," says a writer in Blackwood, "when superficial teaching was thought the proper teaching for girls; when every science had its feminine language, as Hindu ladies talk with a difference and with softer terminations than their lords: as *The Young Ladies' Geography*, which is to be read instead of novels; *A Young Ladies' Guide to Astronomy*; *The Use of the Globes for Girls' Schools*; and the *Ladies' Polite Letter-Writer*. What was really necessary for a girl was to learn how to knit, to dance, to curtsy, and to carve; the last-named accomplishment being one of her exclusive privileges." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu received lessons from a professional carving-master, who taught her the art scientifically; and during her father's grand dinners her labors were often so exhausting that translating the *Enchiridion* must have seemed by comparison a light and easy task. Indeed, after that brilliant baby entrance into the Kitcat Club, very little that was pleasant fell to Lady Mary's share; and years later she recalls the dreary memories of her youth in a letter written to her sister, Lady Mar. "Don't you remember," she asks, pathetically, "how miserable we were in the little parlor at Thoresby?"

Her own education, she always protested, was of the worst and flimsiest character, and her girlish scorn at the restraints that cramped and fettered her is expressed vigorously enough in the well-known letter to Bishop Burnet. It was considered almost criminal, she complains, to improve her reason, or even to fancy she had any. To be learned

was to be held up to universal ridicule, and the only line of conduct open to her was to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, "whose birth and leisure merely serve to make them the most useless and worthless part of creation." Yet viewed alongside of her contemporaries, Lady Mary's advantages were really quite unusual. She had some little guidance in her studies, with no particular opposition to overcome, and tolerance was as much at any time as a thoughtful girl could hope for. Nearly a century later we find little Mary Fairfax — afterwards Mrs. Somerville, and the most learned woman in England — being taught how to sew, to read her Bible, and to learn the Shorter Catechism; all else being considered superfluous for a female. Moreover, the child's early application to her books was regarded with great disfavor by her relatives, who plainly thought that no good was likely to come of it. "I wonder," said her rigid aunt to Lady Fairfax, "that you let Mary waste her time in reading!"

"You cannot hammer a girl into anything," says Ruskin, who has constituted himself both champion and mentor of the sex; and perhaps this was the reason that so many of these rigorously drilled and kept-down girls blossomed perversely into brilliant and scholarly women. Nevertheless, it is comforting to turn back for a moment, and see what Holland, in the seventeenth century, could do for her clever children. Mr. Gosse has shown us a charming picture of the three daughters of Roemer Visscher, the poetess Tesselschade and her less famous sisters, — three little girls, whose healthy mental and physical training was happily free either from narrow contraction or hot-house pressure. "All of them," writes Ernestus Brink, "were practiced in very sweet accomplishments. They could play music, paint, write, and engrave on glass, make poems, cut emblems, embroider

all manner of fabrics, and swim well; which last thing they had learned in their father's garden, where there was a canal with water, outside the city." What wonder that these little maidens, with skilled fingers and clear heads and vigorous bodies, grew into three keen-witted and charming women, around whom we find grouped that rich array of talent which suddenly raised Holland to a unique literary distinction! What wonder that their influence, alike refining and strengthening, was felt on every hand, and was repaid with universal gratitude and love!

There is a story told of Professor Wilson, that one day, listening to a lecture on education by Dr. Whately, he grew manifestly impatient at the rules laid down, and finally slipped out of the room, exclaiming irately to a friend who followed him, "I always thought God Almighty made man, but *he* says it was the school-master."

In like manner many of us have wondered from time to time whether children are made of such ductile material, and can be as readily moulded to our wishes, as educators would have us believe. If it be true that nature counts for nothing and training for everything, then what a gap between the boys and girls of two hundred years ago and the boys and girls we know to-day! The rigid bands that once bound the young to decorum have dwindled to a silver thread that snaps under every restive movement. To have "perfectly natural" children seems to be the outspoken ambition of parents who have succeeded in retrograding their offspring from artificial civilization to that pure and wholesome savagery which is evidently their ideal. "It is assumed nowadays," declares an angry critic, "that children have come into the world to make a noise; and it is the part of every good parent to put up with it, and to make all household arrangements with a view to their sole pleasure and convenience."

That the children brought up under this relaxed discipline acquire certain merits and charms of their own is an easily acknowledged fact. We are not now alluding to those spoiled and over-indulged little people who are the recognized scourges of humanity, but merely to the boys and girls who have been allowed from infancy that large degree of freedom which is deemed expedient for enlightened nurseries, and who regulate their own conduct on the vast majority of occasions. They are as a rule light-hearted, truthful, affectionate, and occasionally amusing; but it cannot be denied that they lack that nicety of breeding which was at one time the distinguishing mark of children of the upper classes, and which was in a great measure born of the restraints that surrounded them. The faculty of sitting still without fidgeting, of walking without rushing, and of speaking without screaming can be acquired only under tuition; but it is worth some little trouble to attain. When Sydney Smith remarked that the children of rank were generally so much better bred than the children of the middle classes, he recognized the greater need for self-restraint that entered into their lives. They may have been less natural, perhaps, but they were infinitely more pleasing to his fastidious eyes; and the unconscious grace which he admired was merely the reflection of the universal courtesy that surrounded them. Nor is this all. "The necessity of self-repression," says a recent writer in *Blackwood*, "makes room for thought, which those children miss who have no formalities to observe, no customs to respect, who blurt out every irrelevance, who interpose at will with question and opinion as it enters the brain. Children don't learn to talk by chattering to one another, and saying what comes uppermost. Mere listening with intelligence involves an exercise of mental speech, and observant silence opens the

pores of the mind as impatient demands for explanation never do."

This is true, inasmuch as it is not the child who is encouraged to talk continually who in the end learns how to arrange and express his ideas. Nor does the fretful desire to be told at once what everything means imply the active mind which parents so fondly suppose; but rather a languid percipience, unable to decipher the simplest causes for itself. Yet where shall we turn to look for the "observant silence," so highly recommended? The young people who observed and were silent have passed away, — little John Ruskin being assuredly the last of the species, — and their places are filled by those to whom observation

and silence are alike unknown. This is the children's age, and all things are subservient to their wishes. Masses of juvenile literature are published annually for their amusement; conversation is reduced steadily to their level while they are present; meals are arranged to suit their hours, and the dishes thereof to suit their palates; studies are made simpler and toys more elaborate with each succeeding year. The hardships they once suffered are now happily ended, the decorum once exacted is fading rapidly away. We accept the situation with philosophy, and only now and then, under the pressure of some new development, are startled into asking ourselves where it is likely to end.

Agnes Repplier.

IN THE CLOUDS.

VIII.

IN those long days while Mink languished in jail, he wondered how the world could wag on without him. He hungered with acute pangs for the mountains; he pined for the sun and the wind. Sometimes he stood for hours at the window, straining for a breath of air. Then the barred aspect of the narrow scene outside of the grating maddened him, and he would fling himself upon his bed; and it would seem to him that he could never rise again.

He speculated upon Alethea with a virulence of rage which almost frightened him, — whether she had heard of his arrest, how she had received the news.

"Mighty pious, I reckon," he sneered. "I know ez well ez ef I hed seen her ez she be a-goin' 'round the kentry a-tellin' 'bout my wickedness, an' how she worried an' worked with me, an' could n't git me shet o' my evil ways."

He thought of Elvira, too, with a

certain melancholy relish of her fancied grief. His heart had softened toward her as his grudge against Alethea waxed hot. "*She* tuk it powerful hard, I know. I'll be bound it mighty nigh killed her, — she set so much store by me. But I reckon her folks air glad, bein' ez they never favored me."

It seemed to him, as he reflected upon the probable sentiment of his friends and neighbors, that he had lived in a wolfish community, ready with cowardly cruelty to attack and mangle him since fortune had brought him down.

"I'm carrion now; I'll hev ter expect the wolves an' buzzards," he said bitterly to his lawyer, as they canvassed together what witnesses they had best summon to prove his general good character, and whom they should challenge on the jury list. There was hardly a man of the number on whom Mink had not played some grievous prank calculated to produce a rankling grudge and foster prejudice. He recited these with

a lugubrious gravity incongruous enough with the subject matter, that often elicited bursts of unwilling laughter from the perplexed counsel.

This was a bluff, florid man of forty, with a hearty, resonant voice, a light blue eye, a head of thick, yellow hair, which he wore cut straight across beneath his ears, showing its density, and thrown back without parting from his forehead. When the locks fell forward, as they often did, he tossed them back with an impatient gesture. He had a long mustache and beard. His lips were peculiarly red. His tongue also, which he had a fancy for thrusting out swiftly in ridicule or triumph, had the same deep tinge. Altogether he was a high-colored, noisy, confident, blustering fellow, and he inspired Mink with great faith.

"I done a better thing 'n I knowed of whenst I voted an' electioneered so brash fur you-uns ez floater in the legislatur'," said Mink one day, in a burst of hopefulness. When he had sent for the lawyer to defend him, he had based his appeal for aid partly on his political services, and relied on them to atone for any deficiency of fees.

"Do it again, Mink, early and often!" And the floater's jolly laughter rang out, jarring against the walls of the bare room, which was, however, far more cheerful for the sound.

Mink had found a certain respite from his mental anguish in the requirements of the approaching trial, urged upon his attention by the lawyer. But in the midst of the night terrors would beset him. In his dreams the humble, foolish individuality of the idiot boy was invested with awe, with a deep pathos, with a terrible dignity. It seemed often that he was awakened by the clutch of a hand to an imperative consciousness of the crime of which he was accused, to a torturing uncertainty of his guilt or innocence. His conscience strove in vain to reckon with him.

"Mebbe, though, the jury kin tell?" he said one morning, piteously, to his counsel, who had come cheerily in, to find him wild eyed and haggard.

"A jury," said the lawyer sententiously, "is the cussedness of one man multiplied by twelve."

He had flung his somewhat portly bulk into a chair which creaked beneath his weight, and he was looking at his client with calculating keenness. He had supplemented a fair knowledge of the law with certain theories of human motives, deduced from his experience among men both as a politician and before the courts. In their less complex expressions he was quick to detect them. But he was devoid of intuition, of divination. His instincts were blunt. His moral perceptions were good, but elementary. His apprehension of crime was set forth in its entirety and in due detail by the code of Tennessee with the consequent penalty prescribed by the statute. He recognized no wrong unpunishable by law. The exquisite anguish of a moral doubt, the deep, helpless, hopeless affliction of remorse, the keen, unassuaged pangs of irreparability, — he had no spiritual sense to take cognizance of these immaterial issues. If Mink, escaping by his counsel's clever use of a technicality, should ever again think of the miller, dream of the boy weltering in the river, wake with the sound of that weird scream in his ears, Mr. Harshaw would wonder at him as a fool. As to the bar of conscience, how could that vague essence assume all the functions of a court under the constitution?

And still conning his simple alphabet of the intricate language of emotions, he interpreted as the expression of fear the prisoner's wan cheek and restless eyes. It induced a secret irritation and an anxiety as to how he had best conduct the case, in view of his professional reputation. He had besought Mink in his own interests to be frank, and now he

was perplexed by doubts of his client's candor.

It required only a few moments' reflection to assure himself that he had best assume, for the purposes of defense, the guilt of the prisoner until proved innocent. As he placed both hands on his knees he pursed up his lips confidentially, and with a quick sidelong glance he said, —

"We've got some time, though, before we have to face 'em, Mink. We're entitled to one continuance, on account of the inflamed state of public sentiment."

The brooding, abstracted look passed suddenly from Mink's face, leaving it more recognizable with its wonted bright intentness.

"Air ye 'lowin' ye'd put off the trial furdur 'n the day be set fur, Mr. Harshaw?" he asked, with the accents of dismay. "Fur Gawd's sake, don't let 'em do that. I would n't bide hyar, all shet up" — his eyes turned from wall to wall with the baffled eagerness of a caged beast — "I would n't bide hyar a day longer 'n I'm 'bleeged ter, not ter git shet o' damnation. Lord A'mighty, don't go a-shovin' the day off; hurry it up, ef ye kin. I want ter kem ter trial an' git back ter the mountings. I feel ez ef I be bound ter go."

The lawyer still looked at him with his keen sidelong glances.

"The jury stands 'twixt you and the mountains, Mink. Might n't get out, after all's said and done."

Mink looked at him with a sudden alarm in his dilated eyes, as if the contingency had been all undreamed of.

"They'll be bound ter let me out," he declared. "I ain't feared o' the jury."

"If you don't know what you did yourself, you can't expect them to be much smarter in finding it out," reasoned the lawyer.

"I ain't done nuthin' ter keep me jailed this hyar way," said Mink, hardily. "I feel it in my bones I'll git out. I

never try them bars," nodding at the window, "but what I looks ter see 'em break in my hand."

"See here," said the lawyer, sternly, "you let 'them bars' alone; you ain't going ter do yourself any good breaking jail."

He looked down meditatively at his feet, and stamped one of them that his trousers might slip further down over his boot-leg, which deported itself assertively and obtrusively, as if it were in the habit of being worn on the outside.

"I don't know," he said reflectively, "if you want to be tried speedily, but what it's best, anyhow. We won't have Averill to preside; he's incompetent in a number of civil cases, and Jim Gwinnan will hold court. He's a" — he pursed up his red lips again, and looked about with an air intimating a high degree of contempt; Mink hung upon his words with an oppressive sense of helplessness and eagerness, that now and then found vent in an unconscious long-drawn sigh — "well, he's a selfish, ambitious sort of fellow, and he's found out it's mighty popular to make a blow about cleaning up the docket, and avoiding the law's delays, and trotting the lawyers right through. He'll hold court till twelve o'clock at night, and he just opposes, tooth and nail, every motion for delay. I reckon he'd make it look as if we were afraid to come to trial, if we wanted a continuance; so it's just as well, if you feel ready, for we might n't get it, after all."

Mink experienced a new fear. "Ain't he a mighty bad kind of a jedge ter hev?" he faltered, quaking before the mental vision of the man who held his fate in the hollow of his hand.

"No," said Harshaw musingly, "he ain't a bad jedge for us." He suddenly flung his chair back on its hind legs, and crossed his own legs, which seemed hardly long enough for the feat and looked most uncommonly plump in that position. "Gwinnan ain't a bad jedge

for us, for this reason. He's mighty apt to lean to public opinion, but he's a sound lawyer, and he's mighty careful about his rulings. He don't get reversed by the S'preme Court. That's what he sets on the bench for : not to administer justice, — he don't think about justice once a week, — but to be affirmed by the S'preme Court. He's more particular than Averill in little things, and he won't let the attorney-general walk over him, like Averill does, — sorter spunky."

"I hev seen the 'torney-gineral, — hearn him speak wunst. They 'lowed he war a fine speaker," submitted Mink, anxious concerning the untried, unmeasured forces about to be arrayed against him.

"Mighty fine," said Harshaw, derisively. "Got a beautiful voice — for calling hogs!"

He laughed, thrust out his red tongue, and rose. "Oh, bless my soul, I plumb forgot!" he exclaimed. "There's a girl out here wanting to see you. Don't know but what she may be your Dulcinea;" he winked jocosely. "Perkins said she might come in if you want to see her. Looks like she's walked about forty mile, — plumb beat out."

Mink was flattered. Instantly he thought of Elvira, and he remembered the journey with his offering of the coon that fateful night.

"She hev got dark hair an' eyes, an' air toler'ble leetle ter be growed up?" he asked. The remark was in the form of a question, but it was uttered with the conviction of certainty.

"Lord, no! Sandy hair, big brown eyes, and tall, and" —

He paused, for Mink had risen suddenly.

"Ye go tell her," he said, passionately, pointing at the door, — "go straight an' tell her ter keep in mind what I said bout'n the harnt on Thunderhead, an' how I 'lowed she favored him; ef she can't kill, she sp'iles yer chance."

"Why, look here, Mink," remonstrated the lawyer.

"Go 'long an' tell her!" cried Mink, imperatively. "Tell her I want her ter cl'ar out from hyar. Tell her I can't breathe ef she's nigh." He clutched at his throat, tearing open his collar with both hands. "'T war her ez brung me hyar. 'T war her ez got me locked an' barred up. An' now I don't want ter see her no mo' ez long ez I live. Gin her that word from me, — an' the Herder on Thunderhead what she favors."

The lawyer, with a gesture of expostulation, left the cell, appreciating that it was an unpleasant job to tell the travel-stained apparition at the door that her journey was in vain.

She was sitting upon the doorstep, in the sunshine, her brown bonnet hanging half off her golden head; her homespun dress seemed dark upon the rough gray stone. She watched absently, with her serious brown eyes, the gauzy wings of a blue-bottle that droned slumberously by. She held with idle hands the yellow blossoms of the golden-rod that she had plucked by the way. There was no passing in the street, hardly a sound; so still she sat that a lizard, basking in the sun, did not scruple to run across her motionless feet. She had taken off her coarse shoes to ease them after her long walk, for they were swollen and bruised.

She looked up with a start when the lawyer stood in the door. "No, sis," he said in a debonair fashion, glancing about the street. "Mink ain't in a good humor to-day, and you can't see him."

She cast up to him her haggard eyes, so full of appeal, of fear, of woe. He had no intention of stabbing her with the cruel words of the message. "You can't see him to-day; some other day." He waved his hand with a promissory gesture, and was turning away.

She sprang up with a cry. "They hendered him! They would n't let him!" she said, with quivering lips.

"Yes, yes. They hindered him," he kindly prevaricated.

Her eyes were suddenly all on fire. As he caught their gleam he hesitated, looking at her. Her cheeks were flushed. Her teeth were set. She raised her clenched hand.

"He lied ter me, that thar jailer. He 'lowed I mought see Reuben. He lied! He lied! I'll—I'll"—She dropped her threatening hand. "Lord! Lord! what kin I do!"

"Look here, girl," said the lawyer, alarmed at the idea of an indignant demonstration on the part of any of his client's friends. "'Tain't the jailer's fault. Mink said he would n't see you."

She stood as if stunned for a moment. Then, her confidence in Mink rebounding, "I don't b'lieve ye!" she said, bluntly.

"Well, then, may be you will when I tell you that he told me to ask you to clear out, and to remind you of the 'harnt' on Thunderhead that he said you favored."

She shrank back as if he had struck her. He eyed her indignantly. "I reckon you'll believe me now. Well, begone. We've had enough of you."

He turned and walked off briskly. He heard the court-house bell jangling out its summons, for the chancery court was in session, and he quickened his pace. He gave a start of irritation when he became aware that she was following him. He turned and faced her.

"What do you want?" he said, abruptly.

"I want ter tell ye su'thin'," she gasped. She leaned forward as if to touch his arm. He moved suddenly back, and she almost fell. She showed no anger, but came a faltering pace nearer, with the same imploring gesture. "I mus' tell ye suthin' 'bout Reuben, soon ez I git my breath,—suthin' ye'd never b'lieve."

Perhaps it was an unreasoning anger

which possessed him, but he was late, and she had cast the lie in his teeth, and somehow her presence irked him, and he vaguely sought to forecast what she had to say.

"No, you won't, for I ain't going to listen. You just take yourself off, and stay at home if you know how, and satisfy yourself with the harm you have done already. You'd better put out, and so I tell you."

He turned once more and strode away rapidly. He heard a faint cry behind him, and, for a time, pursuing steps. He quickened his own. In fact, he presently ran lightly,—marvelously lightly for a man of his bulk,—laughing within himself the while at the absurdity and incongruity of the episode, should it be noticed by any one in the sleepy streets. After a little he looked over his shoulder, half in relenting, half in curiosity.

She was not following him. She was limping back toward her shoes, that lay on the steps of the jail.

IX.

It was close upon nightfall when Alethea, on her homeward journey, reached the banks of the Scolacutta River. It still had a melancholy version of the sunset imprinted upon its surface. It was full of dreamy crimson tints, and olive-green shadows, and gentle pensive effects of undistinguishable lustres. Its ceaseless monotone was on the air; its breath was of freshness and fragrance; the bluffs that towered above it gave the austerity of rugged rocks and the dignity of great heights to the incidents of its margin. Stunted trees clung to the niches of these splintered cliffs; everywhere along the banks the leaves of the sourwood were red and gay as a banner, the tassels all gleaming and white; the dogwood showed a flaunting ochreous tint, but the sweetgum was as yet only a dull purple, and

the sumach had merely hung out its garnet tufts. An amethystine haze rested on the nearest mountains, softening the polychromatic richness that glimmered all along the great slope; further away they wore the softened blue of autumn. The scene was familiar to her, for she had already passed through the gap of the mountain down into Eskaquia Cove, and her aunt Dely's house lay among the tawny cornfields on the other side. Very lonely this habitation was among the great company of the mountains; beyond the breadths of the "flat woods" they rose about it on every side with a visible immensity of wilderness which belittled the slight hold of humanity expressed in the house, the fields, the vagrant road that seemed itself a wanderer, for there was no bourn in sight in all the wide landscape to which it might be supposed to tend.

The log cabin had heard the river sing for nearly a century. It had appeared for many years the ready prey of decay: the chimney leaned from the wall, the daubing was falling from the chinking, there were holes in the floor and the roof. Suddenly a great change came over it. The frivolity of glass enlivened the windows where batten shutters had formerly sufficed; a rickety little porch was added; a tiny room was partitioned off from this, and Mrs. Purvine rejoiced in the distinction of possessing a company bedroom, which was far from being a haven of comfort to the occasional occupant of those close quarters. She had always been known to harbor certain ambitions. Her husband's death, some two or three years before, had given her liberty to express her tastes more fully than when hampered by his cautious conservatism. And now, although the fields might be over-run with weeds, and the sheep have the rot, and the poultry the cholera, and the cow go dry, and the "gyarden truck" defer to the crab-grass, and the bees, clever insects, prepare only sufficient

honey for their own use, Mrs. Purvine preserved the appearance of having made a great rise in life, and was considered by the casual observer a "mighty spry widdler woman." Such a one as Mrs. Sayles shook her head and spared not the vocabulary. "Dely," she would observe, "air my husband's sister, an' I ain't goin' ter make no words about her. Ef she war ennybody else's sister, I'd up an' down declar' ez she hev been snared in the devices o' the devil, fur sech pride ez hern ain't godly, — naw sir! nur religion nuther. Glass in the winder! Shucks! she'd better be thinkin' 'bout gittin' light on salvation, — that she hed! Folks ez knowed Dely whenst she war a gal knowed she war headin' an' sot agin her elders, an' run away from home ter git married, an' this is what kem of sech onregenerate ways. Glass in the winder! I'll be bound the devil looks through that winder every day at yer aunt Dely whenst she sets thar an' spins. He gits a glimge o' her when she ain't a-lookin'. The pride o' the yearth is mighty strong in her. Ye oughter sati'fy yerse'f with 'sociatin' with her in this life, fur ye ain't a-goin' ter meet up with her in heaven. Naw, sir, yer aunt Dely 'll remember that winder in the darkness o' Torment, an' ef she war ennybody else's sister than my own husband's *I'd say so.*"

Mrs. Purvine was standing on the porch, so fine a manifestation of her pride, and gazing with unrecognizing curiosity at Alethea as the girl came up the stony hillside.

Aunt Dely hardly looked the woman of a vaulting worldly ambition. She had a broad, moon-like face and blue eyes with much of the whites showing, the more as she had a trick of looking over her spectacles. She had no teeth; despite her social culture she had never heard of a false set, or her mouth would have been a glittering illustration of the dentist's art. She held in her hand a short clay pipe, from which the smoke

slowly curled. She wore a blue-checked homespun apron, but a calico gown, being, according to report, "too triffin'" to do very much weaving at home, and the cross-roads store was only ten miles from her house, on the road to Shaftesville. She had journeyed even to the town, twice or thrice in her life, mounted on a gray mare with a colt at her heels, and looked from beneath her sun-bonnet at the metropolitan splendors and habits with a starveling's delight in such of the meagre conventional graces of life as the little village possessed, and as were vouchsafed to her comprehension. Nobody knew whence she derived her "vagrantin' ways;" for these excursions earned for her the reputation of an insatiate traveler, and her frivolous disposition and pride were the occasion of much reprehension and comment. They could hardly take the form of remonstrance, however, without open rupture; for Mrs. Purvine, right well aware of them, with an acumen and diplomacy grafted like some strange exotic upon her simple character, was always bewailing the frivolous tendency of the times, the pride of "some folks," the worthless nature of women nowadays, and foisting herself upon her interlocutor as an example of all homely and primitive tastes and virtues.

Her moon face suddenly assumed an expression of recognition and of stern reprobation as she came solemnly down from the door, a feat which it was difficult to perform with stateliness or even safety; for the two or three plank steps were only set against the wall, and although far more imposing than the hewn logs or rough stones customary elsewhere, they were extremely insecure. Often when a foot was placed upon the lowest of the number they careened forward with the weight.

Mrs. Purvine accomplished the descent with dignity, and as she held the gate open she addressed her niece, looking full in her tear-stained face:—

"I knowed it would kem ter this,— I knowed it, sooner or later. What's that thar step-mother o' yourn been doin' ter ye?"

Albeit Mrs. Sayles had few equals as a censor, aunt Dely, with a secret intuition of her animadversions, returned them as best she might, and Mrs. Sayles's difficult position as a step-mother rendered her as a shorn lamb to the blast.

"Nuthin'," sobbed Alethea,—"nuthin' ez I knows on." She started up the steps, which bounded forward with a precipitancy which had a startling effect as if the house had jumped at her. Alethea stumbled, and Mrs. Purvine commented upon her awkwardness:—

"Look at the gal,—usin' her feet with no mo' nimbleness 'n a cow. Laws-a-massy, young folks ain't what they war in my day. Whenst I war a gal, 'fore I jined the church an' tuk ter consortin' with the saints, ye oughter hev seen me dance! Could shake my foot along with the nimblest! But I ain't crackin' up bran dances, nuther. I'm a perfessin' member,—bless the Lord! Satan hides in a fiddle. Ye always remember yer aunt Dely tole ye that word. An' ef ever ye air condemned ter Torment, don't ye up an' 'low ez ye hed no teachin'; don't ye do it." Then looking over her spectacles, "What ails ye, ef 't ain't that step-mother?"

"I hev been ter Shaftesville. I bided all night at Cousin Jane Scruggs's in Piomingo Cove, an' next day I footed it ter town."

This announcement would have surprised any one more than the roving Mrs. Purvine. Even she demanded, as in duty bound, with every intimation of deep contempt, "Laws-a-massy, what ye wanter go ter Shaftesville fur?"

"I went ter see Reuben Lorey in jail," replied Alethea.

Mrs. Purvine looked at her with an expression of deep exasperation. "Waal," she observed sarcastically, "I'd hev

liked ter seen him thar, too. I ain't seen ez good a fit ez Mink Lorey an' the county jail fur this many a day. Kem hyar one night, an' tuk them bran' new front steps o' mine, an' hung 'em up on the martin-house. An' thar war a powerful deep snow that night, an' it kivered the consarn so ez nex' mornin' we could n't find out what unyearthly thing hed fell on the martin-house, an' we war fairly feared 't war a warnin' or a jedgmint till we missed them front steps. They ain't never been so stiddy sence."

Alethea had laid aside her bonnet and bathed her face. She was going about the house in a way which was a tribute to Mrs. Purvine's hospitality, for she felt much at home there. She had glanced toward the great fireplace, where the ashes piled on the top of the oven and the coffee-pot perched on the trivet over the coals told that the work of preparing supper was already done. She suddenly took down the quilting frame, suspended to the beams above by long bands of cloth, produced thread and thimble from her pocket, and, seating herself before it as before a table, began to quilt dexterously and neatly where Mrs. Purvine's somewhat erratic performance had left off long before. The smouldering firelight touched her fine, glistening hair, her pensive, downcast face; there was still light enough in the room through the pernicious glass window to reveal the grace of her postures and her slender figure. Aunt Dely, with some instinct for beauty native in her blood along with her "vagrantin' ways" and her original opinions, contemplated her for a time, and presently commented upon her.

"I'm yer father's own sister," she averred. "I ain't denyin' it none, though he did go an' marry that thar Jessup woman, ez nobody could abide; an' I hate ter see a peart gal like you-uns, ez air kin ter me, a-sp'ilin' her eyes an' a-cryin' over a feller ez her folks

don't favor nowadays. Yer elders knows bes', Lethe."

"Why, aunt Dely, you-uns *married* a man ez yer elders never favored; they war powerful sot agin him."

Aunt Dely was clad in logic as in armor.

"An' look how it turned out, — him dead an' me a widdler woman!"

Alethea stitched on silently for a moment. Then she observed with unusual softness, for she feared being accounted "sassy," "I 'lowed I hed hearn ye say he war fifty-five year old, when he died."

"What's fifty-five?" demanded aunt Dely aggressively. "I knowed a man ez war a hunderd an' ten."

And so Alethea was forced to acquiesce in the proposition that aunt Dely's consort had been cut off in the flower of his youth as a judgment for having some thirty years previous eloped with the girl of his heart.

Both women looked conscious when a sudden step sounded in cautious ascent of the flight before the door, which illustrated so pointedly the truism that pride goes before a fall, and a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered, red-headed fellow strode in at the door.

"Air yer eyesight failin' ye, Jerry Price?" Mrs. Purvine admonished him. He was her husband's nephew. "Thar's Lethe Sayles."

Being called to order in this manner might well embarrass the young man, who had not expected to see Alethea, and who was rebuked for the dereliction before he was well in the room.

He shamled up to shake hands with her with a somewhat elaborate show of cordiality.

"Waal, Lethe," he exclaimed, "ye air a sight fur sore eyes! Ain't seen ye fur a month o' Sundays."

"Looks like she hed sore eyes herself, bound with red ferretin'," commented Mrs. Purvine gruffly. She often had a disposition, as she averred, to knock these young people's heads together, — a suf-

ficiently dangerous ballistic rite, for according to her account there were not two such hard heads in all Eskaquia Cove and Piomingo to boot. She had cherished an earnest desire to make a match between them, frustrated only by their failure to second the motion. They were well aware of this, and it impaired the ease of their relations, hampering even the exchange of the compliments of the season.

"Young folks take the lead!" Mrs. Purvine often exclaimed, oblivious of her own sentimental history. "Ef nobody war wantin' 'em ter marry they'd be runnin' off with one another."

She had considered this breach of obedience on the part of her husband's nephew a special instance of filial ingratitude, and had begun to remind him, and in fact to remember, all that she had done for him.

"Folkses 'lowed ter me, whenst Jerry Price's mammy died, ez I hed better leave him be, an' his aunt Melindy Jane would keer fur him. An' I hed n't been merried but a few years, an' bein' ez I runned away my folks would n't give me nuthin', an' me an' my old man war most o' the furniture we hed in the house. But law! we hed plenty arter a while, an' ter spare!" cried the rich aunt Dely. "An' they all 'lowed I hed better not lumber myse'f up with other folkses chil'n. Waal, I never expected ter, when I went ter the fun'el. But thar on the floor sot the hardest-featured infant I ever seen, red-headed, blinkin' eye, lean, an' sucked his thumb! An' all them folks war standin' 'round him, lookin' down at him with thar eyes all perverted an' stretched, like a gobbler looks at a deedie 'fore he pecks him on the noodle. An' they were all pityin' Melindy Jane fur hevin' ter keer fur him. Thar she war settin' wropped in a shawl, an' 'pearin' ez ef she could bite a ten-penny nail in two, sayin' she mus' submit ter the Lord! Waal, 'peared ter me ez I jes' could view the futur', an'

the sorter time Red-head would hev along o' a woman ez war submittin' on account o' him ter the Lord! An' I jes' ups an' lied afore 'em all. I sez, 'That's the purties' child I ever see. Surely he is!' An' I sez right hearty ter the b'reaved husband, 'Ephr'im, ef ye'll gin him ter me, I'll keer fur him till he's able ter keer fur me.' An' Eph looked up ez s'prised an' pleased, an' says, 'Will ye, Dely?' An' ef ye'll b'lieve me, arter I hed called him 'purty' Melindy Jane 'lowed *she* wanted him, an' hed nuthin' ter say 'bout the Lord. But I jes' stepped inter the floor an' snatched him up under my arm, an' set out an' toted him five mile home. An' lean ez he 'peared, he war middlin' heavy. I rubbed some pepper on his thumb that night. He ain't sucked it sence."

Jerry Price used to listen, calmly smoking, hardly identifying himself—as what man would!—with the homely subject of the sketch; and yet with a certain sense of obligation to Mrs. Purvine, returning thanks in some sort in behalf of the unprepossessing infant.

"Ye an' me made a right good trade out'n it, ain't we, aunt Dely?" he would say.

She formerly accorded jocund acquiescence to this blithe proposition. But now she would exclaim, "Did ennybody think ye'd grow up ter set yerse'f ter spite me, an' won't do nuthin' I ax ye? Kase I hev sot my heart on hevin' Lethe Sayles ter live along o' me, ye won't go courtin' her."

The specious Price would demand, "How d' ye know ez I won't?"

And hope would once more gleam from the ashes of Mrs. Purvine's disappointments.

"Lethe's been ter Shaftesville," she said, nodding triumphantly, sure to impress Jerry with this statement, for he was as worldly as she. Then, with sudden animation, she turned to her niece: "Lethe, did ye see enny lookin'-glasses

thar like mine?" She pointed to a cherry-framed mirror, some ten or twelve inches square, hung upon the wall at a height that could reflect naught but the opposite wall. It was as well, perhaps, for glass of that quality could only return a corrugated image that might have induced depression of spirit in one gazing on the perversions of its surface. The walls were pasted over with pictures from almanacs and bright-tinted railway advertisements; for her husband had once been postmaster of the invisible neighborhood, and these were the most important trophies and emoluments of the office. They quite covered the mellow brown logs and the daubing between, and were as crude and gairish a substitute as well might be. They were the joy of aunt Dely's heart, however, and as she dwelt upon them and committed them to memory they assumed all the functions of a literature. She valued hardly less a cheap clock that sat upon a shelf, and gave no more intimation of the passage of time than a polite hostess. Whether it had no works, whether it had sustained some internal injury, whether the worldly nephew and aunt had not sufficient knowledge of the springs of its being to wind it up, Alethea never speculated and Mrs. Purvine did not care. It was more than was owned by any one else in her acquaintance, and she rejoiced without stint in its possession.

"An' I'll be bound ye never seen no clock like mine!" she said.

"Naw 'm," said Alethea, "but I jes' went ter the jail."

"What fur?" demanded Jerry. He was leaning a few of the knobs and angles of his long, lank anatomy against the door. He did not notice that he kept the light from Alethea's work, but she was unwilling to remonstrate, and sewed on in the shadow.

"She went ter see Mink Lorey," said his aunt. "I hope he 'lowed he war sorry fur his sins, — 'though 't won't do him

no good now; oughter hev been sorry fust."

"I never seen him," said Alethea.

Aunt Dely had knelt before the fire for the purpose of investigating the baking of the egg-bread; she held the lid of the oven up with a bit of kindling, while she turned half around to fix an astonished gaze on the girl.

"In the name o' — Moses!" — she produced the adjuration as if she thought it equal to the occasion, — "what did ye kem hyar lyin' 'bout'n it, Lethe, an' sayin' ye hed been ter see him? Ye'll git yer nose burnt, an' I'll be glad of it," she broke off suddenly, addressing a hound that, lured by the appetizing odor gushing out from under the lid of the oven, had approached with a sinuous, beguiling motion, and was extending his long neck. "Ye'd look mighty desirable with a blister on it."

"I never said I seen Reuben," returned Alethea, regardless of this interlude. "He would n't see me."

"What fur?" asked Jerry excitedly.

The lid fell upon the oven with a crash from Mrs. Purvine's hand. She was speechless with amazement.

Alethea sat, her hands clasped on the quilting frame, the glow of the firelight full on her glistening hair; her beauty seemed heightened by the refined pathos which weeping often leaves upon the face when it is once more calm. It was hard to say the cruel words, but her voice was steady.

"He 'lowed I favored the harnt on Thunderhead what sp'iles folkses prospects. I hed 'lowed ter him, when I las' seen him, ez he oughter gin what he hed ter old man Griff. An' he went ter Shaftesville. An' they jailed him."

Aunt Dely's moon face turned scarlet. "Now, ain't ye up an' down 'shamed o' yerse'f, Lethe Ann Sayles? Ter set store by a man ez talks ter you-uns like that!" She rose, with a toss of her head. "The kentry hev got my cornsent ter hang him!"

She began to move about more briskly as she placed the plates on the table. The fact of this breach between Alethea and Mink was auspicious to her darling scheme. "Naw, child," she said as the girl offered to assist, "ye set an' talk ter Jerry 'bout Mink; he wants ter hear 'bout Mink."

"I wisht I could be witness fur Reuben," said Alethea, feeling an intense relief to be able to mention it without revealing her secret. "I believe I could help Reuben some."

"Why n't ye go ter his lawyer?" asked Jerry. "Harshaw, they say, he hev got ter defend him."

"He would n't listen; he fairly run from me."

"In Moses's name!" cried Mrs. Purvine, with sibilant inversion of her favorite exclamation, "what ails them crazy bucks in Shaftesville? All of 'em got the jim-jams, in jail an' out?"

"Waal," said Jerry coolly, "ef ye want ter tell him sech ez ye know, I'll *make* him listen ter ye. I hev been summonsed on the jury fur the nex' term, an' I'll hev ter go ter Shaftesville or be fined. An' ef ye air thar I'll see Harshaw don't run from ye, — else he won't run fur, no mo'. He'll lack his motions arter that."

"Ai-yi! When Jerry talks he ain't minchin' his words!" cried aunt Dely admiringly.

Alethea was very grateful for this stalwart championship. She said nothing, however, for she had no cultured phrases of acknowledgment. Her spirits rose; her flagging brain was once more alert; she was eager to be alone, — to think what she would say to the lawyer, to Mink, on the witness-stand. She hardly noticed Mrs. Purvine's manner of self-gratulation, or her frequent glances toward her young people as they sat together before the dull fire. Alethea was very beautiful, and Jerry — Mrs. Purvine never deluded herself with denials of her adopted son's ugliness —

was good and manly, and as sharp as a brier. Any man might be esteemed a poor match for looks, unless it were the worthless Mink, so safe in jail.

The feat a woman's imagination can accomplish in a given time is the most triumphant illustration of the agility of the human mind. Before either spoke again Mrs. Purvine had elaborated every detail of the courtship and engagement, pausing from time to time, as she placed the dishes on the table, and looking about the room in complete abstraction, planning how to arrange the furniture to give space for the dancing at the infair.

"Set out the supper in the shed-room, an' take these hyar two beds an' thar steads up-steers inter the roof-room," she muttered, measuring with her eye. "The loom kin jes' be h'isted inter the yard — an' I don't keer ef I never see it agin — and the spinning-wheels set in the bedroom." As to Satan, she had forgotten that he was quite capable of making himself small enough to hide in the fiddle.

The light was growing dull out of doors; the stridulous voices of the September insects sounded ceaselessly, scarcely impinging upon the sense of quiet, so monotonous was the iteration of their song. The strokes of Isham's axe, betokening activity at the wood-pile, seemed to cleave the silence, and reverberated from the mountains, as if the echoes were keeping a tally. Alethea had rolled up the quilting frame, and it swung from the beams. The children were trooping in, three great awkward boys, who evidently formed themselves upon Jerry Price's manner, except the youngest, a lad of fourteen, whose face had a certain infantile lower, saved over from his juvenile days, and concentrating readily into a pout. Even his mother admitted that he was "sp'iled some." Together they made short work of the egg-bread and "br'iled bacon."

They tarried not long afterward, but

trooped noisily up the ladder to the roof-room; and as they strode about on the floor, which was also the ceiling of the room below, it seemed momentarily that they would certainly come through.

Jerry lighted his pipe and sat on the doorstep; the fashionable aunt Dely lighted hers and took a chair near. All the doors stood open, for the night was sultry. The stars were very bright in the moonless sky. The dogs sat, lolling their tongues, on the porch, or lay in the dewy grass; making incursions now and then into the room, climbing cavalierly over Jerry's superfluity of long legs, and nosing about among the ashes to make sure that none of the scraps had escaped.

"Don't ye know I never waste nuthin', ye grisly gluttons?" demanded aunt Dely, the model housekeeper. But their fat sides did not confirm this statement, and, bating a wag of homage in the extreme tip of their tails, they paid no attention to her.

"What I'm a-honin' ter know," said Jerry Price presently, "air how them boys ez war along o' Mink an' war summonsed ez witnesses air goin' ter prove he war drunk. Ef they 'low Mink war drunk the 'torney-gin'al 'll try ter make out he war sober. He's a-goin' ter ax, 'Whar'd he git the whiskey, bein' 's all the still thar is air a bonded still, an' by law can't sell less 'n five gallons. Then them boys 'll be afeard ter tell whar they got the whiskey, kase folks mought think they knowed who war makin' it. An' ef the moonshiners war raided, *they* mought declar' ez some o' them boys war aidin' an' abettin' 'em, an' the revenueurs would arrest them too."

"Don't ye know who air makin' it?" Alethea asked, a vivid picture in her mind of Boke's barn, and Jerry Price and his cronies stalking their fantastic rounds about it.

"Naw, sir! an' don't want, nuther. I war along o' 'em in the woods that

night. I helped tote the jug. We lef' it empty in Boke's barn an' fund it filled, but I dunno nuthin' mo'."

"Lethe," said aunt Dely, handing her a ball of gray yarn, the knitting-needles thrust through an ill-knit beginning of a sock, "I wish ye'd try ter find out whar I drapped them stitches, an' ravel it out an' knit it up agin. I hate ter do my work over, an' I hev ter be powerful partic'lar with Jerry's socks, — he wears 'em out so fas'. Ye'd 'low he war a thousand-legs, ef ye could see the stacks of 'em I hev ter darn."

Alethea drew up a great rocking-chair, and now and then leaned over its arms toward the fire to catch the red glow of the embers upon her work, as her deft hands repaired the damages of Mrs. Purvine's inattention. Suddenly she said in a pondering tone, "Why would the 'torney-gineral ruther prove Mink war sober?"

"Kase ef he war proved drunk the jury would lean ter him," said Jerry.

She laid her work down in her lap, and gazed intently at him. His face had the transient glow of his pipe upon it, and then, as he took it from his lips, was as indistinct as his long, lank figure disposed in the doorway.

"They ought n't ter do it, — but they do. I ain't never seen nare jury hold a drunk man ez up an' down 'sponsible ez ef he war sober. They 'll lean ter him ef he could be proved drunk."

Alethea said nothing. Her mental attitude was one of intense receptivity. Her keen appreciation of how much depended on her comprehension, her desire that no point should escape her attention, were positive pain in their acute consciousness.

The discerning Jerry went on with that acumen and cogency which were such odd concomitants of his ignorance and uncouthness: —

"It makes me laff every time I see a witness swore ter tell 'the truth, the whole truth, an' nuthin' but the truth.'

Folks is so apt ter believe the truth air jes' what they want'er b'lieve. Git them boys skeered up right smart 'bout the revenuers on one side an' the moonshiners on t' other, an' they 'll feel the truth war ez none o' we-uns hed ennythin' ter drink that night; mought hev hed a dram o' cider, or mebbe nuther stronger 'n yerb tea, but nobody war bodaciously boozy. Then they don't know sure enough whar the liquor kem from; mos' folks don't b'lieve thar 's no still round 'bout the mountings now."

Alethea leaned back in the rocking-chair, her nerveless hands falling idly upon the work in her lap. The crude mosaic of advertisements on the walls started out with abnormal distinctness, as a tiny flame rose from the embers and fell into sudden extinction among the ashes, leaving the only picture in the room the dusky night-scene dimly painted in purple and dove color upon the panes of the window.

It was only she who could remedy the deficiency in this valuable testimony. She knew full well the source of their secret supply. She it was who had seen the jug left in the barn by the roistering blades, and the moonshiner swing down from the loft to seize upon it. She had his full confession from his own lips. She appreciated the distinctions the jury would make between hilarious drunken sport and coolly intentional malice in the prisoner, and that it was in her hands to sacrifice one of these men to the other.

For the first time she was quick to distrust her own intuitions. Her tyrant conscience, always hitherto inexorably immolating every human wish upon the altars of the right, seemed now the suavest mentor, urging that her lover's liberty, his life for aught she knew, should not be jeopardized to protect a man whose vocation she accounted a curse to the community. She felt a secret amaze that her first vague project should expand into a fully equipped plan, with

hardly a conscious process of thought to give it shape and detail. Her natural doubts, her efforts at alternatives, were flouted by some inner imperious determination. It was in the nature of a concession from this suddenly elate and willful power that she obtained her own consent, as she would have phrased it, to warn Sam Marvin, for the sake of his "houseful," that he might elude capture, and perchance save his still and appliances from destruction. And she would warn Jerry, too, despite that triumphant, tumultuous consciousness which held all else so slight since she had knowledge that could aid in proving Mink's irresponsibility for what he had really done, and his innocence of the graver crime of which he was accused.

"Jerry," she said, observing that Mrs. Purvine had fallen asleep in her chair, her moon face all askew, her idle hands neatly rolled up in her apron, — "Jerry, I reckon ye would n't want me a-goin' testifyin' ter Shaftesville ef ye knowed I seen you-uns leave the jug that evenin' in Boke's barn. I sca'cely b'lieved 't war ye, at fust, all of ye acted so curious; I 'lowed 't war sperits in yer likeness. An' I seen the distiller kem an' git the jug. An' he seen me."

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe!" exclaimed Jerry, seriously. "Don't joke 'bout sech ez that. Ye know the moonshiners mought fairly kill ye, ef they fund out ye knowed an' tole on 'em. They hev done sech afore now. Ye keep yer mouth shet and yer tongue 'twixt yer teeth, ef ye knows what 's healthy fur ye."

"I ain't jokin'," said Alethea.

"Ye mind what I say," declared Jerry. "I ain't afeard myself o' the moonshiners nor the revenuers, nare one, — ain't got no call ter be, — but words sech ez ye air speakin' air powerful ticklish an' techy kind o' talk. Ye better tend ter the cows an' sheep an' weavin', an' sech, an' leavé the men's business alone. I hev never knowed," said Jerry, a

trifle acrimoniously, "a woman git ten steps away from home but what she acts ez ef she had tuk off her brains an' lef' 'em thar along of her every-day clothes."

"I jes' went ter git the lam' out'n a hole," said Alethea, in no wise daunted, and ready with her retort. "His leg 's mendin', though he hops some yit. An' I war in the cow-pen when the moon-shiner kem an' talked ter me."

"Listen at ye, a-settin' talkin' 'bout law-breakers," said the fastidious Mrs. Purvine, who had abruptly waked up. "I ain't kin ter none o' 'em. Naw, sir, an' I would n't own it ef I war. Mind me o' yer uncle Pettin Guyther, ez war always talkin' 'bout murder an' robbery: every tale he told they killed the folks a diffent way, — spilled thar blood somehow, an' cracked thar skulls bodaciously; an' whenever he 'd git himself gone from hyar I useter be 'feared lawless ones would kem hyar of a night ter thieve an' kill, knowin' ez I hed consider'ble worldly goods. The Bible say riches ain't no 'count. Mebbe so, but I ain't so sure 'bout that."

Perhaps it was her clock which she had in mind, for — without any monition from it, however — she added, "Time ter go ter bed, chil'n, — time ter go ter bed."

She did not rise from her chair at once. She admonished Jerry to "kiver" the fire with ashes, and watched him as he did it. Then he tramped up the ladder to the roof-room, noisily enough to wake the dead, perhaps, but not aunt Dely's boys.

She gave a long, mournful yawn of sleepiness and fatigue, and stretched her arms wearily above her head. Then with sudden cheerfulness she exclaimed, "Lethe, ye hain't never hed a chance ter sleep in the bedroom!"

She spoke as if there were but one on the face of the earth.

"Ye hev never been down hyar 'thout yer elders an' sech, ez ye hev hed ter show respec' ter, an' stan' back fur,

— yer step-mam, an' Jacob Jessup's wife, an' sech; but ye shell sleep in the bedroom one time, sure, instead o' in this room, ez be het up so hot with cookin' supper in it."

She rose bustlingly to stir up the fire, that there might be light enough to make the requisite preparations. Alethea's heart failed her when she thought of the tiny apartment partitioned off at the end of the porch, and beheld her aunt lighting a little tin lamp without a chimney at the fire. The mountain girl, with all the conservatism of her class, possessed the strength of prejudice against innovation which usually appertains to age. The characteristic of years seemed reversed as she looked on with reluctance, and the old woman flustered about, full of her experimental glories and her eager relish of a new fashion. "Ye kem along, child!" she exclaimed, her moon face wreathed with a toothless smile and the redolent emanations of the smoking and sputtering lamp. It was placed on a shelf in the little room, and as Alethea buttoned the door it gave out less light than a suffocating odor. It served, however, to reveal the timbers that formed the sides of the room, for it was built after the treasures of the post-office had been exhausted in the decoration of the main house. Upon them hung an array of Mrs. Purvine's dresses, suspended by the neck, and suggesting the uncheerful idea of a row of executed women. The bed was high, huge with feathers and heaped with quilts. There were no means of ventilation, unless sundry cracks incident to mountain architecture might be relied upon. Alethea made haste to extinguish the lamp. When she had climbed the altitudes of the feather bed she could not sleep. The roof-room at home, with its windows and its sweeps of high air, was not so fine, it might be, but as she smothered by slow degrees she thought poorly of fashion. Her brain was hot with

the anxious, strenuous thoughts that seethed through it. She was much less cheerful as the hours wore on. The recollections of the sad day bore heavily upon her spirit. Over and again Mink's cruel words, the ridicule to which the lawyer had subjected her, in her own estimation, the affront to her dignity,—she had no such fine name for it, she could only feel,—came back to her, and she could but marvel that the evening had passed so placidly; she wondered that she even lived, so acute were the pangs of her wounded pride. She had an ineffable repugnance to the idea of ever seeing Harshaw again; for herself alone, for her life, she felt, she would have made no further effort. "I'll do it fur Reuben, though," she said. The thought of him, too, was very bitter. Her wakeful eyes were hot, but they harbored no tears. Once she slipped down from the bed and unbuttoned the door, hoping to sleep with the influx of air. It came in fresh, sweet, full of the sense of dew. The night was not black; only a subdued gray shadow lay over all the land: how its passive, neutral aspect expressed the idea of rest! Looking out from the cavernous overhanging portal of the little porch, she could see the Great Smoky, darkly rising above the cove. She heard the stir of a bird roosting in an althea bush by the gate, and then a scuttling sound under the house. She had moved very softly, but the vigilant Bose bounded upon the porch. He knew her—for she spoke to him instantly—as well as he knew his name, but for some unexplained affectation of his nature he would not recognize her, but sat before her door and barked at her with a vehemence that made the roof ring, and reverberated from the mountains as if a troop of wolves were howling in the melancholy woods. Twice he tired of this pastime, and withdrew under the house, coming out again to renew it. She shut the door, finally, and again and again he threw himself against it, at last

lying down before it and growling at intervals. She fell asleep after a time, through sheer fatigue, regardless of the lack of air in the little dungeon; waking heavy-eyed and fagged in the morning, able to acquiesce only faint-heartedly when aunt Dely triumphantly saluted her: "Waal, Lethe, now nobody kin never say ez ye ain't slep' in the bedroom."

All day she felt the effects of her vigil. She thought it was this which had touched her courage. She stood still with a quaking at her heart, when, climbing the Great Smoky, she reached the forks in the road where she should turn off to go to Sam Marvin's house. Jerry Price had driven her in the ox-wagon as far as the foot of the mountain, but slow as the team was it had long ago dwindled in the distance to a mere speck, finally becoming invisible. There was no view of the valley from the forks of the road. The woods were immeasurable about her, all splendid with the pomp and state of autumn. Those great trees, ablaze with color,—the flaming yellow of the hickory, the rich, dull purple of the sweet-gum, the crimson of the oaks,—reached up in endless arches above her head, all boldly painted against the blue sky. An incredible brilliancy of effect was afforded by the long vistas, free of undergrowth, and carpeted with the poly-tinted leaves. Among them often the full purple clusters of the muscadines hung, the vines climbing to the tops of the trees, and then trailing over to the ground. As she stood she heard a creaking and straining of the strong cables,—a fox in their midst as they lay tangled upon the earth. She noted, too, the translucent globes of the persimmon hanging upon trees denuded of all but a few yellow leaves.

She sat down on a log at the forks of the road, feeling greatly perturbed and anxious. To do what she proposed to do was to take her life in her hands.

Not her step-mother alone, but Jacob Jessup, had warned her, and Jerry Price had repeated what they had said almost in their very words. But they had only sought to curb her foolish tongue. They had never dreamed of the reckless temerity of going into the moonshiner's den to defy him, proclaim herself the informer, and warn him to save himself. He had already threatened her; she remembered his stern, vehement face in the closing dusk. She wondered that her mind should balk from the decision so imperatively urged upon it. She seemed, as it were, to catch herself in lapses of attention. Often she looked, first at one, then at the other, of the roads, — neither visible in the midst of the foliage for more than a few yards up the steep ascent, — as if she expected some diversion, some extraneous aid, in her dilemma, something to happen to decide it for her.

What, she said to herself, if never again she should behold this place? What if, in taking choice of the forks of the road, she should take a path she might never tread again?

And then she wondered that she should notice that the log on which she sat was a "lick log," should speculate whether the cattle often came here for salt, should look idly into the cleft within it to see if perchance there were still salt there.

It would be safer, it might be better for all, to give her testimony if it should be called for, and leave Sam Marvin to the law. "I'm fairly feared o' him, ennyways. I'm feared ter go thar an' let him know that he'll git fund out, mebbe, fur I'll tell on him ef I'm summonsed ez a witness. My step-mother's always sayin' I'm a meddler, an' mebbe I be."

She listened to the sound of an outgushing roadside spring. She looked up at the new moon, which seemed to follow the lure of the wind beckoning in the trees. They shook their splendid

plumes together like an assemblage of bowing courtiers, gayly bedight.

She remembered the "houseful," the pinching poverty, the prison, the destruction of the still. She rose reluctantly and turned to the left. Her eyes were bright and distended; her cheeks were flushed; her red lips parted. She listened intently from time to time: not a sound but her own slow, light footfall. She had thought to hear the dogs barking, for the place was now near at hand. When she saw a rail fence terminating the vista her heart gave a great bound; she paused, looking at it with dilated eyes. Then she went on, up and up, till the house came in view, — a forlorn little cabin of one room, with a clay and stick chimney, smokeless! She stared at it, amazed. There was no creature in the hog-pen, which was large for the pretensions of the place, — the distillery refuse explained its phenomenal size, perhaps; the door of the house swung loose in the wind. There were several slats nailed across the entrance low down, evidently intended to keep certain vagrant juveniles from falling out of the door. No need for this now. The place was deserted. Alethea walked up to the fence, — the bars lay upon the ground, — and stepped over the slats into the empty room. The ashes had been dead for days in the deep chimney-place; a few rags in a corner fluttered in the drafts from crannies; the whole place had that indescribable mournfulness of a deserted human habitation that had so pathetically appealed to her in the little house at Boke's Spring. Here, it pierced her heart. It was from fear of her that they had fled, — and whither? A poor home at best, where could they find another? She need not have quaked, she said to herself; they had not sought to still her tongue, lest it should wag against them. They had uprooted their home, and had withdrawn themselves alike from the informer and the harsh law that oppressed them. The tears

sprang into her eyes. She deprecated their bitter feeling, their saddened lives, their despoiled hearthstone. And yet it was all wrong that they should distill the brush whiskey, and could she say she was to blame?

A faint scratching sound struck her attention. It came from behind the closed door of the shed-room. She stood listening for a moment, unable to account for it. Then she went forward and unlatched the door.

A starved cat, emaciated and forlorn to the last degree, forgotten in the removal, shut by some accident into the room, crept quivering out. It went through the dumb show of mewing; it could not walk; its bones almost pierced its skin. Its plight served to approximate the date of the flitting. It had been there for days, weeks perhaps.

She picked up the creature, and carried it home in her arms.

X.

The little brick court-house in Shaftesville had stood for half a century in the centre of the village square, as impassive as an oracle to the decrees which issued from it. Even time seemed able to make but scant impression on it. True, the changes of the day might register on its windows, flaring with fictitious fires when the sun was in the west, or reflecting the moonlight with pallid glimmers, as if some white-faced spectre had peered out into the midnight through the dusty pane. Mosses clung to its walls; generations of swallows had nested in its chimneys, soaring up from them now and then, and filling the air with bevvies of black dots, as if the records below had spewed out a surplusage of punctuation marks and blots; decay had touched a window-sill here and there. But it was still called the "new court-house," in contradistinction to the primitive log building that it had replaced; and if it had some

inward monitions of its age once in a while, its long experience of various phases of life, its knowledge of the coming and going of many men who would come and go no more, it was enabled to maintain an air of jaunty unconsciousness, as it was still the handsomest edifice in Shaftesville and of a somewhat imposing architectural pretension. It had beheld many a "State's day" dawn like this, with fitful gusts of wind and rain, with a frenzied surging of the boughs of the hickory-trees about it as if some sylvan grief beset them, with a continual shifting of the mists that veiled the mountains and hung above the roofs of the straggling little town.

The few stores, all of which faced the square, were early full of customers clad in jeans, with heavy cowhide boots deeply bemired by the red clay mud of the streets, and with gruff faces that expressed surly disapproval of the frills and frippery of civilization as exhibited in Shaftesville. Canvas-covered wagons, laden with produce and drawn by oxen, stood before the doors, and among the piles of corn and bags of apples and chestnuts children's wide-eyed, grave faces looked out cautiously from behind the flaps at the inexplicable "town ways." In the intervals of the down-pour there was much stir in the streets. Men with long-skirted coats and broad hats and stern, grizzled faces rode about on gaunt mountain horses. Now and then one would be accompanied by an elderly woman in homespun dress, a shawl and sun-bonnet, wearing a settled look of sour disaffection, and chirruping a sharp warning rather than encouragement to her stumbling, antiquated gray mare. There were many horses hitched to the palings of the court-house fence, and numbers of men lounged about the yard, all crowding up the steps as the tuneless clangor of the bell smote the air. Around the door of the jail boys and rowdyish young men assembled, waiting with an indomitable patience, de-

spite the quick, sharp showers, to see the prisoner led out.

The people of Shaftesville regarded the swarm of visitors as somewhat an encroachment upon their vested rights. "Leave anybody in the mountains?" was a frequent raillery.

"Ye town folks jes' 'lowed ye'd hev all the fun o' seein' Mink Lorey tried ter yerselves, ye grudgin' half-livers," the mountaineers would retort; "but from what I kin see, I reckon ye air sorter mistook this time, sure."

And indeed the court-room was crowded as it had seldom been in the fifty years that justice had been meted out here. In the space without the bar the benches groaned and creaked beneath the weight of those who had taken the precaution to secure seats in advance, and to this end had occupied them in dreary waiting since early in the morning. The forethought of one coterie had come to naught, for the bench had succumbed to the weight of the twenty stalwart mountaineers; its feeble supports bent beneath it, and as the party collapsed in a wild mingling of legs and arms, waving in frantic efforts to recover equilibrium, Shaftesville was "mighty nigh tickled ter death," for the first time that day. A burst of jeering laughter filled the room, as the sprawling young fellows sheepishly gathered themselves together, only gradually subdued by the sheriff's "Silence in court!"

The attorney-general was already piling his books and papers on the table, consulting his notes and absorbed in his preparations. He was a man of fifty, perhaps, with a polished bald head that might have been of interest to a phrenologist (for it had sundry marked protuberances), blunt, strong features, a heavy lower jaw, an expression of insistent common sense, and a deep bass voice. He was sonorously clearing his throat just now, and was wiping from his thick, short, grizzled mustache drops of some fluid that gave a pervasive un-

equivocal odor to his breath. It had only rejoiced his stomach, however, and did not affect the keen acumen for which he was famous, and he was settling to his work with an evident intention of giving the defense all they would be able to wrestle with. The old miller, in his rags and patches, sat beside him as prosecutor. His face wore a strange meekness. Now and then he lifted his bleared eyes with an intent look, as if hearing some unworded counsels; then shook his head and bowed it, with its long white locks, upon his hands clasped on his stick. There were many glances directed toward him, half in commiseration, half in curiosity; but these sentiments were bated somewhat by familiarity, for there was hardly a man in Cherokee County who had not visited the ruins of the mill and heard much gossip about the old man's uncharacteristic humility and submissive grief.

A stronger element of interest was added to the impending trial by the circumstance that it was a stranger on the bench. Comparatively few of the assemblage had been in attendance the preceding days, during the trial of the civil cases, and in the preliminary moments, throughout the opening of the court, the reading of the minutes, the calling of the roll, the miscellaneous motions, until the criminal docket was taken up and the case called, the judge sustained the fixed gaze of one half the county.

He did not embody the sleek, successful promise of his reputation. He had the look of a man who has fought hard for all that he has won, and, unsatisfied, is ready to fight again. It was a most unappeased, belligerent spirit expressed in his eyes. They were of a dark gray, and deeply set. He had straight black hair, cut short about his head. His face wore a repressed impatience. It was keen, rather than his eyes: sharp lines were drawn about it, making him seem somewhat older than his age, which was

thirty five or six; his nose had a fine, thin nostril; his chin was round and heavy. He wore a long, thin mustache; now and then he gnawed at the end of it. He sat stiffly erect before the desk, his elbow upon it, his chin resting in his hand. His blue flannel suit hung negligently on his tall, slender figure, and they were lean, long fingers that held his chin.

He was looking about with a restless eye. The great round stove in the room was red hot. Snow had been seen on the summits of the distant Smoky, and was not this sure indication that winter was at hand? The sheriff was a man of rigid rule and precedent, and the fire had been built accordingly.

The judge spoke suddenly. He had a singularly low, inexpressive voice, a falling inflection, and a deliberate, measured manner. "Mr. Sheriff," he said, "hoist that window, will you?"

All the windows were occupied by men and boys, some of them standing that they might obtain a better view of the prisoner when he should be led in. From the coigne of vantage of the window indicated they descended with clumsy hops and thumps upon the floor, as they made way for the sheriff to admit the air. There was a half-suppressed titter from those more fortunately placed, as the dispossessed and discomfited spectators crowded together against the wall. The judge glanced about with displeasure in his eyes.

"I'll have you to understand," he said in his unimpassioned drawl, "that a trial before a court of justice is not a circus or a show. And if there's not more quiet in this court-room I'll send one half of this crowd to jail."

There was quiet at once. The gaze fixed upon him was suddenly an unfriendly look. To be sure, he was not a visiting clergyman, but one expects a certain degree of urbanity from the stranger within one's gates, however lofty his mission and imperious his au-

thority. Their own judicial magnate, Judge Averill, was a very lenient man, fat, and bald, and jolly. The frequenters of the place could but be impressed with the contrast. If Judge Averill found the room or the weather too warm, he took off his coat, and tried his cases clothed in his right mind, and in little else. Everybody in the county was familiar with the back of his vest, which had a triangular wedge of cloth let into it, for the judge had become more expansive than when the vest was a fit. He was a sound lawyer and an excellent man, and his decisions suffered no disparagement from his shirt sleeves.

The pause of expectation was prolonged. The stove was cracking, as it abruptly cooled, as if with inarticulate protest against these summary proceedings. The autumnal breeze came in dank and chill at the window. The spectators moved restlessly in their places. There was a sharp contrast between the towns-people — especially the lawyers within the bar, in their dapper store clothes, and with that alert expression habitual with men who think for a living — and the stolid, ruminative mountain folks, with unshorn beards and unkempt heads, habited in jeans, and lounging about in slouching postures.

There was a sudden approach of feet in the hall, — the feet, to judge by their nimble irresponsibility, of scuttling small boys. A thrill of excitement ran through the crowd as a heavier tramp resounded. The sheriff in charge of the prisoner, who was accompanied by his counsel, came into the room so swiftly as almost to impair the effect of the entry, and Mink and his lawyer sat down within the bar.

Oddly enough, Mink's keen, bright eyes were elate as he glanced about. He looked so light, so alert, so elastically ready to bound away, that he gave those cautious souls who like to be on the safe side a sentiment that it would conduce to the public weal if he were

still ironed. He was visibly excited, too; his expression failed to convey the idea of adequate recognition of anything that he saw, but he stood up and pleaded "Not guilty" in a steady, strong voice, and with his old offhand, debonair, manly manner. He held his hat in his hand, — a long time, poor fellow, since he had had need of it; his clothes still bore the rents of the struggle when he was captured; his fine hair curled down upon his brown jeans coat collar; and his face had an unwonted delicacy of effect, the refined result of the prosaic "jail-bleach." He seemed most thoroughly alive. In contrast any other personality suggested torpor. His strong peculiarities had a certain obliterative effect upon others; he was the climaxing point of interest in the room. The judge looked at him with marked attention. Harshaw had flung himself back in his chair, that quaked in every fibre beneath him. He mopped his flushed face with his handkerchief, sighed with fatness and anxiety, and pulled down his vest and the stubs of his shirt sleeves about his thick wrists, for he wore no cuffs. He leaned forward from time to time, and whispered with eager perturbation to the prisoner, who seemed to listen with a sort of flout of indifference and confident protest. Mink's conduct was so unexpected, so remarkable, that it attracted general attention. The members of the bar had taken note of it, and presently two or three commented in whispers on Harshaw's preoccupation. For he, a stickler at trifles, a man that fought on principle every point of his case, had allowed something to slip his notice. The names of the jury were about to be drawn. The sheriff, seeking, according to the law, that exponent of guilelessness, "a child under ten years of age," had encountered one in the hall, and came back into the room, beckoning with many an alluring demonstration some small person, invisible because of the density of the crowd. It

once more showed a disposition to titter, for the sheriff, a bulky, ungainly man, was wreathing his hard features into sweetly insistent smiles, when there appeared, in the open space near the judge's desk, a little maiden, following him, beginning to smile, too, under so many soft attentions. Her blowzy, uncovered hair was of a sunny hue; her red lips parted to show her snagged little teeth; her eyes, so fresh, so blue, were fastened upon him with an expression of blandest favor; her plump little body was arrayed in a blue-checked cotton frock; and despite the season her feet were bare. It was perhaps this special mark of poverty that attracted the attention of one of the lawyers. He was a man of extraordinary memory, a politician, and well acquainted in the coves. He looked hard at the little girl. Then he whispered to a crony that she was the miller's granddaughter. For it was "Sister Eudory." They watched Harshaw with idle interest, expecting him to identify the small kinswoman of the drowned boy, and to derive from the fact some fine-spun theory of incompetency. He did not recognize her, however, — perhaps he had never before seen her; he only gave her a casual glance, and then turned his eyes upon the jury list in his hands.

The scrolls bearing the names of the proposed jurors were placed in a hat, and the sheriff, bowing his long back, extended it to "Sister Eudory."

She held her pretty head askew, looked up, smiling with childish coquetry at the judge, put in her dimpled hand with a delicate tentative gesture, took out a scroll, and handed it to the clerk with an elaborate air of bestowal. He looked at it, and read the name aloud.

Her charming infantile presence, as she stood by the judge's desk among the grave, bearded men, her dimpled hands drawing the jury, won upon the crowd. There were laughing glances interchanged, and no dissenting opinion as to

the prettiness and "peartness" of "Sister Eudory." She was evidently under the impression that she was performing some great public feat, as she again thrust in her hand, caught up another scroll, and smiled radiantly into the face of the judge, who was visibly embarrassed by the blandishments of the small coquette. He hardly knew how to return her gaze, and instead he glanced casually out of the window close by.

The defense frequently availed themselves of their right of peremptory challenge. This was a matter of preconcerted detail with a jury list before them. Whenever it was possible they challenged "for cause" and "to the favor," until the *venire* was exhausted. Then jurors were summoned from the by-standers. It was not exactly the entertainment for which the crowd had been waiting, but they found a certain interest in seeing Mink, no longer indifferent, lean forward, and with acrimonious eagerness whisper into the counsel's ear presumable defamations of the juror, who looked on helplessly and with an avidity of curiosity as to what was about to be publicly urged against him. Over and again the sheriff made incursions into the streets, summoning talesmen wherever he could lay his hands on suitable persons. Men of undoubted integrity and sobriety were scarce at the moment, for the good citizens of Shaftesville, averse to the duty, and hearing that he was abroad on this mission, seemed to disappear as if the earth had swallowed them. Plunging into the stores, the baffled official would encounter only the grins of the few customers, — proprietor and clerks having alike fled. Once he pursued the flying coat-tails and the soles of a pair of nimble feet of one of the solid men of the town around a corner, never coming nearer. It was a time-honored custom to respond thus to one's country's call, and engendered no bitterness in the sheriff's breast. Perhaps he considered

these exercises one of the official duties to which he had been dedicated.

The difficulty of securing a jury was unexampled in the annals of Shaftesville. Many, otherwise eligible, confessed to a prejudice against Mink, and had formed and freely expressed an opinion as to his guilt. One old codger from some sequestered cove of the mountains, never before having visited Shaftesville, and desirous of adding to the strange tales of his travels the unique experience of serving on the jury, dashed his own hopes by seizing the opportunity, when questioned as usual, by replying glibly in the affirmative. He said, too, that the "outdacious rascality of the prisoner showed in his face, an' ef they locked him up for life he'd be a warnin' ter the other mischievous young minks, fur the kentry war a-roamin' with 'em." His look of blank amazement and discomfiture when told to "stand aside" elicited once more the ready titter of the crowd and the sheriff's formula, "Silence in court!"

As such admissions were made, Mink sat, his head thrust forward, his bright, intent eyes flashing indignantly, a fluctuating flush on his pallid cheek, his whole lithe, motionless figure seeming so alert that it would scarcely have astonished the community if he had sprung upon the holder of these aggressive views of his guilt. His lawyer sneered, and now and then exchanged a glance of scornful comment with him, — for Harshaw had recovered his equanimity in the exercise of that most characteristic quality, his pugnacity, during his wrangles with the attorney for the State in challenging the jurymen.

The crude gray light of the autumn day waned. A dim shadow fell over the assemblage. Gusts of wind dashed the rain against the grimy panes, the drops trickling down in long, irregular lines; the yellow hickory leaves went whirling by, sometimes dropping upon the window-ledges, and away again on the rest-

less blast. The mists pressed against the glass, then quivered and disappeared, and came once more. Occasionally a great hollow voice sounded from the empty upper chambers of the building through some open window; the doors left ajar slammed now and then, and the sashes rattled as the wind rose higher.

It was not more cheerful when the lamps were lighted, for the court did not adjourn at the usual hour. A strong smell of coal oil and of ill-trimmed wicks pervaded the air; a bated suffusion of yellow radiance emanated from them into the brown dimness of the great room. The illumined faces were dull with fatigue and glistening with perspiration, for the stove was once again red hot, — an old darky, with a tropical idea of comfort, appearing at close intervals with an armful of wood. Old man Griff's long white hair gleamed among the darker heads within the bar. He had happily fallen asleep, his forehead bowed on his hands, his hands clasped on his stick. Strange shadows seemed to be attending court. Grotesque distortions of humanity walked the walls, and lurked among the assemblage, and haunted the open door, and looked over the shoulder of the judge.

It began to be very apparent to the assembly, the bar, the prisoner, the attorney-general, and the sheriff that Judge Gwinnan had the fixed purpose of sitting there without adjournment until the requisite competent dozen jurors should be secured. It was already late, long past the usual hour for supper, and although the lawyers and the crowd, who could withdraw and refresh themselves as they wished, might approve of this ascetic determination neither to eat nor to sleep until the jury was achieved, the sheriff, his deputy absent, felt it a hardship. He was a plethoric, bulky man, accustomed to locomotion only on horseback. He had taken much exercise to-day on foot, a sort of official Diogenes, searching for a mythical un-

attained man of an exigent mental and moral pattern, and with not even a tub as a haven to which he might have the poor privilege of retiring. When he next darted out with a sort of unwieldy agility into the hall, lighted by a swinging lamp, the wick turned too high and the chimney emitting flames tipped with smoke, he was not easily to be withstood. He seized upon a man leaning idly against the wall, his hands in his pockets, whom he had not seen before to-day. "Ye air the very feller I'm a-lookin' fur!" he cried, magnifying the accident into a feat of intention.

Peter Rood drew back further against the wall, with a shocked expression on his swarthy face and in his glittering black eyes. "I can't!" he cried. "Lemme go!"

"Why can't ye?" demanded the sheriff.

"I ain't well," protested Rood, more calmly.

"Shucks!" the officer incredulously commented. "Ef all I hev hearn o' that sort to-day war true, thar ain't a hearty, whoppin' big man in Cherokee County but what's got every disease from the chicken pip ter the yaller fever. Come on, Pete, an' quit foolin'."

Under the strong coercion of the law administered by a sheriff who wanted his supper, Rood could but go.

Despite his rapacious interest in all that concerned the tragedy, he had hitherto held aloof from the court-house; he had withdrawn himself even from the streets, fearing to meet the sheriff. Seeing the great yellow lights in the windows, each flaring in the rainy night like some many-faceted topaz, he had fancied that the trial must be well under way, for no gossip had come to him in his hiding-place of the difficulty of securing a jury. He could no longer resist his curiosity. He strode at his leisurely gait up the steps, meaning merely to glance within, when the sheriff issued upon him.

As he came with the officer into the room Mink scanned him angrily, leaned forward, and whispered sharply to the lawyer. Rood was trembling in every fibre; the fixed gaze of all the crowd seemed to pierce him; his great eyes turned with a fluctuating, meaningless stare from one official to the other.

He was a freeholder, not a householder. He had expressed no opinion as to the guilt of the prisoner. He had formed none? He had not thought about it. He was challenged by the defense on the score of personal enmity toward the prisoner, the peremptory challenges being exhausted. As he was otherwise eligible he was put upon his *voir dire*.

Harshaw looked steadily at him for a moment, his red lips curling, sitting with his arms folded across his broad chest. Mink's bright, keen face close behind him was expectant, already triumphant. His hand was on the back of his counsel's chair.

Suddenly Harshaw, tossing his hair from his brow, leaned forward, with his folded arms on the table before him.

"Did you not, sir," he said, smacking his confident red lips, and with an exasperatingly deliberate delivery, — "did you not on the twentieth day of August ascend a certain summit of the Great Smoky Mountains called Piomingo Bald, and there" — he thrust out his red tongue and withdrew it swiftly — "shoot and kill a certain cow, believing it to belong to Mink Lo—to Reuben Lorey?"

The judge's eyes were fixed upon Rood. He seemed strangely agitated, shocked; his face assumed a ghastly pallor.

The attorney-general protested that the juror was not obliged to answer a question which tended to fasten disgrace, nay crime, upon him; Harshaw the while still leaning on the table, laughing silently, and looking with the roseate dimples of corpulent triumph at their discomfiture.

"The juror need not answer," said the judge.

"I'm mighty willin' ter answer jedge," gasped Rood. "I never done no sech thing sence I war born."

It was natural, in the estimation of all the crowd, that he should say this; to accept the privilege of silence would be admission.

"Let me put another question in altogether another field," said Harshaw, smoothing his yellow beard. "If it please the court to permit us to cite the decision of an inferior court, perhaps, but altogether beyond the jurisdiction of this honorable court," — he thrust out his triumphant tongue, — "I should like to refer to the dicta in the courts of Cupid. Were not you and the prisoner suitors for the hand of the same young lady?"

It tickled him, to use a phrase most expressive of the titillation of enjoyment he experienced, to describe in this inflated manner the humble "courtin'" of the mountaineers. There was a broad smile on many of the faces within the bar, the towns-people relishing particularly a joke of this character on the mountain folks. The judge's discerning gray eye was fixed upon him as his pink laugh expanded, his peculiarly red lips showing his strong white teeth.

"Yes, sir, we war," Rood admitted. He was calm now; his agitation had excited no comment; it was to be expected in a man surprised, confounded, and dismayed by so serious a charge.

"You were! How interesting! Go where you may, the world's the same! The charmer spreads her snare even up in the cove! And you and Mink fell together in it, two willing victims. And as he got the best of it, as the lady preferred him, it would be natural that you should have some little grudge against him, hey?"

"I dunno how he got the best of it," said Rood sharply. "I ain't got no grudge agin him fur that. 'T war jes' yestiddy

she sent me word by her mother terkem back; she war jes' foolin' Mink."

He was evidently glad to tell it; he did not care even for the giggle in the crowd.

The lawyer was abashed for a moment, and Mink, so long accustomed to be rated a breaker of hearts, a lady-killer, was grievously cut down. In all the episodes of that day which had so bristled with animosity this was the first moment that his spirit flagged, despite that he had never heretofore cared for Elvira, — did not care for her now.

Rood hardly was aware how the examination was tending; in the interests of self-defense he had overlooked its purpose. He stood staring with blank amaze when the judge's voice ended the discussion.

"The juror is competent," he said.

The two remaining talesmen being unchallenged, the jury was duly impaneled and sworn.

The court was adjourned. The sleepy crowd filed out into the streets, the lights in the court-house windows disappeared, and a dark and vacant interval ensued.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

REVELATION.

"And I went into the Vale of Beavor, and as I went I preached repentance to the people. And one morning, sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me. And it was said: *All things come by Nature*; and the Elements and the Stars came over me. And as I sat still and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true Voice which said: *There is a living God who made all things*. And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and Life rose over all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the Living God." — *Journal of George Fox, 1690.*

STILL, as of old, in Beavor's Vale,
O man of God! our hope and faith
The Elements and Stars assail,
And the awed spirit holds its breath,
Blown over by a wind of death.

Takes Nature thought for such as we,
What place her human atom fills,
The weed-drift of her careless sea,
The mist on her unheeding hills?
What reck's she of our helpless wills?

Strange god of Force, with fear, not love,
Its trembling worshiper! Can prayer
Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move
Unpitying Energy to spare?
What doth the cosmic Vastness care?

In vain to this dread Unconcern
For the All-Father's love we look;
In vain, in quest of it, we turn
The storied leaves of Nature's book,
The prints her rocky tablets took.

I pray for faith, I long to trust ;
I listen with my heart, and hear
A Voice without a sound : " Be just,
Be true, be merciful, revere
The Word within thee : God is near !

" A light to sky and earth unknown
Pales all their lights : a mightier force
Than theirs the powers of Nature own,
And, to its goal as at its source,
His Spirit moves the Universe.

" Believe and trust. Through stars and suns,
Through all occasions and events,
His wise, paternal purpose runs ;
The darkness of his providence
Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme ! I know the Voice
Like none beside on earth or sea ;
Yea, more, O soul of mine rejoice,
By all that He requires of me,
I know what God himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,
I shape no image in my prayer ;
I only know in Him is all
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
Eternal Goodness here and there !

I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on his
Immortal Love and Fatherhood ;
And trust Him, as his children should,

Not less that his restraining hand
Is on our selfish seekings laid,
And, shorn of words and works, we stand
Of vain illusions disarrayed,
The richer for our losses made.

I fear no more. The clouded face
Of Nature smiles ; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings,
And hear the song of hope she sings.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

OUR written constitutions are more or less successful generalizations of political experience, and they exercise much the same spell upon the mind that other confident, roundly put generalizations exert. Like other broad inductions, they commend themselves as whole truths, though they are in fact only partial truths. Wherever they have misread or let drop from their reckoning any one of the lasting conditions which go to make a system workable, they must prove to have promised more than they can possibly fulfill. Their tone of command does not at all alter the historic realities of government. Human nature, especially political human nature, remains the same; and written constitutions can stand for facts only within the limits of those universal conditions of government over which they have no reforming power. This is the ground for that contempt everywhere felt and expressed, outside of French national conventions, for *a priori* constitutions, for paper boats meant to be seaworthy ships of state. But, though written constitutions cannot create a new nature for government, they can and do create new forms of government; above all, they speak out with the utmost plainness definite purposes of government, and the striking forms or novel purposes which they develop catch and dominate men's thoughts. The reality of the new forms creates a violent presumption in favor of the reality of the substance which they are supposed to contain.

The limitation of written constitutions lies centrally in the fact that laws cannot enforce themselves. In one sense, all governments must be governments of men, not of laws. Laws can have no other life than that which is given them by the administration and obedi-

ence of men; and the way in which men naturally exercise power must constitute the essence of every system under which they exercise it.

These considerations apply with less force to the Constitution of the United States than to many others, domestic and foreign, that might be cited, because it was framed by exceptional men thoroughly schooled in the realities of government. But even the Constitution of the United States illustrates the congenital weakness of its family. Its weakness in some points is, indeed, all the more striking because of its great strength in all others. Its strength will be found, upon analysis, to lie in its definiteness and in its limitations rather than in any balance of its energetic parts. Sir Henry Maine, with his instinct for central facts, has recently put his finger upon the chief sinews of our system. "American experience," he says, "has shown that, by wise constitutional provisions thoroughly thought out beforehand, democracy may be made tolerable. The public powers are carefully defined; the mode in which they are to be exercised is fixed; and the amplest securities are taken that none of the more important constitutional arrangements shall be altered without every guarantee of caution and every opportunity for deliberation. . . . It would seem that, by a wise constitution, democracy may be made nearly as calm as water in a great artificial reservoir."¹ These facts of the distinctness of the provisions of our Constitution and the difficulties and delays thrown about its amendment are those which would naturally seem most striking to a qualified English observer, because of the capital contrast which they present to the chief

¹ Popular Government (Am. ed.), pages 110, 111.

features of the singular constitution under which he himself lives. The difference between our own case and that of Great Britain upon which we have most reason to congratulate ourselves is that here, because of our written Constitution, public opinion has definite criteria for its conservatism; whereas in England it has only shifting, uncertain precedent. In both countries there is the same respect for law. But there is not in England the same certainty that exists here as to what the law of the constitution is. We have a fundamental law which is written, and which in its main points is read by all alike in a single accepted sense. There is no more quarrel about its main intent than there is in England about the meaning of Magna Charta. But much of the British constitution has not the support of even a common statute. It may, in respect of many vital parts of it, be interpreted or understood in half a dozen different ways, *and amended by the prevalent understanding.*

It is significant in this connection that one of the most important and most esteemed of the many legal commentaries on our government is entitled *Constitutional Limitations*. In expounding the restrictions imposed by fundamental law upon state and federal action, Judge Cooley is allowed to have laid bare the greater meanings of our whole constitutional system. The "may-nots" and "shall-nots" of our constitutions give them their distinctive shape and character. The strength which preserves the system is the strength of self-control. These constitutional restraints express the all-determining characteristic of the people by whom they are accepted and obeyed. They rest upon the legal conscience — upon what Mr. Grote would have called the "constitutional morality" — of our race. We are above all things law-abiding. These prohibitions of the law do not assert themselves as taskmasters set over us by some ex-

ternal power. They are of our own devising. We are *self-restrained*.

This legal conscience constitutes, for instance, the only guarantee of that chief arrangement of our constitutional system, the division of powers between the state and federal governments. The integrity of the powers of the States has depended solely upon the conservatism, the conservative legal conscience, of the federal courts. State functions have certainly not decayed; but the prerogatives of the States have been preserved, not by their own forces of self-defense, but by the national government's grace of self-restraint. What curtailment their province might suffer has been illustrated in several notable cases in which the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed to the general government extensive powers of punishing state judicial and executive officers for disobedience to state laws. Although the federal courts have again and again obeyed their legal conscience in restraint of the aggressions of Congress upon the States, they have also from time to time countenanced grave encroachments upon state powers; and their occasional laxity of principle upon such points is sufficiently significant of the fact that there is no *balance* between the state and federal governments, but only a customary "constitutional morality" on the part of the federal courts. The actual encroachments which the latter have permitted to themselves, under the pressure of strong political interest at critical periods, were not needed to prove the potential supremacy of the federal government. They showed how that potential supremacy would on occasion become actual supremacy; but they added nothing but illustration to the principle that there is no guarantee but that of conscience that justice will be vouchsafed a suitor when his adversary is both court and opposing litigant. So strong is the instinct of our governments to keep

within the sanction of the law that even when the last three amendments to the Constitution were being forced upon the Southern States by means which were revolutionary, the outward forms of the Constitution were observed. But it was none the less manifest with what sovereign impunity the national government might act in stripping those forms of their genuineness. As there are times of sorrow or of peril which try men's souls, and so lay bare the inner secrets of their characters, so there are times of revolution which act as fire in burning away all but the basic elements of constitutions. It is then, too, in the case of constitutions, that dormant powers wake which are not afterwards easily lulled to sleep again.

Such was certainly the effect of the civil war upon the Constitution of the Union. The "implying" of powers, once cautious, is now become bold and confident. In the discussions now going forward with reference to federal regulation of great corporate undertakings and federal aid to education, there are a score of writers and speakers who tacitly assume the powers of the national government in such matters for one that urges a constitutional objection. Constitutional objections, before the war habitual, have now lost all prominence. And the source of every contemplated increase of federal function is legislation, of course. Congress stands at the front of all government, because it is the one motive, originating power set up by the Constitution. It is the single affirmative force of the system. The President appoints officers and negotiates treaties subject to the "Yes" of the Senate. Congress organizes departments, organizes the navy, organizes the army. It audits, approves, and pays expenses. It conceives and directs all comprehensive policy. All else is negation. The President says "No" in his veto; the Supreme Court says "No" in its restraining decisions.

It is the habit both of English and of American writers to speak of the constitution of Great Britain as if it were "writ in water," because nothing but the will of Parliament stands between it and revolutionary change. They fail to ask what it is that constitutes the will of Parliament. Parliament dare not go faster than the public thought. There are vast barriers of conservative public opinion to be overrun before a ruinous speed in revolutionary change can be attained. In the last analysis, our own Constitution has no better safeguard. We have, as I have already pointed out, the salient advantage of knowing just what the standards of our Constitution are. They are formulated in a written code, wherein all men may look and read; whereas many of the designs of the British system are to be sought only in a cloud-land of varying individual readings of affairs. From the constitutional student's point of view, there are, for instance, as many different Houses of Lords as there are writers upon the historical functions of that upper chamber. But the public opinion of Great Britain is no more a juggler of precedents than is the public opinion of this country. Perhaps the absence of a written constitution makes it even less a fancier of logical refinements. The arrangements of the British constitution have, for all their theoretical instability, a very firm and definite standing in the political habit of Englishmen: and the greatest of those arrangements can be done away with only by the extraordinary force of conscious revolution.

We are too apt to forget how much of our own institutions rests upon the same basis, upon no other foundations than those that are laid in the opinions of the people. It is within the undoubted constitutional power of Congress, for example, to overwhelm the opposition of the Supreme Court upon any question by an increase in the number of

justices and a refusal to confirm any appointments to the new places which do not promise to change the opinion of the court. Once, at least, a plan of this sort was thought to have been carried deliberately into effect. But we do not think of such a violation of the spirit of the Constitution as possible, simply because we share and contribute to that public opinion which makes such outrages upon constitutional morality impossible by standing ready to curse them. There is a close analogy, as it seems to me, between this virtual inviolability of the Supreme Court and the integrity hitherto vouchsafed to the English House of Lords. There may be an indefinite creation of peers at any time that a strong ministry chooses to give the sovereign its now virtually imperative advice in favor of such a course. It was, doubtless, fear of the final impression that would be made upon public opinion by action so extraordinary, as much as the timely yielding of the Lords upon the question at issue, that held the ministry back from such a measure, on one notable occasion. Hitherto that ancient upper chamber has had in this regard the same protection that shields our federal judiciary. Here again it is Congress which is equipped for aggression. With it lies the potential, the virtual, supremacy.

It is not essentially a different case as between Congress and the Executive. What with the covetous admiration of the presidency recently manifested by some alarmed theorists in England, and the renewed prestige lately given that office by the prominence of the question of civil service reform, it is just now particularly difficult to apply political facts to an analysis of the President's power. But a clear conception of his real position is for that very reason all the more desirable. While he is a dominant figure in politics would seem to be the best time to scrutinize and understand him.

It is clearly misleading to use the ascendant influence of the President in effecting the objects of civil service reform as an illustration of the constitutional size and weight of his office. The principal part in making administration pure, business-like, and efficient must, under any conceivable system of government, be taken by the executive. It was certainly taken by the executive in England thirty years ago; and that much in opposition to the will of Parliament. The prominence of our administration in administrative reform furnishes no legitimate illustration of the singularity of executive influence in this country.

In estimating the actual powers of the President it is no doubt best to begin, as almost all writers in England and America now habitually begin, with a comparison between the executives of the two kindred countries. Whilst Mr. Bagehot has done more than any other thinker to clear up the facts of English constitutional practice, he has also, there is reason to believe, done something towards obscuring those facts. Everybody, for instance, has accepted as wholly true his description of the ministry of the Crown as merely an executive committee of the House of Commons; and yet that description is only partially true. An English cabinet represents, not the Commons only, but also the Crown. Indeed, it is itself "the Crown." All executive prerogatives are prerogatives which it is within the discretion of the cabinet itself to make free use of. The fact that it is generally the disposition of ministers to defer to the opinion of Parliament in the use of the prerogative does not make that use the less a privilege strictly beyond the sphere of direct parliamentary control, to be exercised independently of its sanction, even secretly on occasion, when ministers see their way clear to serving the state thereby. "The ministry of the day," says a perspicacious expounder of the

English system,¹ "appears in Parliament, on the one hand, as personating the Crown in the legitimate exercise of its recognized prerogatives; and on the other hand, as the mere agent of Parliament itself, in the discharge of the executive and administrative functions of government cast upon them by law." Within the province of the prerogative "lie the stirring topics of foreign negotiations, the management of the army and navy, public finance, and, in some important respects, colonial administration." Very recent English history furnishes abundant and striking evidence of the vitality of the prerogative in these fields in the hands of the gentlemen who "personate the Crown" in Parliament. "No subject has been more eagerly discussed of late," declares Mr. Amos (page 187), "than that of the province of Parliament in respect of the making of treaties and the declaration of war. No prerogative of the Crown is more undisputed than that of taking the initiative in all negotiations with foreign governments, conducting them throughout, and finally completing them by the signature and ratification of a treaty. . . . It is a bare fact that during the progress of the British diplomatic movements which terminated in the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, or more properly in the Afghan war of that year," — including the secret treaty by which Turkey ceded Cyprus to England, and England assumed the protectorate of Asia Minor, — "Parliament never had an opportunity of expressing its mind on any one of the important and complicated engagements to which the country was being committed, or upon the policy of the war upon the northwest frontier of India. The subjects were, indeed, over and over again discussed in Parliament, but always subsequent to irreparable action having been taken by the government" (page 188). Had Mr.

Amos lived to take his narrative of constitutional affairs beyond 1880, he would have had equally significant instances of ministerial initiative to adduce in the cases of Egypt and Burmah.

The unfortunate campaign in the Sudan was the direct outcome of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by the British government in 1875. The result of that purchase was that "England became pledged in a wholly new and peculiar way to the support of the existing Turkish and Egyptian dominion in Egypt; that large English political interests were rendered subservient to the decisions of local tribunals in a foreign country; and that English diplomatic and political action in Egypt, and indeed in Europe, was trammelled, or at least indirectly influenced, by a narrow commercial interest which could not but weigh, however slightly, upon the apparent purity and simplicity of the motives of the English government." And yet the binding engagements which involved all this were entered into "despite the absence of all assistance from, or consent of, Parliament."² Such exercises of the prerogatives of the Crown receive additional weight from "the almost recognized right of evolving an army of almost any size from the Indian seed-plot, of using reserve forces without communication to Parliament in advance, and of obtaining large votes of credit for prospective military operations of an indefinite character, the nature of which Parliament is allowed only dimly to surmise" (page 392). The latest evidence of the "almost recognized" character of such rights was the war preparations made by England against Russia in 1885. Add to such powers of committing the country irrevocably to far-reaching foreign policies, of inviting or precipitating war, and of using Indian troops without embarrassment from the trammels of the Mutiny Act, the great

¹ Mr. Sheldon Amos, *Fifty Years of the English Constitution*, page 338.

² Amos, page 384.

discretionary functions involved in the administration of colonial affairs, and some measure has been reached of the amount of power wielded by ministers, not as the mere agents of Parliament, but as personating the Crown. Such is in England the independence of action possible to the executive.

As compared with this, the power of the President is insignificant. Of course, as everybody says, he is more powerful than the sovereign of Great Britain. If relative power were the principle of etiquette, Mr. Cleveland would not have to lift his hat to the Queen, because the Queen is not the executive. The prerogatives of the Crown are still much greater than the prerogatives of the presidency; but they are exercised, not by the wearer of the crown, but by the ministry of the Crown.

As Sir Henry Maine rightly says, the framers of our Constitution, consciously or unconsciously, made the President's office like the King's office under the English constitution of their time,—the constitution, namely, of George III., who chose his advisers with or without the assent of Parliament. They took care, however, to pare down the model where it seemed out of measure with the exercise of the people's liberty. They allowed the President to choose his ministers freely, as George seemed to have established his right to do; but they made the confirmation of the Senate a necessary condition to his appointments. They vested in him the right of negotiating treaties with foreign governments; but he was not to sign and ratify treaties until he had obtained the sanction of the Senate. That oversight of executive action which Parliament had not had the spirit or the inclination to exert, and which it had forfeited its independence by not exerting, was forever secured to our federal upper chamber by the fundamental law. The conditions of mutual confidence and co-operation between executive and legis-

lature now existing in England had not then been developed, and consequently could not be reproduced in this country. The position and disposition of mutual wariness which were found existing there were therefore made constitutional here by express written provision. In short, the transitional relations of the Crown and Parliament of that day were crystallized in our Constitution, such guarantees of executive good faith and legislative participation in the weightier determinations of government as were lacking in the model being sedulously added.

The really subordinate position of the presidency is hidden from view partly by that dignity which is imparted to the office by its conspicuous place at the front of a great government, and its security and definiteness of tenure; partly by the independence apparently secured to it by its erection into an entirely distinct and separate "branch" of the government; and partly by those circumstances of our history which have thrust our Presidents forward, during one or two notable periods, as real originators of policy and leaders in affairs. In a word, the President has always been at least the titular head of a great nation; and he has sometimes been the real master of its destinies. He has been powerful, however, only at such times as he has had Congress at his beck. While the new government was a-making,—and principally because it was a-making,—Washington and his secretaries were looked to by Congress for guidance; and during the presidencies of several of Washington's immediate successors the continued prominence of questions of foreign policy and of financial management kept the officers of the government in a position of semi-leadership. Jackson was masterful with or without right. He entered upon his presidency as he entered upon his campaign in Florida, without caring too much about constitutional warrant for what he was

to undertake. In the settlement of the Southern question Congress went on all fours with the President. He was powerful because Congress was acquiescent.

But such cases prove rather the usefulness than the strength of the presidency. Congress has at several very grave crises in national affairs been seasonably supplied with an energetic leader or agent in the person of the President. At other times, when Congress was in earnest, our executives have either been overwhelmed, as Johnson was, or have had to decline upon much humbler services. Their negotiations with foreign governments are as likely to be disapproved as approved; their budgets are cut down like a younger son's portion; their appointments are censured and their administrations criticised without chance for a counter-hearing. They create nothing. Their veto is neither revisory nor corrective. It is merely obstructive. It is, as I have said, a simple blunt negation, oftentimes necessarily spoken without discrimination against a good bill because of a single bad clause in it. In such a contest between origination and negation, origination must always win, or government must stop. In England the veto of the Crown has not passed out of use, as is commonly said. It has simply changed its form. It no longer exists as an imperative, obstructive "No," uttered by the sovereign. It has passed over into the privilege of the ministers to throw their party weight, reinforced by their power to dissolve Parliament, against measures of which they disapprove. It is a much-tempered instrument, but for that reason all the more useful and flexible. The old blunt, antagonistic veto is no longer needed. But here it is needed, to preserve the presidency from the insignificance of merely administrative functions. Since executive and legislative cannot come into relations of mutual

confidence and coöperation, the former must be put into a position to maintain a creditable competition for consideration and dignity.

A clear-headed, methodical, unimaginative President like Mr. Cleveland unaffectedly recognizes the fact that all creating, originating power rests with Congress, and that he can do no more than direct the details of such projects as he finds commanded by its legislation. The suggestions of his message he acknowledges to have been made merely to satisfy his own conscience. That they are not regarded by Congress he takes as a matter of course, and does not stop even to regret. It is his duty to tell Congress what he thinks concerning the pending questions of the day; it is not his duty to interest himself in the effect produced on Congressmen.

A partial confirmation of these views comes from those who oppose any such leadership of Congress by the executive as exists in England, on the ground of the increase of power which would accrue as a result to Congress. It is said that such a change would, by centring party and personal responsibility in Congress, give to legislation too great a prominence; would make Congress the object of too excited an interest on the part of the people.¹ Legislation in Parliament, instead of being piecemeal, tessellated work, such as is made up in Congress of the various pieces contributed by the standing committees, is, under each ministry, a continuous, consistent, coherent whole; and, instead of bearing the sanction of both national parties, is the peculiar policy of only one of them. It is thought that, if such coherence of plan, definiteness and continuity of aim, and sanction of party were to be given the work of Congress, the resulting concentration of popular interest and opinion would carry Congress over all the

¹ See, for the best presentation of this view, a striking article on Ministerial Responsibility and

the Constitution, by Mr. A. L. Lowell, in the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1886.

barriers of the Constitution to an undisputed throne of illimitable power. In short, the potential supremacy of Congress is thought to be kept within bounds, not by the constitutional power of the executive and the judiciary, its co-ordinate branches, but by the intrinsic dullness and confusion of its own proceedings. It cannot make itself interesting enough to be great.

But this is a two-edged argument, which one must needs handle with great caution. It is evidently calculated to destroy the work of any argument constructed on the principle that it is laws which are effective to the salvation of our constitutional arrangements: for it is itself constructed on the opposite principle, that it is the state of popular interest in the nation which balances the mechanism of the government. It would, too, serve with equal efficacy against any scheme whatever for reforming the present methods of legislation in Congress, with which almost everybody is dissatisfied. Any reform which would tend to give to national legislation that uniform, open, intelligent, and responsible character which it now lacks would also create that popular interest in the proceedings of Congress which would unhinge the Constitution. Democracy is so delicate a form of government that it must break down if given too great facility or efficacy of operation. No one body of men must be suffered to utter the voice of the people, lest that voice become, through it, directly supreme.

The fact of the overtopping power of Congress, however, remains. The houses create all governmental policy, with that wide latitude of "political discretion" in the choice of means for giving effect to their will within the sphere of the federal powers which the Supreme Court unstintingly accords them. Congress has often come into conflict with the Supreme Court by attempting to extend the province of the federal

government as against the States; but it has never, I believe, been brought to book for any alleged exercise of powers as against its competing branch, the executive, — a fact which would seem to furnish proof of its easy supremacy within the federal field. Having by constitutional grant the last word as to foreign relations, the control of the finances, and even the oversight of executive appointments, Congress exercises what powers of direction and management it pleases as fulfilling, not as straining, the Constitution. Government *lives* in the origination, not in the defeat, of measures of government. The President obstructs by means of his "No;" the houses govern by means of their "Yes." He has killed some policies that are dead; they have given birth to all policies that are alive.

But the measures born in Congress have no common lineage. They have not even a traceable kinship. They are fathered by a score or two of unrelated standing committees: and Congress stands godfather to them all, without discrimination. Congress, in effect, parcels out its great powers amongst groups of its members, and so confuses its plans and obscures all responsibility. It is a leading complaint of Sir Henry Maine's against the system in England, which is just under his nose, that it confers upon the cabinet, a body which deliberates and resolves in strict secrecy, — and so reminds him of the Spartan Ephors and the Venetian Council of Ten, — the preliminary shaping and the initiation of all legislation. He commends, by contrast, that constitution (our own, which he sees at a great distance) which reserves to the legislature itself the originating and drafting of its measures. It is hard for us, who have this commended constitution under our noses, to perceive wherein we have the advantage. British legislation is for the most part originated and shaped by a single committee, acting in secret,

whose proposals, when produced, are eagerly debated and freely judged by the sovereign legislative body. Our legislation is framed and initiated by a great many committees, deliberating in secret, whose proposals are seldom debated and only perfunctorily judged by the sovereign legislative body. It is impossible to mistake the position and privileges of the British cabinet, so great and conspicuous and much discussed are they. They simplify the whole British system for men's understandings by merely standing at the centre of it. But our own system is simple only in appearance. It is easy to see that our legislature and executive are separate, and that the legislature matures its own measures by means of committees of its own members. But it may readily escape superficial observation that our legislature, instead of being simply served, is ruled by its committees; that those committees prepare their measures in private; that their number renders their privacy a secure secrecy by making them too many to be watched, and individually too insignificant to be worth watching; that their division of prerogatives results in a loss, through diffusion, of all actual responsibility; and that their coördination leads to such a competition amongst them for the attention of their respective houses that legislation is rushed when it is not paralyzed.

It is thus that, whilst all real power is in the hands of Congress, that power is often unhinged and its exercise brought almost to a standstill. The competition of the committees is the clog. Their reports stand in the way of each other: and so the complaint is warranted that Congress can get nothing done. Interests which press for attention in the nation are reported upon by the appropriate committee, perhaps, but the report gets pushed to the wall. Or they are not reported upon. They are brought to the notice of Congress, but

they go to a committee which is unfavorable. The progress of legislation depends both upon the fortunes of competing reports and upon the opinions held by particular committees.

The same system of committee government prevails in our state legislatures, and has led to some notable results, which have recently been pointed out in a pamphlet entitled *American Constitutions*, contributed to the Johns Hopkins series of *Studies in History and Political Science* by Mr. Horace Davis.¹ In the state legislatures as in Congress, the origination and control of legislation by standing committees have led to haphazard, incoherent, irresponsible law-making, and to a universal difficulty about getting anything done. The result has been that state legislatures have been falling into disrepute in all quarters. They are despised and mistrusted, and many States have revised their constitutions in order to curtail legislative powers and limit the number and length of legislative sessions. There is in some States an apparent inclination to allow legislators barely time enough to provide moneys for the maintenance of the governments. In some instances necessary powers have been transferred from the legislatures to the courts, sometimes to the governors. The intent of all such changes is manifest. It is thought safer to entrust power to a law court, performing definite functions, such as the granting of charters, for example, under clear laws and in accordance with strict judicial standards, or to a single conspicuous magistrate, who can be watched and cannot escape responsibility for his official acts, than to entrust it to a numerous body which burrows towards its ends in committee rooms, getting its light through lobbies, and which has a thousand devices for juggling away responsibility,

¹ It should be said, however, that Mr. Davis does not attribute the constitutional tendencies he points out to committee government.

as well as scores of antagonisms where-
with to paralyze itself.

Like fear and distrust have often been felt and expressed of late years for Congress, for like reasons. But so far no attempt has been made to restrict either the powers or the time of Congress. Amendments to the Constitution are difficult almost to the point of impossibility, and the few definite schemes nowadays put forward for a revision of the Constitution involve extensions rather than limitations of the powers of Congress. The fact is that, though often quite as exasperating to sober public opinion as any state legislature, Congress is neither so much distrusted nor so deserving of distrust. Its high place and vast sphere in the government of the nation cause its members to be more carefully chosen, and its proceedings to be more closely watched and controlled by criticism. The whole country has its eyes on Congress, and Congress is aware of the fact. It has both the will and the incentive to be judicious and patriotic. Newspaper editors have constantly to be saying to their readers, "Look what our state legislators are doing;" they seldom have to urge, "Look what Congress is doing." It cannot be watched easily, or to much advantage. It requires a distinct effort to watch it. It has no dramatic contests of party leaders to attract notice. Its methods are so much after the fashion of the game of hide-and-seek that the eye of the ordinary man is quite baffled in trying to understand or follow them, if he try only at leisure moments. But, at the same time, the interests handled by Congress are so vast that at least the newspapers and the business men, if no others, must watch its legislation as best they may. However hard it may be to observe, it is too powerful in great things to make it safe for the country to give over trying to observe it faithfully.

But though Congress may always be

watched, and so in a measure controlled, despite its clandestine and confusing methods, those methods must tend to increase the distrust with which Congress is widely regarded; and distrust cannot but enervate, belittle, and corrupt this will-centre of the Constitution. The question is not merely, How shall the methods of Congress be clarified and its ways made purposeful and responsible? There is this greater question at stake: How shall the essential arrangements of the Constitution be preserved? Congress is the purposing, designing, aggressive power of the national government. Disturbing and demoralizing influences in the organism, if there be any, come out from its restless energies. Damaging encroachments upon ground forbidden to the federal government generally originate in measures of its planning. So long as it continues to be governed by unrelated standing committees, and to take its resolves in accordance with no clear plan, no single, definite purpose, so long as what it does continues to be neither evident nor interesting, so long must all its exertions of power be invidious; so long must its competition with the executive or the judiciary seem merely jealous and always underhand; so long must it remain virtually impossible to control it through public opinion. As well ask the stranger in the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange to judge of the proceedings on the floor. As well ask a man who has not time to read all the newspapers in the Union to judge of passing sentiment throughout the country. Congress in its composition is the country in miniature. It realizes Hobbes's definition of liberty as political power divided into small fragments. The standing committees typify the individuals of the nation. Congress is better fitted for counsel than the voters simply because its members are three hundred and twenty-five instead of ten millions.

There are several ways in which Con-

gress can be so integrated as to impart to its proceedings system and party responsibility. It may be done by entrusting the preparation and initiation of legislation to a single committee in each house, composed of the leading men of the majority in that house. Such a change would not necessarily affect the present precedents as to the relations between the executive and the legislature. They might still stand stiffly apart. Congress would be integrated and invigorated, not the whole system. To integrate that, there must be some common meeting-ground of public consultation between the executive and the houses. That can be accomplished only by the admission to Congress, in whatever capacity, — whether simply to answer proper questions and to engage in debate, or with the full privileges of membership, — of official representatives of the executive who understand and are interested and able to defend the administration. Let each of the houses impose what conditions of responsibility it will upon its guiding committee; let the tenure of ministers have what disconnection from legislative responsibility may seem necessary to the preservation of the equality of House and Senate and the separation of administration from legislation; but throw light upon administration, and give it the same advantages of public suggestion and unhampered self-defense that Congress, its competitor, has, and constrain Congress to apply system and party responsibility to its proceedings. Such arrangements would constitute responsible government *under the Constitution*.

The establishment in the United States of what is known as “ministerial responsibility” would unquestionably involve some important changes in our constitutional system, as I have elsewhere¹ fully admitted. I am strongly of the opinion that such changes would

not be too great a price to pay for the advantages secured us by such a government. Ministerial responsibility supplies the only conditions which have yet proved efficacious, in the political experience of the world, for vesting recognized leadership in men chosen for their abilities by a natural selection of debate in a sovereign assembly of whose contests the whole country is witness. Such survival of the ablest in debate seems the only process possible for selecting leaders under a popular government. The mere fact that such a contest proceeds with such results is the strongest possible incentive to men of first-rate powers to enter legislative service; and popular governments need more than any other governments leaders so placed that, by direct contact with both the legislative and the executive departments of the government, they shall see the problems of government at first hand, and shall at the same time be, not mere administrators, but also men of tact and eloquence, fitted to persuade masses of men and to draw about themselves a loyal following.

If we borrowed ministerial responsibility from England, we should, too, unquestionably enjoy an infinite advantage over the English in the use of it. We should sacrifice by its adoption none of that great benefit and security which our federal system derives from a clear enumeration of powers and an inflexible difficulty of amendment. If anything would be definite under cabinet government, responsibility would be definite; and, unless I am totally mistaken in my estimate of the legal conscience of the people of this country, — which seems to me to be the heart of our whole system, — definite responsibility will stabilize rather than shake those arrangements of our Constitution which are really our own, and to which our national pride properly attaches, namely, the distinct division of powers between the state and federal governments, the

¹ *Overland Monthly*, January, 1884: title, Committee or Cabinet Government?

slow and solemn formalities of constitutional change, and the interpretative functions of the federal courts. If we are really attached to these principles, the concentration of responsibility in government will doubly insure their preservation. If we are not, they are in danger of destruction in any case.

But we cannot have ministerial responsibility in its fullness under the Constitution as it stands. The most that we can have is distinct legislative responsibility, with or without any connection of coöperation or of mutual confidence between the executive and Congress. To have so much would be an immense gain. Changes made to this end would leave the federal system still an unwieldy mechanism of counteracting forces, still without unity or flexibility; but we should at least have made the very great advance of fastening upon Congress an even more positive form of accountability than now rests upon the President and the courts. Questions of vast importance and infinite delicacy have constantly to be dealt with by Congress; and there is an evident tendency to widen the range of

those questions. The grave social and economic problems now putting themselves forward, as the result of the tremendous growth and concentration of our population, and the consequent sharp competition for the means of livelihood indicate that our system is already aging, and that any clumsiness, looseness, or irresponsibility in governmental action must prove a source of grave and increasing peril. There are already commercial heats and political distempers in our body politic which warn of an early necessity for carefully prescribed physic. Under such circumstances, some measure of legislative reform is clearly indispensable. We cannot afford to put up any longer with such legislation as we may happen upon. We must look and plan ahead. We must have legislation which has been definitely forecast in party programmes and sanctioned by the public voice. Instead of the present arrangements for compromise, piecemeal legislating, we must have coherent plans from recognized party leaders, and means for holding them to a faithful execution of those plans in clear-cut Acts of Congress.

Woodrow Wilson.

HISTORICAL METHODS.

VON RANKE, after turning ninety, keeps cheerfully on with his *Universal History*; a score or more of learned men associate themselves in writing the history of a single American town. Which is the truer method? Which produces the better results? The answer depends greatly on what one wants of history. If it be a view of the broad stream of tendency, then a philosophical historian like Von Ranke, who has the insight, the power of seeing the end from the beginning, the perception of ruling ideas, is the writer to surrender

one's self to. But there are other attractions in historic study. There is the possibility of wresting from some limited series of events the secret of their cause and effect; the ever-elusive search after indubitable fact; the exercise of one's imagination upon the material thrown up by the spade of the independent investigator; the tracing of the foundation upon which some political community has built so broadly as quite to hide from ordinary sight the source of its power. If one cares for history in this fashion, then nothing

will content him save the opportunity to get as closely as possible at the original documents and monuments of history.

There is another aspect in which history presents itself, somewhat different from either of the above. It is an interesting story, not fabricated in the brain of some clever inventor, but worked out by some invisible power through the activity of real men and women; it is a drama of persons, set upon the stage of the world, to be resolved into order by the selective power of the imagination; it is a succession of events, having now and then a denouement, only to go on once more in a new series. In the hands of a writer who has a clear sense of perspective, the history of a nation or of an epoch may become luminous, and as attractive as the story, the drama, or the narrative, which deal with imaginary beings.

Of the three methods of historical writing which answer to these demands of the student and writer, — the philosophical, the scientific, and the literary, — there can be little doubt that the scientific method is now at the front. It agrees most perfectly with the spirit which dominates all departments of intellectual activity. George Eliot in her *Middlemarch* turned restlessly from one to another of her characters, in the hope of finding one that was built upon an unyielding foundation. Caleb Garth was the only one whom she heartily admired and respected. He was wont to speak of business, as many of religion, with reverence and a profound sense of its reality and comprehensive power. His character is built from this idea and for the expression of it. He is the incarnation of that consciousness of reality in one's self and firm fulfillment of the end of one's being which is the *cry* of *Middlemarch*. The historian is impelled by the same spirit which drove George Eliot. He wishes to get down to hard pan. He is skeptical, not as one who

doubts from choice, but from necessity must push his inquiries until he comes upon the last analysis. Hence the historical student of the day is after facts, and he is ready to put his hook into any unlikely dust heap, on the chance of laying bare a precious bit. There is patience in the sifting of historical evidence, steadfastness in the following of clues, and a high estimate of the value of accurate statement.

We have instanced George Eliot as an example of the scientific spirit, because the historical student joins with the creative novelist on one side, with the scientist on the other. It is impossible to exclude human nature from history, and the historian dealing with the concrete facts of human activity is sure, sooner or later, to part company with the physicist or biologist who is engaged upon the dissection and classification of facts belonging to inorganic matter, or to organic matter below the order of man. The archaeologist, groping about in the cave after the guttural-voiced dweller with his club and his little stone chips, trying to make out how the poor devil lived, and what he thought of the world into the light of which he had scarcely crept, may use the same method as his brother-worker who is measuring the wings of a paleozoic cockroach, but he is in a vastly wider range of human sympathy, and may give points to a Shakespeare reflecting upon Caliban and Setebos.

Although, therefore, there are historical students who seem to have divested themselves of all interest in the human aspect of the events which they investigate, just as a surgeon may see in a man only a subject for his skill, and some novelists apprehend their characters only as psychological phenomena, the scientific method as applied to historical writing is pretty sure, when the scope is wide enough, to be humane as well as learned. The most important illustration of this, both in promise and per-

formance, is in the *Narrative and Critical History of America*,¹ of which the second in a series of eight volumes has just appeared. Mr. Winsor, the editor of the work, has already demonstrated his capacity to carry through such an undertaking by the skill and thoroughness with which he planned and perfected the *Memorial History of Boston*. The general scheme of the two works is the same. That is to say, it is conceded that no one writer is able to compass a great historical subject on all sides, but that the work of a number of writers, each viewing the subject from his own angle, may be so arranged and made interdependent as to form a conspectus of the whole. In the case of Boston, Mr. Winsor had an admirable opportunity for applying the coöperative method of historical writing. He could surround himself at once by a strong body of special students. More research had been expended upon the history of Boston than upon the history of any other town in the country. A well-organized and active historical society could be drawn upon for aid and advice; there was an honest local pride to be trusted for substantial encouragement. More than this, the subject was one which easily permits of disintegration. There is, it is true, even about an American city a certain organic life which is capable of development in historic writing, and Boston was for a long time a very individual and conscious organism. Nevertheless, it is easy to see what limitations there are to such a view of any modern town, and how possible it is to resolve the forces of even so vital an entity as Boston into their constituent parts. Hence there was no insuperable difficulty in getting a sectional study of the town, especially as by the plan adopted the treatment of a topic was carried forward, volume by volume,

through the successive periods of colonial, provincial, and state life.

The eminent success of the experiment upon the history of Boston justifies the confidence of the editor in adapting his scheme to a continental subject. In this new work he follows the same general plan of finding the natural cleavage and assigning the separate areas to special students. Thus, while he himself takes up the subjects of Columbus, and Cortes and his companions, he gives Amerigo Vespucci to Mr. Sydney Howard Gay; the companions of Columbus to Dr. Edward Channing; Ancient Florida to Dr. John G. Shea; Las Casas and the Relations of the Spaniards to the Indians to Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis; Early Explorations of New Mexico to Mr. Henry W. Haynes; Pizarro and the Conquest and Settlement of Peru and Chili to Mr. Clements R. Markham; and Magellan's Discovery to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

It will be seen from this summary that the work is not in its scope like other histories, which, beginning with the Vikings, come down to Grover Cleveland; it is not even a history of the United States, with so much reference to other parts of North America as shall explain the development of the Union. It is a series of monographs treating of the western continent. It is, as its title clearly says, a *History of America*. This is a long step from the history of one town in America, and yet a moment's consideration will show that by making his coöperative history one of America instead of one of the United States, Mr. Winsor has simply enlarged the field of his historic method; he has not applied that method to a different kind of subject, as he would have done if he had undertaken to prepare the history of the United States in this way. For America is even less of an organism

¹ *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. Volume II. Spanish Explorations and Settlements in America from

the Fifteenth to the Seventeenth Century. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

than Boston. Whatever the far-off ages may show of one increasing purpose, it is out of the question for an historian to marshal the moving forces of the western continent into any orderly sequence, with any controlling aim. The goal is altogether too far away for any historic survey to use it as a measuring point.

We do not believe it would be possible to write a history of the United States upon such a plan as Mr. Winsor has adopted in these two great works, because a topical treatment would inevitably fail to convey a notion of that organic development of national life which is the last and finest disclosure of historical composition. But a cyclopædic work on America, which follows the broad lines of chronology, is not only possible, but by such a treatment alone can justice be done to the subject. The editor of this history explains that he has reserved the first volume, treating of prehistoric America, until the others have been published, that he may avail himself of the latest investigations in a part of the subject which is, as yet, only experimentally known. Meanwhile, the mode in which the volume before us is constructed gives a fair indication of that which is to obtain throughout the series.

We have said that in its general plan the work follows the lines laid down in the Memorial History of Boston, but there is a variation from the plan of that book which requires to be noticed. The title indicates this. Each topic is presented first in a straightforward narrative form, the facts as determined by a rigorous analysis being set forth in their order, and all care taken to strip the narrative of conjecture and mere generalization. This text of the narrative is based upon authorities which are cited in foot-notes; and in these notes also occur those extraneous matters which do not necessarily add to the narrative, but throw light upon it, and give opportunity for the writer to make suggestions. As an instance of this we

may note the striking reflection which the editor makes upon the futile attempt of Columbus to interest certain cities of Italy in his enterprise.

"It cannot but be remarked," says Mr. Winsor, "how Italy, in Columbus, Cabot, and Vespucci, not to name others, led in opening the way to a new stage in the world's progress, which, by making the Atlantic the highway of a commerce that had mainly nurtured Italy on the Mediterranean, conduced to start her republics on that decline which the Turk, sweeping through that inland sea, confirmed and accelerated."

The narrative, besides, is illustrated freely by wood-cuts, which are never imaginative except as they are records of the imaginative and fanciful notions of contemporary travelers. The narrative given, and the reader put in possession of the salient points of the topic, there follows the critical section, which is occupied with a close examination of the sources of history relating to the matter in hand, a fine discrimination of the value of the various authorities, and a thorough and judicial study of the several historical problems which have arisen in the course of the narrative. In connection with this, special notice should be taken of the cartographical work which has been done by the editor. Such a wealth of material in this field has never before been brought together for the service of the student, and we are disposed to think this feature the most important in the work. By no other means can one so readily and so fully put himself in the place of the Spanish discoverers and explorers, and see the continent shaping itself in the consciousness of man.

It has very likely seemed to some who have followed us thus far that the plan of the work compels, after all, a very disjointed product, and that instead of a history one is given a dictionary of history. Undoubtedly this characteristic inheres in the nature of the work;

but when one comes to a practical use of the volume under examination, one is struck by the unifying power which the editor has shown. He is always on hand with his cross-references and his connection of one part with another, and he so pervades the entire work that he succeeds in giving it, with all its diversity of authorship, almost the appearance of being the outgrowth of a single mind. Such a result will be more difficult to attain in some of the subsequent volumes, for there will be a harder struggle between the topical and the strictly chronological method; but in this volume and the next, at least, the sporadic nature of the historic movement easily admits of the monograph treatment.

History, as told in this manner, will have a new charm for many minds, for the scientific mind is found in the public that reads as well as in the students who explore. But there is a use to which this great work will be put, of unquestioned importance. It will serve as the index to historical material from which the writer will construct the story of history, and the sleepless vigilance with which the contributors to this work guard the sources of American life will be the price paid for accurate and trustworthy knowledge on the part of the generality of readers. It is not from such a work as this that popular ideas as to history are directly formed, but from the school-books, the magazine articles, and general histories. The writers of these will use Mr. Winsor's book without any acknowledgment, but it will be for most of them the final authority; and we trust, therefore, that in completing his plan the editor will not allow himself to be swayed by any temporary considerations from making the work as exact as patient scholarship will permit.

There is something so vast in this projected work, and the scale upon which it is executed is so fine, that one may be forgiven if he feels a little tired in its

presence, and begins to think that the individual man is of little consequence in history. So we remind ourselves that there are other historic methods which are not likely to be left wholly behind in this scientific age. There is a view of history which finds the person a very interesting feature in the landscape, and which indeed fixes itself so exclusively upon a group as to approach biography in its form. Mr. Schuyler, in giving to his work on Colonial New York¹ a sub-title more special and limited, has hinted what his preface states frankly: that his historic method is to follow the fortunes of a colonial family through its ramifications, and thereby almost incidentally to disclose a very important source of the being of the colony within which this family found the field of its enterprise. It is doubtful if the same method could be pursued in any other field of American life, unless it were in the history of South Carolina. The foundations of New York were laid in families rather than in persons. The nature of the Dutch tenure confirmed the tendency to give integrity to the family, and the great estates perpetuated names and gave continuity to family life. Then the fact that the Dutch became occupants under English rule served to accentuate their individuality, and differences of manner were of course preserved longer by differences of speech. The head of the house might speak English, but he was in one form or other manorial lord of many who were kept apart from English citizens by their Dutch speech.

The Schuyler family was one of the most conspicuous of all that made up the loosely compacted body of citizens of the New York colony. By marriage it was brought into connection with the other leading families; and thus as one follows the fortunes of the successive

¹ *Colonial New York: Philip Schuyler and his Family.* By GEORGE W. SCHUYLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

representatives of the Schuyler family one becomes acquainted with names of persons who were pursuing their own independent careers. Mr. Schuyler, while he has given in their proper places formal genealogical tables, has avoided the too technical treatment of genealogists, and has rather built upon his material a good structure of historic and biographic form. It is almost like reading the stories of the patriarchs to attend to the comings and goings of these generations of Schuylers. By means of this method one looks at the life of a great colony from within; and if one is possessed of a clear knowledge of the successive events in the history of colonial New York, one may, immersed in these agreeably written chronicles, apprehend that personal, scattered activity which was enlarging the borders of civilization in the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk.

Mr. Schuyler writes with a simple, unaffected purpose. His judgments of men are sagacious and apparently candid, and he is so enamored with his subject, so much at home in the slow windings of the genealogical stream, that he communicates his interest to the reader. We may almost say that he is indifferent to the reader. His leisurely style is that of a man who pleases himself with his work, and we are sure that he found it well worth while. He has produced a somewhat unique book, which widens our notion of historic method. It is antiquarianism and genealogy run in a large mould, and one gets a new sense of the possibility of a centrifugal study of history by an examination of those personal forces which lie near the heart of all human organization.

It is easy to delude one's self with the notion that science and scientific methods are working such a revolution in intellectual life that the human race will one of these days accept a new grand division of time, and antiquity will reach down to the nineteenth cen-

tury. At any rate, such is the logical deduction from the sentiments of a good many *laudatores temporis presentis*. But there is one thing that survives all the changes that come over men's modes of thought, and that is art. How great the apparent difference between the Parthenon and Chartres Cathedral, yet how capable the human spirit is of apprehending the beauty of each! It is so with literary art, and one finds no inconsistency in enjoying Homer and Shakespeare. There is in art an appeal which is undisturbed by the conflict of reason, or by great changes in mental processes; and there is an art of history which leaves Herodotus secure when Rawlinson has said his last word, and keeps Clarendon alive though scientific historians have been busy over documents which he never saw. It is in vain to suppose that the new era of historic research and faithful collation of obscure authorities, the hunt for the beginning of things, the laying bare of foundations, is to put an end to that writing and reading of history which is akin to the writing and reading of poetry, the creation and enjoyment of all forms of art. Only this may fairly be asserted: that the historian who undertakes to recite the epic of a nation is put under heavier bonds to be faithful to minor details, and will be held more strictly accountable for any departure from accuracy. He will also be relieved of much waste of energy by the thoroughness with which the way is preparing before him. The indexes to history, which are increasing in number and efficiency, will make it possible for the literary historian to qualify himself for his task as he could not before, and will help to save him from those false generalizations which an insufficient familiarity with facts renders almost certain.

In our own country we have so far had no general history which can rest its hope of long life upon its artistic

quality. Possibly it is not time yet to look for such a book, but it is pleasant to see promise of it in the fragmentary work¹ which Colonel Higginson has put forth. We say fragmentary, not only because the book stops just as the drums are beginning to beat for the great fray which gives reality to all American history, but because the plan of the work as so far carried out does not seem to show an attempt at true perspective. While, for example the early, half-legendary history is given in a charming manner, so important a phase as the relations between the French and the English is hardly more than allusively treated. If one accepts the book, however, as a graceful series of sketches of interesting passages in United States history, one will not be disappointed in his reading. Especially does Colonel Higginson give life to his story when he comes down to a period just beyond the memory of man, and we are confident that he could write a history of the Union from 1837 to 1861 which would contain so fine an infusion of personality as would give the book a long life in literature.

That he regards this history as an historical essay rather than a full, comprehensive survey is evident from several slight indications. There is almost an entire absence of reference to authorities, and there is also a curious fashion of appeal in the text to personal authorities. "Boat-building had there begun" (in New England, that is), he tells us, "according to Colonel C. D.

Wright, in 1624;" but whether Colonel Wright mentioned this fact to him at the club, or set it down in some book, the reader is not told. Such pleasant little trivialities, also, as "The landing of Columbus has been commemorated by the fine design of Turner, engraved in Rogers's poems," help to give a discursive character to the history, and to relieve the reader from too severe a habit of mind.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed examination of this book, but to welcome it as an indication that there is a view of history which is not scientific, but strictly literary. A writer of Colonel Higginson's strong aesthetic tendencies takes up the subject of United States history. His book is sure to be eagerly read and enjoyed. It may be hacked to pieces by a critic bred in the scientific school, but it has, what the scientific history is very apt to lack, a sense of form, a grace of style, those agreeable qualities which win readers who are indifferent to the subject, but are ready to be pleased. The conception of our history as a theme capable of artistic presentation has not commonly been held, but the reason for this has been largely in the failure to grasp the true meaning of American development. We are fortunate in having the collection of material in the hands of so competent an editor as Mr. Winsor, and we are very sure that we shall yet have a historian who will hold his own place as long and as triumphantly as a poet holds his.

¹ *A Larger History of the United States of America to the Close of President Jackson's Administration.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIG-

GINSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886 [1885.]

MADAME MOHL'S SALON.

THE *salon* is so distinctively a French institution that it is not a little startling to find an Englishwoman ruling it; but this circumstance adds, perhaps, to the interest of its history. The true story of the salon itself is, of course, not to be told. Senior himself would not be voluminous enough to hold even its typical conversation, and the social agreeableness of it must escape in the monologue that every undramatic book is forced to be. The *esprit*, the spirit of freshness and surprise which is its *genius loci*, is a butterfly thing, and has its momentary life in constant motion; it is dead when pinned to the page. The list of the guests may be recorded, and the *ménu*; with a good reporter there is a chance that some of the talk may survive in a moribund state; the sense that there was "a good time" may be keen even to the tantalizing point; but the banquet is cleared away. The French salon is as incommunicable as the English home; one must be born to it. In a certain way it has been the home of literary men in France. There, in the arm-chair by the hearth, one sees Châteaubriand; and he belongs in that place as naturally as Dryden in the inn's chimney-corner, or Wordsworth in his wooded walk. Sometimes one seems to get to the private life of a great French writer in the salon of which he was the *habitué*; but for the most part it is only a deception, due to the repeated expression of his traits in one spot, or to the letters which salon life has often brought into being. So when one reads accounts of the brilliant company, the eloquence and wit and spring of the conversation, and some *genre* anecdote, he frequently deludes himself into thinking this the real thing; but if he begins to ask how the group looked, and what was the accent and manner, and what the nobodies

were doing with themselves while the big flies buzzed, and, in short, how the acting went on, he will see that the social part, the distinctive thing in the whole, has dropped out of the tale.

This is why we say that it is fortunate for this book,¹ with which our readers have already made acquaintance, that its heroine was an Englishwoman. It is her character, rather than her salon, which is prominent in the volume, and its interest is largely, and perhaps mainly, due to the English eccentricities of her nature. Of her girlhood and younger days we are told but little; there was a fascination that clung to her then, when her freshness, originality, and unconsciousness, together with a certain unconventional daring, made her, one thinks, not unlike that very modern figure, the American girl abroad. The anecdotes of her at the beginning of her career seem a good deal like the stories of our grandmothers' conquests, traditionary and not easily imagined by younger people; for in this memorial of her she is undeniably past middle age when we really begin to know her, and she comes to the mind in the "old-witch" garb she adopted, and clothed with the irresponsible prerogatives of word and action that belong to the old, and are tolerated in them only when they are past any reformation of manners. The habit of spontaneity she carried on from childhood to age; she seems never to have refused the word to the thought and never to have been abashed. This characteristic, which was a charm in the audacious girl, was sometimes a terror in the woman. It made her appear unfeelingly rude when she probably had no intent to offend,

¹ *Madame Mohl: her Salon and her Friends. A Study of Social Life in Paris.* By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

and it smoothed the way to perilous facility when she really had it in mind to teach somebody not to call again. She confessed, or one might more properly say she avowed, that she was deliberately impolite to persons whom she desired to keep off the premises, and more than once she was betrayed by her lack of forethought into insults whose enormity is to be shuddered at. But usually her freedom, when youth had ceased to excuse and grace it, had no worse effect than self-indulgence in whim or prejudice, and it made her, more than any other of her qualities, an entertaining person. She was, as the phrase goes, real; and reality in this sense implies a habit of self-assertion, a tendency to fly in the face of conventions, a hatred of hypocrisies, and some essential originality for the sake of which society allows its forms to be snubbed. Perhaps this individuality of Madame Mohl has been excessively dwelt upon by her biographer, for it embodies the irreconcilable element in her, that which society and experience could not subdue; but on the other hand, she spent her life in the effort to please others, with the conscious aim to provide agreeable social intercourse for brilliant men and women, and this she declared was all that life was worth living for. "Au fond il n'y a que cela!"

That is the true French spirit, the motto of the salon; and whatever proportion of the British eccentricity remained in Madame Mohl's heart, she must have suffered a very complete Parisian naturalization before she could sum up life in a maxim which in relation to its whole range is so utterly provincial. It was an accident that the mistress of this drawing-room was English by birth, for the realm she commanded was unmistakably French; at most, her extraction served only to make her salon Parisian in the sense in which Paris is larger than France, is comprehensive of foreign elements and, as we

say, cosmopolitan. This distinction was heightened, too, by the fact that her husband was a German. The consequence of this curious blending of the three great national strains was that her rooms gathered in the eminent people of the intellectual world; her apartments had the advantage of a city situated at the confluence of three great rivers; and this is to be taken into the account if one seeks the secret of her success. The *entrée* there was to society which intellectual persons liked to meet. This, of course, was not all. The qualities which originally established the rendezvous in those quarters, and maintained its fitness and agreeableness for the purpose, count for much more in the problem. Into this it is, perhaps, not worth while to go, though the matter has been much debated; and no one, certainly, can lay down this volume without silently asking how it was that Madame Mohl obtained and kept her sceptre. It may not be quite superfluous, however, to remind ourselves that in the dynasty of society inheritance plays a considerable rôle. Madame Mohl had been a promising candidate for the succession from the time when she was the only person who could relieve Châteaubriand's *tedium vitæ*; his election lighted upon her, and the favor of Madame Récamier and the Princess Belgiojoso was a powerful alliance, and her own gifts drew about her the clever young men. When the salon was fairly set up all this helped, and in the friendship of Fauriel, Ampère, and Mohl the crucial point was safely met; and after that, the queen and the chief courtiers being provided, the rooms filled up as a matter of course. At the end, habit and the well-worn "Do you remember?" of old acquaintances kept the tea simmering till that last Friday, when for the first time Madame Mohl was too weary to make it, and asked the faithful Barthélémy St. Hilaire, who seems like a ghost of days past, to assist her. But before this consummation, she had out-

lived her reign. She complained that no one came to see her. She confessed she was unable to be alone. She had, in fact, reached the last stage of all when there was no longer any one to please. Her desertion, for which her friends were little to blame, since they had merely gone over to death, seems rather pitiable, and its discomfort is increased by the emphasis with which her weaknesses, both of mind and temper, are brought out at the close. Her old age is not attractive; not so much from her own defects as because time deprived her of the *milieu* which was to her the whole of life, and did not supply her with the *entourage* in which alone old age is beautiful. Few scenes in this volume stand out with the sharpness of that in which she is seen at Père La Chaise, — “the aged widow sitting, one cold morning, on a high spot, and looking on from a distance while they carried her husband’s coffin from its temporary resting-place to the grave she had made ready for it, and then stealing quietly away, weeping under her black veil, and returning unseen to the desolate home.” One remembers this same woman skipping about from chair to chair to find her shoes, or seated on the mantel-piece in talk with her friends; and, on the whole, he thinks that the process of growing old was never more relentlessly set down than in these pages.

It is the climax of the disagreeable, to one who believes that the ends of life are served by being entertaining to one’s friends, to find the pleasant chat ending at the dumb headstone and the silence under it. But such a one is to be judged within the limits of his own philosophy and by his own ideal. It ought to be insisted on, amid these lugubrious reflections in which the example of the biographer has led us to indulge, that if Madame Mohl thought that the chief end of woman was to please, this was not in her conception a small thing.

The standard of pleasure in her salon was a high one. It was naturally mainly intellectual, and if, as is allowed, the talk was not stimulating, it was the best in some respects that Paris afforded; for the men who frequented there were solid as well as brilliant. And in the days of the Empire and the *Celui-ci*, whom, true child of Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, Madame Mohl hated, it was an inspiring thing to know that in the midst of the tide of flattery and luxury and the worship of a vulgar success there was one hearth of the intellectual *monde* which kept to plain living and high thinking, and suffered no desertion from its learned and self-respecting circle. Then, too, one is much struck, in these records of the little society which formed the nucleus of the gathering, with the fact that though brains were essential to membership in it, the heart also had a well-recognized share in the universal labor of pleasure-giving. The attachment of the male friends, of Mohl and Ampère, of Fauriel and Manzoni, is the source of delightful episodes; but the love of madame herself for Fauriel and for her husband, and her interest in the advancement and temporal welfare of others more or less closely connected with her group, deserve constant remembrance, if one would do justice to her. For, to use another of those popular phrases which mean so much more than they seem to express, she was as human as she was real. Perhaps one cannot follow that end of “pleasing” his fellow-mortals so long and so consistently, without being humanized; for it is mainly by association that individuals come to share in that abstraction, humanity which is so much larger than any life in the concrete. The power of sympathy and the habit of its exercise must be the *fond*, as Madame Mohl has it; but society in its general sense is the field in which the quality of humaneness flourishes. It was so with Madame Mohl,

at all events; and for our part, it is much more to our taste to have these solid virtues of her salon impressed upon our memory than to read the catalogue of her oddities. Queer she was, no doubt; but it seems to us too much has been made of this in comparison with her other characteristics. There is, we fear, a touch of mere Boswellianism in this volume, interesting, truthful, but not a little damaging. At the end we come back to our first remark: the book gains by the individuality of its subject, but it is after all rather a substitute for the history of the salon, which truly could not be written. What is presented to us is a portrait of a woman of very high human interest, both for her own nature and for her affiliations with the genius and talent of her day; but it strikes the eye more than the mind. There is in the concluding passages of the work a strain of moralizing that indicates an imperfection of sympathy with Madame Mohl's ideal, though there is never a lack of true respect for her character and care for her memory. We have, indeed, almost a sermon on the text of

the vanity of vanities, in connection with that remark already quoted, that to please is all there is to life. We do not object to the little disquisition nor to its teaching. It is cited merely to illustrate the spirit in which the volume is conceived, which is thoroughly English. In it Madame Mohl is more picturesque than attractive, more entertaining than respected. One continually has a feeling that it was in spite of much that is told here that Madame Mohl was liked; but the thing for which she was sought after is nowhere to be found. The biographer seems herself puzzled to discover her fascination; but notwithstanding the defective grasp of a character which must have passed through many changes in a long and active life, the writer has succeeded in telling the story as well, perhaps, as the inherent difficulties of such a task, on which we have already dwelt, will permit. The salon in question will never be so famous as its predecessors, but it will remain an object of interest in the literary memoirs of the period of Louis Philippe and of the Second Empire.

SOME FRENCH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE undertaking of the French publisher who, in issuing the first of a series of bulky volumes under the general title of *Le Monde Pittoresque et Monumental*, announces that it is but the beginning of a collection "*qui comprendra le monde entier*" can be fitly called stupendous. It shows that French readers are interesting themselves now in foreign countries more than they have been reputed to do, and, if we may judge fairly from the text and pictures in the first book¹ of the set, which treats of

England, Scotland, and Ireland, their interest in the physical or outward aspects, at least, of other lands and peoples than their own is sure to be stimulated by the lively, picturesque, intelligent, and comprehensive records made by authors and artists alike. It is hardly to be expected that a French writer, in analyzing the social life and institutions of England, should be able wholly to divest himself of national prejudices which have been nourished by centuries of mutual hostility, but we must do Mr.

¹ *Le Monde Pittoresque et Monumental*. L'Angleterre, l'Ecosse, et l'Irlande. Par P. VILLARS.

4 cartes et 600 gravures. Paris: A. Quantin. 1885.

Villars the justice to say that he appears to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and that he uniformly tries to be fair and candid, although, as he admits, "between the English and French tempers there is a vast gulf, which may not always be crossed even by those who best know the character of the two races." He gives a very animated account of the multifarious life of London and its suburbs, to which one third of the space in the work is devoted. There is a particularly readable and discriminating passage about the great newspapers, their history, policy, and the general character of their contents. Perhaps Londoners may be surprised when they are told that their "cabbies" purposely run over pedestrians, and laugh at the victims (*vide* page 8); but, as if in compensation for the few harmless exaggerations of which this is an example, the author's exhaustive description of a typical London home is a model of scrupulous and vivid realism. There is something well-nigh encyclopædic in the scope of Mr. Villars' work; almost nothing is left to the imagination. It is not otherwise when, leaving London, he begins to "do" the provinces: with the utmost system and an indefatigable vivacity he tells us all about the mills and the mines, the universities and the castles, the scenery of the coasts, of the lakes, of the Scotch highlands, and of the Green Isle, with every visible detail of commercial and social existence. All this is interesting, not because it is written from the point of view of the moralist, historian, or critic, but simply because it comes from a close observer whose own interest in his theme never flags.

That prolific artist, the sun, sending his rays through a camera, is responsible primarily for a great majority of the six hundred illustrations, and the same agent has been freely employed in the engraving of the plates. We hasten to add that photography has seldom been

more artistically applied to the purposes of book illustration. Many of the subjects seem to have been photographed first, then redrawn with pen and ink or crayon, and the photogravures are made from these drawings. They have been selected with much taste, and the execution is generally satisfactory, in some instances even better than that of most wood-engravers. Marked improvements have been made everywhere lately in mechanical processes of engraving, but nowhere has such approximate perfection been attained as in France, where the production of exact fac-similes of the original drawings is a result upon which all illustrators are to be congratulated. In a large proportion of the pictures in question, clear and delicate flat tints of all shades of gray have been got by the use of drawing-paper, on which such tints have been printed, and from which the lights are scraped out by the artist. This is a common device, but it is sometimes abused, and is seldom so skillfully applied as in this case, where (as in Mr. Deroy's drawing of the Tower, from the Thames, page 21) several tints of gray, shading from the lightest to the darkest, are laid on with apparent freedom and give a great deal of color. On the very next page the process is more clearly revealed, in the cut of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, where the fine intersecting lines which originally covered the whole surface of the drawing-paper have been entirely scraped out for the white clouds in the sky, and for the highest lights on the chimneys, parapet, salient parts of the rough wall, and other places where pure white is required; while in still other places the same network of lines has been partially erased, as in the darker portions of the sky. The lower right-hand corner of the plate represents the value which at first covered the draughtsman's paper, and from which he has worked up to his lights by the use of the scraper, and down to his darks by

the use of pen and ink. This is very neatly and knowingly done. It would be easy to point out many clever applications of this method, but we need only to mention the illustrations of St. Paul from Ludgate Hill (page 77), The Albert Embankment (page 139), The Thames at Woolwich (page 205), Hunting in Scotland (page 239), The Bridge and Cathedral of Hereford (page 276), and Penzance (page 508). It is true that examples of the same sort of work which are less successful might be cited, — examples which have the unpleasant mealy textures of lithography, and in which softness has been carried to excess; but as a rule the contrivance works well, especially in the reproduction of architectural compositions. The four admirable blocks in the first chapter on the provinces are from drawings by an American artist, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, cut by American engravers. All the illustrations have had the inestimable advantage of intelligent printing on good paper.

The Vicar of Wakefield has been newly translated into French by Mr.

B. H. Gausseron, and appears in a gay Gallic version,¹ with many colored illustrations by Mr. V. A. Poirson. We are sorry that we cannot inform our readers exactly how a picture is produced by *chromotypographie*, — for this is seemingly one of the latest Parisian inventions in the way of book illustrations, — but we can speak only of its result, which is a perfect fac-simile of a water-color drawing. It may well be fancied that such pictures give an uncommonly bright and cheerful appearance to the pages of a book. Mr. Poirson is an accomplished draughtsman, and his diminutive figures are full of life and expression; but his coloring is rather too violent, and his love of vermillion is excessive. The dainty initial at the beginning of each chapter, and the highly decorative conceits (consisting of flowers, plants, fruits, birds, etc.) with which he has adorned the borders of his drawings, are very pretty and graceful. It may be said in praise of his illustrations that they present the English character of the people, costumes, architecture, and landscape with invariable fidelity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is surprising that it did not long ago occur to the learned world that we ought to have a special dictionary for each successive period of life. Words mean one thing to youth, and quite another to age. There are certain terms in common use which have next to no significance for us until we arrive at years of discretion; and, moreover, that age which is discreet on one subject may not yet have reached that point on another. Words are standing all along the highway of our life, like the bottles sealed with Solomon's seal in the Arabian Nights; the boy sees nothing

in them, but one day or another the seal chips off at the stroke of some hard fact of existence, and out pours the sky-obscuring gloom of some tremendous Afrite. Other words there are that have a meaning in youth, to be sure, but a quite distinct one from that of later years. We often wish the young and the old might be more companionable and communicative with each other; but how can they be? They speak a different language. Plainly, the new

¹ *Oliver Goldsmith. Le Vicaire de Wakefield. Traduction nouvelle et complète. Par B. H. GAUSSERON. Paris: A. Quantin. 1885.*

series of adjustable dictionaries is a crying want. Dare we conjecture how they would treat such a word as "*love*," for example? For the period of early childhood it would possibly have some such definition as this:—

LOVE, *n.* [From anthropoid parent-speech, *give!* (*guv*, *love*; for change of *g* to *l* see Flimm, p. 1900).]

1. A strong attraction felt toward the source of supplies.

"How touching the child's *love* for its parent, even under the rod!"

2. A sense of cuddling warmth.

"The kitten *loves* the hot brick."

For the period of boyhood and girlhood the word would require a quite different treatment. Perhaps no living lexicographer would be equal to the task of preparing a perfectly adequate set of definitions for this volume of the series, but they might run somewhat after this fashion:—

LOVE, *n.* [From obscure root of celestial origin, *lub*; hence also *lubber*, and Late African *lubly*.]

1. An auroral display of evanescent subjective anticipation.

"Some one to *love*, one to caress!"

2. A deep intoxication of the emotional nature, accompanied with a persistent vision, but an otherwise complete intellectual paralysis.

3. A prolonged alternation of wild hope and insane despair.

For the period of middle life the definitions of the term would perhaps be more various still. This particular volume might, in fact, require a further subdivision into masculine and feminine nouns. Such as these might be some of the attempts at a mature explanation of the word:—

LOVE, *n.* [From popular speech, *loaf*, as in "*half a loaf is better than no bread*." Closely allied to *life*.]

1. Two hearts that beat as one. [*Obsolete, or obsolescent*.]

2. An intimate and affectionate companionship; the most permanent and

satisfactory where most nearly synonymous with *friendship*. [*Good usage, but rare*.]

"*Love* me little, *love* me long!"

3. [*Masc.*] The power which society gives a man to shut a woman up in a cage and make a combined patent reversible pet and drudge of her. [*Chiefly rural usage*.]

4. [*Fem.*] The power which Providence has bestowed upon woman to subjugate, intimidate, and "come round" her mate. [*Urban and humorous*.]

5. [*Masc.*] The privilege of knocking down one's consort on Saturday nights, and beating her with a kitchen chair. [*Hibern. et Anglic.*]

For a still later age the version would again change, if indeed some editors would not prefer to leave out the word altogether. If retained it might read:—

LOVE, *n.* [Root found in sports of infancy. Merely a poetic term.]

1. An illusion of one's early years.

2. A sweetmeat with which Nature bribes us to serve her own ends.

[*Masc.*] A rosy cloud in which the experienced goddess hides herself just when the exasperated hero is about to make an end of her.

4. [*Fem.*] The head with "fair, large ears" which any weaver will wear for young Titania its "amiable cheeks" to "coy."

But we must not stay to give extended specimens of this important lexicographical work. It is sufficiently evident, at a glance, how completely the definitions must differ for the various ages. "*Success*," for example,—how strange would seem the treatment of the word to the lad who should look into his father's dictionary! And so with "*fame*," and "*happiness*," and "*sorrow*." Certain venerated terms, too, there may be, which in the boy's volume would stand with cheerful and attractive definitions, but in the old man's would have some such astonishing comments and illustrations as would

be best given in the safe guise of a dead language.

One advantage in this projected work is at once apparent. With the aid of the "bright lexicon of youth" the mature man will be able, perhaps, to read and understand the young person's literary efforts, both in prose and verse. The boy and girl, in like manner, may then enter into the maturer literary work, and may at last comprehend the beauty and value of those books which we are always in vain calling upon them to like and admire. "In vain," as a matter of course; for what should the neophant lad know of the terrible meaning, for example, in Wordsworth's

"Wrongs unredressed, and insults unavenged
And unavengable"?

Or what should he see in Shakespeare's

"Whips and scorns of time,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes"?

The words are meaningless till the boy becomes a man, and has *gelebt und geliebt*. The great writers are thus prevented, by the spell that is thrown upon their very language, from revealing the mysteries to any but those who have already been initiated. Their words are dumb ghosts, whose doom is that they may not speak until they be spoken to. Or we might say that the great literary artists have always written in sympathetic ink. The page is blank to the young heart, but as the man grows older, and the lines are exposed to the fires of life-experience, little by little the meaning comes out in characters of purple and gold.

—If nature were indeed a conscious personality, as they seem to imply who capitalize the noun and ascribe feminine gender, then Nature, I fear, would often laugh in her sleeve at the deliberate way in which we enter our claims upon her affection. Still, I should be quick to resent on her part any unkind mirth

at our expense. Such as have long sought her in the same haunts, and have learned to love her through the gradual, quiet revelation of some homely and familiar landscape, such may well come to fancy that a certain small portion of Nature's great heart beats a little quicker for them than for any other, and that she is under some delicate obligation for a peculiar, close appreciation which they alone are able to bestow. I know one who has a strong attachment for a particular low, smooth hill in near perspective from her window. If any special good fortune should ever come her way, she thinks its van will be seen pushing up over this favorite hill's brow. The gentle slope has at one point a slight depression, which seems to her like a nestling-place between two green-mantled arms. The hill has no name in local geography, but by a limited circle acquainted with her partiality for this spot it is playfully termed the Bosom Friend. For myself, a Rambler within small range, I observe that if I have been absent a longer time than usual from a certain rough field that has my warmest affection, I come to have a haunting sense of delinquency and of neglect to make the most of my privileges. What obscure but tender beauty may not have arisen since I was there to behold it! So unobtrusive are nature's graces in this place that an unfamiliar visitor might easily miss them altogether. But I flatter myself I have the field's looks and manners by heart! It is then but a step farther, and one that fancy readily takes, to assume that the field, missing its sworn lover and appreciator, sends a sigh of inquiry and regret through all its borders, and that on my approach it puts pleasure and expectancy into its air of welcome.

The artless and tender confidences which the Lover, in Tennyson's poem, exchanges with the Talking Oak — that leafy patriarch so conversant with the fortunes of Sumner Place — touch

us sympathetically, because, very likely, we too have at some time sought and found in Nature just such a garrulous but trusty confidant. Reading these lines of Wordsworth's, —

"There was a boy — ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!" —

do not we divine that, for the moment, the appealant felt himself to be held in conscious remembrance by the genii of his boyhood's haunts?

"Neither shall his place know him any more," says an Old Testament writer. "Therefore his place shall mourn him," might add the poet of nature, out of a secret fond persuasion that the mistress of his song would be uncommonly bereaved in the silence of her celebrant. We well know how Echo feeds upon the sweet strains of Bion; how, also, for the shepherd Lycidas,

"the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn."

It cannot be presumed that so great a goddess is moved for the untuneful laity in such degree as for the hierarchy, yet I suspect we are none of us quite free from a pleasing-melancholy feeling that our passing hence will exert some slight temporary sadness in the natural world, — a deeper sighing of the wind through the branches of our roof-tree, a wistfuller light at sunset upon all those places which have known us, but henceforward shall know us no more.

— Gratiano, as we all remember, insinuates that the easiest way to become accounted Sir Oracle is to preserve that silence which Carlyle praised and did not practice. Another method, also very effective, is to speak habitually in epigrams. There is a period in the life of enthusiastic youth when the soul is bent on discovering the occult secrets of character. A potent influence is exercised over such youth by the man who can, as it were, toss off a passion in a phrase; who can classify and distinctly label

specimens of his fellow-beings; whose clear words seem to inclose, and still to disclose, the entire structure of some human creature, as the glass jar of a naturalist shuts in, yet displays, the complete sprawl of a helpless reptile. It is delightful to hear everything called by its proper name in this deft, Adam-like fashion. The clever *mot* is readily accepted. The speaker seems like a man fresh from a Creator's hand, bringing with him some of the secrets of the great handicraft. It often takes large experience of men and moods, and a mental perspective illuminated by some distance in time from Sir Oracle's speech, to reveal the fact that the names he gave were sometimes infelicitous, that the witty phrases did not always convey the truth.

I have in mind honored acquaintances who could describe me to myself, in sentences so weighty in philosophical sound that in more impressible years I have felt an absurd sort of moral obligation resting upon me to fit my character to them, in order to save so many wise words from being wasted. At other times, this summary disposal of my actualities and probabilities has roused an obstinate determination that I would not be what I was said to be, just because I was tired of hearing it said that so I was.

There is often an appropriate travesty in the epigrammatic descriptions of people which are given by a person of dexterous mind, the falsity of which is only made greater by their grinning resemblance to the fact. One feels the bitterness of recognition, yet honestly refuses to admit the truth of the portraiture. A venerable friend of mine, once feeling disposed towards moral instruction, caused to be read to a grandson, not quite six years old, the story of a dilatory and self-indulgent or otherwise sinful little boy of similar age. When the reading was finished she asked the child if it reminded him of anybody he knew.

"No," said curly-head, "it don't." She urged his further consideration of the question. "Well," said he, "it don't make me think of *me*, but I know that is what you mean."

Possibly this experience, also, may have occurred to some who have unwillingly furnished subject matter for the epigrammatist to mark with amusement the not quite concealed chagrin with which a classifier of the human kind sees a creature, whom he thinks he has thoroughly analyzed, reveal idiosyncrasies inconsistent with his idea of its nature. It is as disappointing as if a rose-tree, concerning which the botanist supposes he has set down everything in his book, should suddenly push out a cactus bud on its thorny little stem, and necessitate many corrections of proof sheets by its naughty denial of already expressed wisdom. Perhaps, on such occasions, Sir Oracle needs sympathy, not scorn, for his mistake, for it may be that he feels over a misapplied epithet as I — and possibly one or two others of my literary brethren — may have felt over a manuscript returned as "not suited to the requirements" of the case. But then human nature has no editor to whom the epigrammatist submits his opinions, and who may mortify him by refusing to receive them as worthy. It is only destiny which will not consider his cherished fancies, or observe the periods of his wit, and few things are easier than for the opinionative man not to see that destiny has put him in the wrong.

Men who are gifted with an extraordinary facility in describing traits of character should all be novelists. Then it would not matter whether they saw, or only imagined they saw, the peculiarities which they precipitate into crystal-line words. If they did but hang their witty phrases, like prickly garlands, around the necks of fictitious persons, how edifying would be the sound and sight thereof! Henry James has chosen

this better way, and so he "dares to write as 'clever' as he can." Yet one wishes he had refrained from saying that the departure of Ralph Touchett from Rome "deprived Isabel of an interesting occupation: she had been constantly wondering what fine principle kept him alive." This is rather shocking, when one considers that Ralph was Isabel's nearest friend. It not only mars the pathos of the situation, but it blurs the delicacy of her character, to represent her as speculating thus because he dies so slowly. She blunders all through her history, but there was no need of such a blunder into wit as that, in telling her story.

What a relief it would have been to a long-suffering generation had Carlyle stabbed only creatures fashioned by his brain with his poignant fancies! Then the clear thrust of the sword might have been noted with admiration, and there would have followed no scornful laughter, or cry of pain, when the blade struck wide of the central truth. As it is, who can restrain a smile, in which there is as much contempt as pity, at the conceit which prompted him to say a thing like this: "*Popular Sumner is off to Italy, the most popular of men, — inoffensive, like a worn sixpence that has no physiognomy left.*" It is put so keenly that the keenness gives a sort of delight to the reader, but the immense absurdity of the characterization rushes over the mind like a flood, and drowns out the reverence one would fain keep for the Scotch philosopher. For the moment it is impossible not to surrender impotently to the thought that Carlyle was growling over a dyspepsia which failed to kill in less than four-score years, and was contending with no worse fleshly enemies than roosters that crowed in the dawn; while Sumner, he of "no physiognomy," battled with a whole angry people, endured the blows of an assassin, and struggled for years with the mortal hurt which, at last,

laid him in the grave before he had lived out the allotted days of man. So the clever epigram can do nothing, after all, but fly along the breath of history, light as the feathery down of a faded dandelion before the laughter of a child, who tests with it his mother's wish that he should go home.

— The memory, at best, is a queer faculty. It is laid down in the books as enabling us to look back and survey all our previous experiences; but in fact it never gives us more than some jumble of broken bits of the past. Theoretically, it is a field-glass. Practically, it is a kaleidoscope. Or (to change the figure, as the wanton fancy likes to do, being even more crazy-quiltish, if anything, than its mother, the memory), while this faculty theoretically is a well-ordered cupboard, practically it is a great scrap-bag. We go to it for our best coat, and pull out some sorry thing of shreds and patches. We ask for bread, and it gives us a stone; for a fish, and it gives us a serpent, whose fangs and venom, mayhap, are as lively as ever.

There is one elfish trick that my own memory is fond of serving me, which may or may not be common to other browsers in the field of literature. Poetry gets remembered not only by its ideas, but by its rhythm and rhyme. The tune, so to speak, comes back to the mind as a thing by itself; and may bring with it the proper words, or may bring some other words, that happen to fit the same swing and cadence. Ruskin said what we rustic Yankees call a "cute" thing, when he suggested that we recognize people by their superficial, and not by their essential, characteristics. Few persons, perhaps, can recall accurately the eyes and mouth and expression of a friend, still less the definite points of his character. We remember him by some accidental trick, or cut of garment; by

"The old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that."

So it is with our recollection of poetry. We recall the tune first, and the words afterward. At least, this is often true of verse that comes spontaneously to mind, as at odd moments the best verse is very apt to do. Sometimes in this way two poems that are dressed alike — that have, I mean, the same tune to them — will get completely mixed up together, and come to the mind in a curious mosaic. For instance, there is the ancient couplet, a favorite with one of my theological ancestors: —

"Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms."

This is apt to come unbidden to my mind, right in the midst of some totally alien affair, in this wicked shape: —

"Abou Ben Adhem had great qualms
When he translated David's Psalms."

At other times only a word will be interjected, not from any other poem, but from outlying space in general. For example, the apostrophe to Tom Moore, with its "double health to thee," is addicted to this sort of beginning: —

"My bark is on the shore,
And my bite is on the sea."

And another equally venerable ditty is more likely than not to take the form, —

"We'll chase the anecdote over the plain,
The lying cub we'll bind with a chain."

I remember that a whilom comrade of mine on vacation wanderings, a classical professor of most grave and quiet manners in term-time, used to wake up the woods, when we were off in the wilderness, with the stentorian chant, —

"Beware the pine-tree's widdered branch,
Beware the orphaned avalanche!"

And the writer would whoop in reply, with vain attempt to match his tree-echoing trump, —

"'Come back, come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief, —
She'd orter, oh, she'd orter!'"

In the same way and for the same reason, I am sometimes plagued, while engaged in the innocent act of writing

verse, by the apparition of incongruous images or preposterous rhymes. While the right lobe of my brain with the utmost seriousness is formulating some tender line ending in "hope," the left lobe suddenly and impertinently suggests "soap." The serious right lobe maintains a severe attitude, and takes no notice of the malicious suggestion, which is straightway withdrawn. Once more the interrupted pitch-pipe of the muse murmurs "hope," and listens for fitting reply. "Soap!" again bursts in the ridiculous left lobe. This time the serious mood distinctly indicates to the erring member that it is not to be trifled with; that it is entirely in earnest; that it is thinking solely of "hope." "Precisely," says the left lobe, in a sober tone, but with a twinkle in its front convolution; "*precisely — soap!*"

— What a difference there is in people's capacity for friendship, in respect to number as well as quality! The character of some men's affection is concentrative, that of others is expansive. Persons of any depth of feeling themselves are disposed to believe that this concentrativeness is an essential characteristic of the profounder sentiments, and that friendship in the highest sense of the word can be maintained with but very few.

Perhaps this notion may hold good in the general, yet there are men and women who have room in their hearts for the true, if not entirely equal, love of many friends. Madame de Staël's friendships were as numerous as they seem to have been warm and lasting, and the late Dean Stanley serves as an example of the truth that one may draw close and maintain unbroken the bonds of friendship with many men of differing minds. Of course it is a question of temperament, and we cannot lay down a theory about it; but it seems to me that the most fortunate person is he whose affection goes out to embrace the wider circle and enrich himself by the

larger exchange. Some cannot conceive of love except as a monopoly; they set small value on that which is shared with others.

But friendship need not be exclusive, like marriage; it may be inclusive, like the love which takes in sisters and brothers. Yet, again, it is unlike the family relation, and perhaps the very sense of the delicacy of the tie that holds us, the consciousness of it as a voluntary bond which may at any time be severed at will, is one of the subtle charms of friendship. At the same time it is no contradiction to say that the feeling of the stability of the mutual affection constitutes the deepest satisfaction of a friendship proved by years.

Ideal friendships, it has been aptly said, are between ideal people, — hence their rarity; yet there seems no reason why the ideal of this or any other human relation need include the absolute perfection of the human beings holding them. Love and friendship are not for creatures of some other than our mortal mould, but for men and women who must of necessity fall short even of their own vision of the best and highest. "Friendship is a staff," which no doubt too often "breaks down under the load of our infirmities;" but the difference between hearts and any lifeless things is that the disunited members may be brought together, and where magnanimity is present as a cement be joined even more strongly than before. The larger our experience of friendship, I think, the less we are inclined to mourn any diminution of the brightness of our youthful ideal. We become reconciled to the discovery, so painful at first, that we have to forgive something to our nearest friends, if the name we have given our feeling has any reality in it; there even comes a certain joy in finding that we are thus able to forgive and go on loving.

To quote once more from that charming novel, *But Yet a Woman*, in which

our countryman, Professor Hardy, has given us a picture of pure and noble friendship, "all relationships grow closer through our poverty as well as wealth," — a true saying, which most of us have verified in our experience. I once had a dear and true friend, whose only fault as toward me was this, that she did not need me as I needed her, and so I missed the joy of giving what it was my comfort to receive.

The preciousness of a friendship which not only rejoices and soothes the heart, but strengthens the spirit and lifts us continually to the level of our best selves, — who can estimate it? It is valuable for the support of life as bread for the body's need, far more indispensable to us than truffles and champagne.

To be chosen for a friend by a noble-minded man or woman, — is it not to receive a decoration of honor more significant than many a star and ribbon on a diplomat's breast?

Looking at my life, I can truly say with Shakespeare's King Richard, "I count myself in nothing else so happy, as in a soul remembering my good friends."

— Whoever has been cast away in a remote Western village at some time of violent storms, when telegraphic communication with the rest of the world was suddenly suspended, knows the vexatious sign they hang out at the telegraph office, — "Wires down." Similarly, there occur atmospheric disturbances between minds, having the effect of cutting off any intelligible intercourse. Sometimes, between ourselves and certain individual friends, it becomes a permanent condition of things. The wires are "down," and never get put up again. Most of us find this to be the state of affairs in relation to the whole world on some particular subjects of thought and opinion. It may be one's view regarding the sphere of women, or the real value of this and that popular author, or the true origin of certain observances:

whatever it is, it results in practical isolation to that extent.

Even when the ordinary means of communication are open, we are far enough from having free intercourse between one mind and another. We like to take a superior tone toward the other animals, and talk about our immense advantage in being endowed with articulate speech. But in point of fact human words are very inadequate appliances for their purpose. This wonderful gift of speech is only relatively so. The monkeys — the old saying is — could talk well enough if they wanted to, but are afraid they would be set to work. They ought to tie up their tails and go at it, if that is all the obstacle; for they do talk. So do the dogs, and there is no bird but talks as well as sings: the faun's ears are not necessary to know that. Man's speech is only a little more satisfactory. If we are content with it, it is only because we have never known anything better. Beings endowed with a really complete means of inter-communication might well (and perhaps do) look on our human efforts at speech with compassion, as we look at some intelligent dog when his speaking eye seems to blur with tears in his impossible yearning to tell us his thought. As they watch two human beings making desperate efforts to get their ideas imparted with anything like accuracy and completeness, "Ah!" they may be overheard to exclaim, "the poor intelligent creatures, — how hard they try to talk! It almost appears as if some time they might attain to it." Very close friendship, or some exceptional variety of love, may occasionally seem for a time to span the chasm, but in reality there is no practicable bridge; the rare thought that crosses safely from the one brain to the other is only some momentary electric spark, whose heat and force have enabled it for once to leap the dark void between them.

If the inadequacy of language is ap-

parent enough with regard to definite ideas, it is still more painfully conspicuous when it comes to the subtleties of the mind; those delicate *nuances*, for example, in which consists the irresistible comicality of a ludicrous incident or situation. There are such episodes in our life-experience that have a melancholy aspect in memory, from the fact that we never can by any possibility hope to make them appear as funny to anybody else as they were to ourselves. We may take the tack of telling the story with artistic simplicity, relying on the force of the naked facts, or we may give it any amount of ornate and ingenious elaboration; we may adopt the keep-perfectly-sober-yourself method of humorous narration, or the sympathetic-hilarity method,—it is all one: the listener never can see what we found to laugh at so much. It is like our own rainbow,—nobody else's eyes ever can see it; and it gives a peculiar loneliness, for the time being, to human existence.

Such a case in the writer's experience was that of a small relative, a young lady of some three summers. Sitting down with her usual abandon in the midst of her playthings on the floor, she suddenly heard a plaintive squawk beneath her. Quickly reaching down for the cause, she pulled out her crying-doll. "Oh! is that 'oo?" said baby, surprised. "I fought it was my mouf-organ!" Now I relate this domestic anecdote only as illustrative of a whole class of little incidents whose comicality never can be adequately conveyed to another. The funniness consisted in some intangible

atmosphere, combined of many minute particulars, that cannot be trapped in clumsy speech and carried away.

Such another case is a reminiscence of a Down-East village. I was coming out of the post-office, when I met a pompous little person; the distinguished citizen of the place, extremely near-sighted, with a small face incessantly alternating between cold disdain and a very squinted-up and perplexed look. He had just emerged from the grocery store, holding under one arm a number of irregular parcels that had already begun to shift and slide; and under the other was hugged one of those great long-oval watermelons, very heavy and slippery. As the packages slid, one back and another forward, and he writhed his small frame to guard both directions at once, I saw the watermelon begin to go. One knee was brought up to catch it, and then for an instant—too, too brief for me, but probably an eternity to him—it was a surprising study of how many simultaneous points of support can be developed out of one not specially well-constructed piece of human mechanism. His legs were thin, and attached in that free manner which suggests the universal joint of the ancient flail. His rapid combinations, his frantic efforts to utilize chin, elbows, knees, and hip-joints all at once, made a really remarkable sight. But I never shall be able to make any fellow-being share this memory with me. The delirious joy which that wild dance was for the moment capable of affording to the sorrowful human spirit must forever—I feel it—remain my own solitary possession.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biblical Criticism. The Pentateuch, its Origin and Structure, an Examination of Recent Theories, by E. C. Bissell. (Scribners.) Professor Bissell's preface prepares one for a conservative yet generous treatment of the subject. He is clearly desirous of getting at the bottom of the matter, and that counts for a vast deal. In form the book is an examination of Wellhausen and similar critics, but in substance it is an inquiry into the documents which form the object of the destructive criticism, and bears many marks of independent thought as well as reverent handling. There is an extensive bibliography at the close, which is defective, however, in the fullness of name. Authors are entered sometimes with full name, sometimes only with surname. — The Blood Covenant, a Primitive Rite and its Bearings on Scripture, by H. Clay Trumbull. (Scribners.) This work is not exclusively a study in Biblical lore; it aims to include ethnic illustrations and interpretations of the Bible, but its main purport is to show how deep in human nature lies a very conspicuous element in Biblical ceremonial. Dr. Trumbull has brought together much interesting material, and if he has not opened a distinctly new subject, he has certainly let in a great deal of light from a side window which has been largely neglected by commentators and critics.

Education and Text Books. Summary of English Grammar, compiled for the use of the Notting Hill High School (Rivingtons, London): a compact little work built upon the same general principles as a Latin grammar. In the aim at condensation terms are used which, for beginners, would need explanation. — A Short Statement of the Aim and Method of the Rōmaji Kai, or Roman Alphabet Association of Japan (Tōkyō; printed at the Insetsa-Kyoku, that is, Imperial Printing Office): an interesting little pamphlet explanatory of the movement to occidentalize Japan by means of a transliteration of the alphabet into that used by Europe and America. — Elements of Universal History, for higher institutes in republics, and for self-instruction, by Professor H. M. Cottinger (Charles H. Whiting, Boston): a very compact work, which might well serve as a skeleton for a teacher's use. The division by periods is judicious, and when one considers the task which the compiler set himself one is disposed to think he has got out of it very well, with no undue eccentricity of his own, but a steady regard for the essential facts. — The Science of the Mind applied to Teaching, by N. J. Hoffman. (Fowler & Wells Co.) The mental philosophy employed is that of phrenology, and whether or not as a consequence, the application is of a most vague and rule-of-thumb sort. — Manual of the Botany (Phænogamia and Pteridophyta) of the Rocky Mountain Region from New Mexico to the British Boundary, by John M. Coulter. (Iverson.) This manual is designed to be complementary to Dr. Gray's well-known work, and its publication in solid, dignified form gives

one a lively sense of the scientific and educational development of the people in the western half of the country. — In Harper's classical series for schools and colleges appears Professor W. A. Lamberton's edition of the Sixth and Seventh Books of Thucydides, with an introductory essay, explanatory notes, and indexes. — Elements of Inorganic Chemistry, descriptive and qualitative, by James H. Shepard. (Heath.) This elementary work embodies the experience and experiments of a teacher in a high school. — Colloquial Exercises and Select German Reader for schools and colleges, by William Deutsch. (Ginn.) Mr. Deutsch accepts the popular theory of the acquisition of a foreign language, by which the colloquial use is made the foundation. He also advises the fuller use of the memory on the part of the student, and has therefore supplied a number of short stories and anecdotes for practice. — Studies in General History, by Mary D. Sheldon (Heath), is a presentation in orderly form of a series of exercises which employ the materials of history. That is to say, Miss Sheldon, taking in turn distinct periods in history, gives a hint of the sources of our information and of accessible authorities, follows with a chronological summary of leading events, provides lists of names of important persons then on the stage, and gives striking extracts from contemporary writers, laws, statutes, and other sources of historical knowledge, and also from trustworthy commentators. In connection with all this she outlines, by means of questions, the study of specific points. The book ought to be very suggestive to teachers. It is provided with a number of maps, wisely relieved of much detail. — Reflections and Modern Maxims, by Batchelder Greene (Putnam's Sons), is a little volume containing a great many pithy things.

Fiction. Mrs. Herndon's Income, by Helen Campbell (Roberts), is a novel which leaves on the mind a great respect for the author's earnestness of purpose in grappling with the problems of poverty and wealth, and for her power of living into her characters, but also a regret that a finer instinct for art should not enable her to present her subject not merely within briefer compass, but in a form which invites reading. To read the book as it stands is to set one's self a task, and however excellent the results may be which one reaches, the reader ought not to be made to pay so dearly for reaching them. — White Heather is one of William Black's clever novels, — there is no reason why he should not go on forever with them, now he has caught the knack, — and an entertaining touch is given by the introduction of the Western girl as conceived by the English novelist. (Harpers.) — A Lucky Waif, a Story for Mothers of Home and School Life, by Ellen E. Kenyon. (Fowler & Wells.) There is a good deal of naturalness in this book to atone for the lack of clear conception of what constitutes a novel. The author has seemingly sketched real people, and her

desire to tell a simple story has saved her from failure. — Without a Compass, by Frederick B. Van Vorst (Appleton): a novel in which the author and reader both lose their way repeatedly. Mr. Van Vorst has a confused notion of the unpleasant story he wants to tell, but he has no skill in telling it. — A Long Search, by Mary A. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.): a sentimentalist's story, who uses sensational scenes for the purpose of her story, and does not let them grow naturally out of the conditions of the characters. — Sweet Cicely, or Josiah Allen as a Politician, by Marietta Holley (Funk & Wagnalls): a temperance story, with much inconsistent bad spelling, a good deal of irrelevant and forced humor, and a substratum of sense and good feeling. — An Iron Crown (T. S. Denison, Chicago): a laborious story, apparently intended to lay bare the iniquities of railway monopolies. As fiction it is hopelessly dull. — The Quiver, an Illustrative Magazine for Sunday and general reading, Vol. XX. (Cassell.) Fiction occupies a considerable part of this miscellany, and one can hardly help noting how different an evangelical miscellany is to-day from what it was two generations ago. There is a good deal of direct religious teaching in The Quiver, but it is on its stories, we should say, that it relies for popularity. — The Story of Margaret Kent, by Henry Hayes (Ticknor): a story of unhappy married life, of heroism in woman, of temptation, and of final satisfaction to the parties most interested. — The Record of a Ministering Angel, by Mrs. Mary J. Clark. (Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago.) Mrs. Clark by the introduction of angels among the characters in her story does what she can do, unintentionally, to weaken one's faith in the existence of such beings; but then, by the same reasoning, her treatment of human beings might lessen one's faith in the existence of persons. Or rather, if her men and women are so far from correct portrayments of life, one may guess that her angelic beings are equally remote from the actual. — Cleopatra, by Henry Gréville (Ticknor): a moral tale of unholy passions. There is something exquisitely absurd in the impulse of the heroine, when she finds herself loving and loved by the young hero, to rush into her old husband's arms and tell him of it. — The Major's Christmas and Other Stories, by Patience Stapleton (News Printing Co., Denver, Col.) A collection of what may almost be called old-fashioned Christmas stories, in which faith, hope, and charity are given their just dues once a year, and fiction is touched with the rosy hue of the Christmas rose. Good-will to men is at the bottom of the stories, and optimism seem the natural gospel. — A Strong-Minded Woman, or Two Years After, by William A. Hammond (Appleton), is a sequel to the author's Lal, and belongs in the third class of novels, as arranged by Dr. Hammond. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Cradle and Spade, by William Sime; The Golden Flood, by R. E. Francillon and William Senior; and Unfairly Won, by Nannie Power O'Donoghue. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are The Dark House, by G. Manville Fenn; The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth, by Mrs. J. Harcourt-Roe; In the Middle

Watch, sea stories by W. Clark Russell; Last Days at Apswich; Cabin and Gondola, by Charlotte Dunning.

Humor and Sport. The Good Things of Life, second series. (White, Stokes & Allen.) It is a dangerous thing to bring these good things together. Seen accidentally, one at a time, they have good points, but taken together they are rather depressing. They make a poor show by the side of Du Maurier, and above all by the side of Leech. Occasionally they are silly and offensive. — Here may be placed, also, Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill in all ages and countries (Scribners), since it deals especially with games and acrobatic exploits. — A Handbook of Whist, and ready reference manual of the modern scientific game, by "Major Tenace" (Putnams), avoids discussion, but digests rules and principles, and presents them in a direct, dogmatic form. — The Infant Philosopher, Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal, by Tullio S. Verdi, M. D. (Fords): a somewhat amusing little book, supposed to be a record of the way in which a baby looks upon the familiar objects about him. Dr. Verdi manages also to work in some good sense as to the treatment of babies. We must commend the author for keeping on the right side of the line in his humor, for the subject could easily be spoiled.

Poetry and the Drama. The Harpers have published Tennyson's Tiresias and Other Poems in their Handy Series. There have been some interesting changes, especially in the Charge of the Heavy Brigade and All Hands Round, since the first printing of some of the poems. — The Humbler Poets, a collection of newspaper and periodical verse, 1870 to 1885, by Slason Thompson. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) The preface to this book contains also a brief list of the Lesser Poets, who stand just above the line. We wonder who stands below the line of the Humbler Poets. The book is in effect the Poets Corner of the newspaper, extended so as to occupy the space of the entire abbey. The collection is considerable and has its value, though we fancy a reader, even within ten years, will be puzzled to know why the editor included some writers who seem to one well up in the line of the Lesser Poets. — A Bundle of Sonnets, and Other Poems, by Henry Hartshorne. (Porter & Coates.) From the date attached to some of these poems we can hardly excuse Mr. Hartshorne on the score of youth. — Songs of Sleepy Hollow, and Other Poems, by Stephen Henry Thayer. (Putnams.) Mr. Thayer's collection of his poems ranges over a number of years, and includes apparently the casual recreations of an otherwise busy man. — Joseph, a dramatic representation in seven tableaux, by Rev. Henry Iliowizi. (Tribune Printing Co., Minneapolis.) The author follows the Biblical account, and undertakes to give a series of dialogues within the range of presentation by young men's literary societies. We really think the young men might commit to memory poetry better worth the trouble. — Ashes for Flame, and other poems, by Caroline Dana Howe. (Loring, Short, and Harmon, Portland, Me.) — Three Score Poems, by William P. Tynan. (Hurst & Co., New York.) — Montezuma, an Epic

on the *Origin and Fate of the Aztec Nation*, by Hiram Hoyt Richmond (Golden Era Co., San Francisco), reads as if the author, from struggling with such proper names as Nezahualpilli, Huitzilopototchtli, Moctheuzoma, Quetzalcoatl, and the like, had resolved even his English phrases into a sort of Mexican unreadableness, in which grammar, spelling, and rhythm frequently disappear. It is not often that one comes upon such a foggy poem as this. — *Poems of the Law*, collected by J. Greenbag Croke (Whitney, San Francisco), contains poems by W. Allen Butler, Thackeray, Story, and one or two others, which are amusing in greater or less degree to the layman, while the lawyer will often laugh all by himself. The version of Story's *A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem* is very incomplete. — *Poems*, by William Wetmore Story, in two volumes (Houghton), gives in trig form a collection which will surprise many by its variety and interest. The author has an uncommon gift at storytelling, he has a quick eye and ear, he has melody, and sometimes he interprets with singular felicity. It may be said that one reads these volumes without effort, for they have a companionable quality, and this is a somewhat unusual element in poetry. It is the first time that the American reader has had the opportunity to measure the scope of Mr. Story's poetical faculty, and we shall be surprised if the two volumes do not at once find a response among readers. — *The Poems of Henry Abbey*. (Henry Abbey, Kingston, New York.) We cannot but respect the sturdiness and independence with which Mr. Abbey quietly insists upon being heard; nor can it be denied that he has justification for his confidence. — *The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems*, by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett (Roberts Bros.): a collection of verses into which has gone much sincerity of feeling, some poetical thought, and a good deal of easy, metrical expression. — *Poems*, by Jamin Willsbro. (Benjamin F. Lacy, Philadelphia.) Large type, large page. — *The Inca Princess*, an historical romance. (Lippincott.) The poem dates, for its subject, from the time of De Soto. It is illustrated by a number of engravings on wood which do not detract from the merits of the verse.

Theology and Philosophy. *Ideology*, by Dr. La Roy Sunderland. (J. P. Mendum, Boston.) Dr. Sunderland thinks that if Ideology, or the laws of Involution and Evolution, were to be appreciated and generally adopted, it would annihilate Christianity from the face of the earth, and the curious reader will find in this work an odd collection of psychological freaks and whims. — For lack of a better place, though the subject wants a section to itself in this sleeping-car, we enter here *The Next World Interviewed*, by Mrs. S. G. Horn. (Thomas R. Knox & Co., New York.) Mrs. Horn stays, we understand, on this side, and overhears people talking across the chasm. It is a varied and friendly lot of people who hail Mrs. Horn. Titian and Horace Greeley and Herodotus, Secretary Seward, John Stuart Mill, the Pope, Longfellow, Darwin, George Eliot, and ever so many more, ending with *A Stranger*, who appears not to have found any-

body to introduce him or her, — all deliver themselves with ghosts of voices squeaking a little like their human ones. It will be a comfort to some that Jane Carlyle has telephoned to Mrs. Horn, "I assert that Thomas Carlyle was ever thoughtful of my comfort and happiness." — *The Insuppressible Book*: a controversy between Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison, with comments by Gail Hamilton. (Cassino.) Insuppressible, that is, because, though the original publishers yielded courteously to the request of one of the authors, there is no international treaty or law which prevents another publisher and editor from reviving the work. We suspect, however, that time will suppress this edition as faithfully as it did some of the editor's earlier work. — In *Questions of the Day* (Putnam's) a recent number is *The Evolution of Revelation*, by James Morris Whiton. Perhaps a short, hasty piece of writing like this helps on its subject, but we doubt whether it be not wiser to take large subjects in a large way. — *My Study, and Other Essays*, by Austin Phelps. (Scribners.) Dr. Phelps' collection of essays, previously printed in ephemeral journals, is not wholly, but mainly, theological in its subjects. It contains also some half-personal sketches like that which gives the title to the volume, and there are many agreeable observations on society and public life from the point of view of a thoughtful theologian whose half-recluse life follows one of active participation in discussion and in religious movements. — *Problems in Philosophy*, by John Bascom (Putnam's), is a collection of contributions to the discussion of the more obscure topics of philosophy. President Bascom is well worth listening to, and we scarcely know why he has not before this secured a very conspicuous place in philosophical literature, unless it be that the form of his writing is not altogether a lucid and attractive one. — *Ecclesiastical Institutions*, being Part VI. of the *Principles of Sociology*, by Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) Mr. Spencer in this volume carries forward his method of comparison of existing types, by which he hopes to reach fundamental principles. — *Beyond the Grave*, by Dr. Hermann Cremer, translated from the German by Rev. S. T. Lowrie, and introduced by Dr. A. A. Hodge. (Harpers.) While an inquiry into the state after death, this little book is based upon biblical exegesis, quite exclusively. — *Evolution and Religion*, from the standpoint of one who believes in both, by Minot J. Savage (Buchanan, Philadelphia): a lecture which is in part a criticism of a previous lecture by the Rev. Mr. Talmage. — *Progressive Orthodoxy*, a contribution to the Christian interpretation of Christian doctrines, by the editors of the *Andover Review*. (Houghton.) The papers making up this trim little volume have already appeared as editorial articles in the review from which they are taken. Collected, and read continuously, they furnish, so to speak, the creed of a school of Christian thought. We suspect that the position of the writers leads them to emphasize certain questions somewhat more than a purely rational consideration of the relation of these subjects to the body of Christian faith would require.